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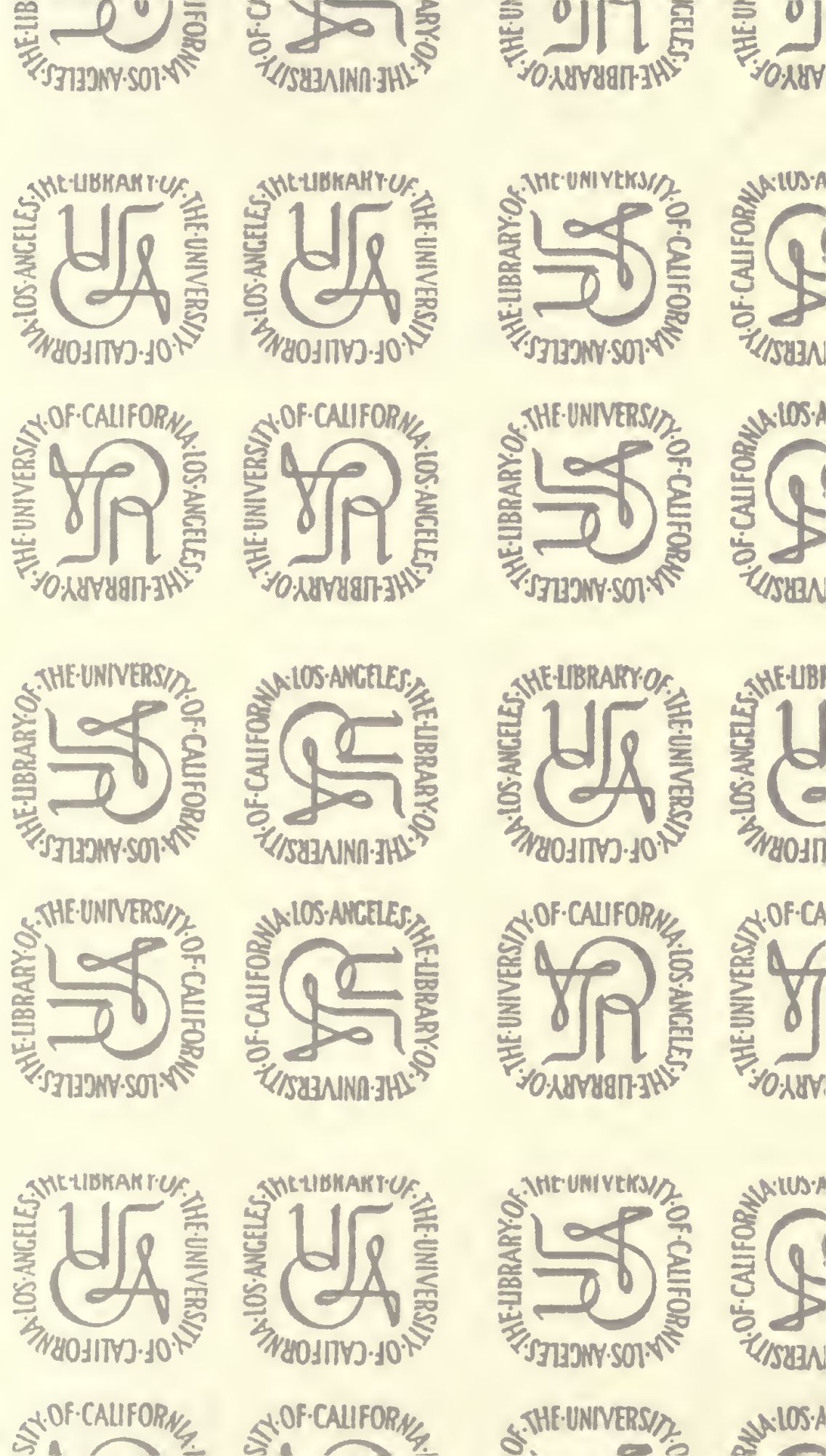
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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REGULATED BY THE FOLIO OF 1632;
WITH READINGS FROM FORMER EDITIONS,
A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF
THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION
TO EACH PLAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES, BY KNIGHT, DYCE,
DOUCE, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, HUNTER,
AND RICHARDSON.

EDITED BY

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

VOL. I.

PORTER & COATES,
PHILADELPHIA.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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AMERICAN PREFACE.

It has been the aim of the publisher, in the present edition of the Works of Shakespeare, to produce, in an elegant, compact, and readable form, the complete works of the immortal bard. It has also been the intention, by close condensation, to convey a greater amount of information directly illustrative of the text, than has ever been presented in a similar form. The notes, illustrative of obsolete words, expressions, and customs, have been derived from Mr. Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, the works of Dyce, Douce, Halliwell, Hunter, Richardson, and Collier, with such aid as a long acquaintance with the dramatic and general literature of the age of Elizabeth and James could furnish.

Notes, pointing out or commenting upon the sentiments expressed in the text, have been purposely avoided, it being presumed that the reader.

GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON
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having been furnished with every material for the employment of a correct taste and judgment, will prefer to exercise these faculties for himself.

Comment of this description has also been avoided in noting the variations between the text of the present and former editions. The reader has been placed in possession of the old by the side of the new, and left to an unbiased choice between them; the frequent recurrence of notes of this description rendered necessary the simple abbreviation of *f. e.* for "former edition." No other abbreviations occur in the notes, unless the mention of the first or folio of 1623 as "the folio" be so regarded.

It may be proper to state that the notes, unless where otherwise expressed, refer to the word preceding the corresponding numbers in the text.

Boston, July, 1850.

DEDICATION.

To the most Noble and Incomparable Pair of Brethren
William Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the King's most Excellent Majesty.
And Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour, we hope, (that they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons, or find them; this hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But, there we must also

crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods, by what means they could; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRY CONDELL

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

From the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixpen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars, or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused

with divers stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them; even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

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COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Master William Shakespeare, and his Works.

Spectator, this life's shadow is:—to see
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy wrapt soul rise,—
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.[1]

What need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,

[1] An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.] These lines, like the preceding, have no name appended to them in the folio, 1632, but the authorship is ascertained by the publication of them as Milton's, in the edition of his Poems in 1645. 8vo. We give them as they stand there, because it is evident that they were then printed from a copy corrected by the author: the variations are interesting, and Malone pointed out only one, and that certainly the least important. Instead of "weak witness" in line 6, the folio 1632 has "*dull* witness:" instead of "live-long monnment," in line 8, the folio has "*lasting* monument:" instead of "heart," in line 10, the folio has "*part*," an evident misprint: and instead of "itself bereaving," in line 13, the folio has "*herself* bereaving." The last is the difference mentioned by Malone, who also places "John Milton" at the end, as if the name were found in the folio of 1632.

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W. Shake-speare.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what 's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
(Though miss'd) until our bankrupt stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:[1]

[1] Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:] Leonard Digges prefixed a long copy of verses to the edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1640, 8vo, in which he makes this passage, referring to "Julius Cæsar," more distinct; he also there speaks of the audiences Shakespeare's plays at that time drew, in comparison with Ben. Jonson's. This is the only part of his production worth adding in a note

So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!
When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Cataline;
Sejanus too, was irksome: they priz'd more
'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.
And though the Fox and subtil Alchymist,
Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,
Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,
All is so pester'd: let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look," &c.

Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, (our Shake-speare,) thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.

We wonder'd (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That 's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. I. M.[1]

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'T is true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room[2]:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,

[1] Perhaps the initials of John Marston.

[2] Referring to lines by William Basse, then circulating in MS, and not printed (as far as is now known) until 1633, when they were falsely imputed to Dr. Donne, in the edition of his poems in that year. All the MSS. of the lines, now extant, differ in minute particulars.

And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet 's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were

To see thee in our water yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James.
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume 's light.

BEN JONSON

On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his poems.[1]

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows: to give a stage
(Ample, and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world.
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,

[1] On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems.] These lines are subscribed I. M. S. in the folio 1632, "probably Jasper Mayne," says Malone. Most probably not, because Mayne has left nothing behind him to lead us to suppose that he could have produced this surpassing tribute. I. M. S. may possibly be John Milton, *Student*, and no name may have been appended to the other copy of verses by him prefixed to the folio of 1632, in order that his initials should stand at the end of the present. We know of no other poet of the time capable of writing the ensuing lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton.

Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—
This, and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring,
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd

Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat.
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments.
I. M. S.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet, Master W. Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shake-speare's days:
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland

The following are Ben Jonson's lines on the Portrait of Shakespeare, precisely as they stand on a separate leaf opposite to the title-page of the edition of 1623, *and which are reprinted in the same place, with some trifling variation of typography, in the folio of* 1632.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not at his picture, but his book.

THE NAMES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
RICHARD BURBADGE.
JOHN HEMMINGS.
AUGUSTINE PHILLIPS
WILLIAM KEMPT.
THOMAS POOPE.
GEORGE BRYAN.
HENRY CONDELL.
WILLIAM SLYE.
RICHARD COWLEY.
JOHN LOWINE.
SAMUELL CROSSE.
ALEXANDER COOKE.
SAMUEL GILBURNE
ROBERT ARMIN.
WILLIAM OSTLER.
NATHAN FIELD.
JOHN UNDERWOOD.
NICHOLAS TOOLEY.
WILLIAM ECCLESTONE.
JOSEPH TAYLOR.
ROBERT BENFIELD.
ROBERT GOUGHE.
RICHARD ROBINSON.
JOHN SHANCKE.
JOHN RICE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I

	PAGE
HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND STAGE	ii
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE .	xlvii
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL	ccviii
THE TEMPEST	5
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	67
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	129

HISTORY

OF

THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND STAGE

TO

THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

In order to make the reader acquainted with the origin of the English stage, such as Shakespeare found it when he became connected with it, it is necessary to mention that a miracle-play or mystery, (as it has been termed in modern times), is the oldest form of dramatic composition in our language. The stories of productions of this kind were derived from the Sacred Writings, from the pseudo-evangelium, or from the lives and legends of saints and martyrs.

Miracle plays were common in London in the year 1170; and as early as 1119 the miracle-play of St. Katherine had been represented at Dunstaple. It has been conjectured, and indeed in part established[1], that some of these performances were in French, as well as in Latin; and it was not until the reign of Edward III. that they were generally acted in English. We have three existing series of miracle-plays, all of which have been recently printed; the Towneley collection by the Surtees Club, and those known as the Coventry and Chester pageants by the Shakespeare Society. The Abbotsford Club has likewise printed, from a manuscript at Oxford, three detached miracle-plays which once, probably, formed a portion of a connected succession of productions of that class and description.

During about 300 years this species of theatrical entertainment seems to have flourished, often under the auspices of the clergy, who used it as the means of religious instruction; but prior to the reign of Henry VI., a new kind of drama had become popular, which by writers of the time was denominated a moral, or moral play, and more recently a morality. It acquired this name from the nature and

[1] See Hist. of Engl Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. ii. p. 131.

purpose of the representation, which usually conveyed a lesson for the better conduct of human life, the characters employed not being scriptural, as in miracle-plays, but allegorical, or symbolical. Miracle-plays continued to be represented long after moral plays were introduced, but from a remote date abstract impersonations had by degrees, not now easily traced, found their way into miracle-plays: thus, perhaps, moral plays, consisting only of such characters, grew out of them.

A very remarkable and interesting miracle-play, not founded upon the Sacred Writings, but upon a popular legend, and all the characters of which, with one exception, purport to be real personages, has recently been discovered in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, in a manuscript certainly as old as the later part of the reign of Edward IV.[1] It is perhaps the only specimen of the kind in our language; and as it was unknown to all who have hitherto written on the history of our ancient drama, it will not here be out of place to give some account of the incidents to which it relates, and of the persons concerned in them. The title of the piece, and the year in which the events are supposed to have occurred, are given at the close, where we are told that it is "The Play of the Blessed Sacrament[2]," and that the miracle to which it refers was wrought "in the forest of Arragon, in the famous city of Araclea, in the year of our Lord God 1461." There can be no doubt that the scene of action was imaginary, being fixed merely for the greater satisfaction of the spectators as to the reality of the occurrences, and as little that a legend of the kind was of a much older date than that assigned in the manuscript, which was probably near the time when the drama had been represented.

In its form it closely resembles the miracle-plays which had their origin in Scripture-history, and one of the characters, that of the Saviour, common in productions of that class, is introduced into it: the rest of the personages engaged are five Jews, named Jonathas, Jason, Jasdon, Masphat, and Malchus; a Christian merchant called Aristorius, a bishop, Sir Isidore a priest, a physician from Brabant called "Mr. Brundyche," and Colle his servant[3].

[1] We are indebted for a correct transcript of the original to the zeal and kindness of Dr. J. H. Todd, V.P., R.S.A.

[2] In another part of the manuscript it is called "The Play of the Conversion of Sir Jonathas, the Jew, by the Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament;" but inferior Jews are converted, besides Sir Jonathas, who is the head of the tribe in the "famous city of Araclea."

[3] This name may possibly throw some light on an obscure passage, in a letter dated about 1535, and quoted in "The History of Engl. Dram. Poetry, and the Stage," I. 131, where a person of the name of Thomas Wylley informs Cromwell, Earl of Essex, that he had written

The plot relates to the purchase of the Eucharist by the Jews from Aristorius for 100*l.*, under an assurance also that if they find its miraculous powers verified, they will become converts to Christianity. Aristorius, having possession of the key of the church, enters it secretly, takes away the Host, and sells it to the Jews. They put it to various tests and torments: they stab "the cake" with their daggers, and it bleeds, while one of the Jews goes mad at the sight. They next attempt to nail it to a post, but the Jew who uses the hammer has his hand torn off; and here the doctor and his servant, Mr. Brundyche and Colle, make their appearance in order to attend the wounded Jew; but after a long comic scene between the quack and his man, highly illustrative of the manners of the time, they are driven out as impostors. The Jews then proceed to boil the Host, but the water turns blood-red, and taking it out of the cauldron with pincers, they throw it into a blazing oven: the oven, after blood has run out "at the crannies," bursts asunder, and an image of the Saviour rising, he addresses the Jews, who are as good as their word, for they are converted on the spot. They kneel to the Christian bishop, and Aristorius having confessed his crime and declared his repentance, is forgiven after a suitable admonition, and a strict charge never again to buy or sell.

This very singular and striking performance is opened, as was usual with miracle-plays, by two Vexillators, who explain the nature of the story about to be represented, in alternate stanzas; and the whole performance is wound up by an epilogue from the bishop, enforcing the moral, which of course was intended to illustrate, and impress upon the audience, the divine origin of the doctrine of transubstantiation. Were it necessary to our design, and did space allow of it, we should be strongly tempted to introduce some characteristic extracts from this hitherto unseen production; but we must content ourselves with saying, that the language in several places appears to be older than the reign of Edward IV., or even of Henry VI., and that we might be disposed to carry back the original composition of the drama to the period of Wickliffe, and the Lollards.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that miracle-plays were generally abandoned, but in some distant parts of the kingdom they were persevered with even till the time of James I. Miracle-plays, in fact, gradually gave way to moral plays, which presented more variety of situation and character; and moral plays in turn were superseded by a

a play in which a character called "Colle, clogger of Conscience," was introduced, to the great offence of the Roman Catholic clergy.

species of mixed drama, which was strictly neither moral play nor historical play, but a combination of both in the same representation.

Of this singular union of discordant materials, no person who has hitherto written upon the history of our dramatic poetry has taken due notice; but it is very necessary not to pass it over, inasmuch as it may be said to have led ultimately to the introduction of tragedy, comedy, and history, as we now understand the terms, upon the boards of our public theatres. No blame for the omission can fairly be imputed to our predecessors, because the earliest specimens of this sort of mixed drama which remain to us have been brought to light within a comparatively few years. The most important of these is the "Kynge Johan" of Bishop Bale. We are not able to settle with precision the date when it was originally written, but it was evidently performed, with additions and alterations, after Elizabeth came to the throne.[1] The purpose of the author was to promote the Reformation, by applying to the circumstances of his own times the events of the reign of King John, when the kingdom was placed by the Pope under an interdict, and when, according to popular belief, the sovereign was poisoned by a draught administered to him by a monk. This drama resembles a moral play in the introduction of abstract impersonations, and a historical play in the adaptation of a portion of our national annals, with real characters, to the purposes of the stage. Though performed in the reign of Elizabeth, we may carry back the first composition and representation of "Kynge Johan" to the time of Edward VI.; but, as it has been printed by the Camden Society, it is not necessary that we should enlarge upon it.

The object of Bale's play was, as we have stated, to

[1] Bale died in Nov. 1563; but he is nevertheless thus spoken of, as still living, in B. Googe's "Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnettes," published, we have reason to believe, in the spring of that year: we have never seen this tribute quoted, and therefore subjoin it.

"Good aged Bale, that with thy hoary heares
Doste yet persyste to turne the paynefull booke;
O hapye, man! that hast obtaynde such yeares,
And leav'st not yet on papers pale to looke;
Gyve over now to beate thy weryed braine,
And rest thy penne, that long hath labour'd soore:
For aged men unfyt sure is suche paine,
And thee beseems to labour now no more:
But thou, I thynke, Don Platoes part will playe,
With booke in hand to have thy dying daye."

Besides "King Johan," Bale was the author of four extant dramatic productions, which may be looked upon as miracle-plays, both in their form and characters. viz. 1. "The Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ;" 2. "God's Promises;" 3. "John the Baptist;" 4. "The Temptation of Christ." He also wrote fourteen other dramas of various kinds, none of which have come down to us.

advance the Reformation under Edward VI.; but in the reign of his successor a drama of a similar description, and of a directly opposite tendency, was written and acted. It has never been mentioned, and as it exists only in manuscript of the time,[1] it will not be out of place to quote its title, and to explain briefly in what manner the anonymous author carries out his design. He calls his drama "Respublica," and he adds that it was "made in the year of our Lord 1553, and the first year of the most prosperous reign of our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Mary the First." He was supposed to speak the prologue himself, in the character of "a Poet;" and although every person he introduces is in fact called by some abstract name, he avowedly brings forward the Queen herself as "Nemesis, the Goddess of redress and correction," while her kingdom of England is intended by "Respublica," and its inhabitants represented by "People:" the Reformation in the Church is distinguished as "Oppression;" and Policy, Authority, and Honesty, are designated "Avarice," "Insolence," and "Adulation." All this is distinctly stated by the author on his title-page, while he also employs the impersonations of Misericordia, Veritas, Justitia, and Pax, (agents not unfrequently resorted to in the older miracle-plays) as the friends of "Nemesis," the Queen, and as the supporters of the Roman Catholic religion in her dominions.

Nothing would be gained by a detail of the import of the tedious interlocutions between the characters, represented it would seem, by boys, who were perhaps the children of the Chapel Royal; for there are traces in the performance that it was originally acted at court. Respublica is a widow greatly injured and abused by Avarice, Insolence, Oppression, and Adulation; while People, using throughout a rustic dialect, also complain bitterly of their sufferings, especially since the introduction of what had been termed "Reformation" in matters of faith: in the end Justitia brings in Nemesis, to effect a total change by restoring the former condition of religious affairs; and the piece closes with the delivery of the offenders to condign punishment. The production was evidently written by a man of education; but, although there are many attempts at humour, and some at variety, both in character and situation, the whole must have been a very wearisome performance adapted to please the court by its general tendency, but little calculated to accomplish any other purpose entertained by the writer. In all respects it is much inferior to the

[1] In the library of Mr. Hudson Gurney, to whom we beg to express our obligations for the use of it

"Kynge Johan" of Bale, which it followed in point of date, and to which, perhaps, it was meant to be a counterpart.

In the midst of the performance of dramatic productions of a religious or political character, each party supporting the views which most accorded with the author's individual opinions, John Heywood, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and who subsequently suffered for his creed under Edward VI. and Elizabeth, discovered a new species of entertainment, of a highly humorous, and not altogether of an uninstructive kind; which seems to have been very acceptable to the sovereign and nobility, and to have obtained for the author a distinguished character as a court dramatist, and ample rewards as a court dependent.[1] These were properly called "interludes," being short comic pieces, represented ordinarily in the interval between the feast and the banquet; and we may easily believe that they had considerable influence in the settlement of the form which our stage-performances ultimately assumed. Heywood does not appear to have begun writing until after Henry VIII. had been some years on the throne; but, while Skelton was composing such tedious elaborations as his "Magnificence," which, without any improvement, merely carries to a still greater length of absurdity the old style of moral plays, Heywood was writing his "John Tib and Sir John," his "Four Ps," his "Pardoner and Friar," and pieces of that description, which presented both variety of matter and novelty of construction, as well as considerable wit and drollery in the language. He was a very original writer, and certainly merits more admiration than any of his dramatic contemporaries.

To the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth we may refer several theatrical productions which make approaches, more or less near, to comedy, tragedy, and history, and still retain many of the known features of moral plays. "Tom Tiler and his Wife" is a comedy in its incidents; but the allegorical personages, Desire, Destiny, Strife, and Patience, connect it immediately with the earlier species of stage-entertainment. "The Conflict of Conscience," on the other hand, is a tragedy on the fate of an historical personage; but Conscience, Hypocrisy, Avarice, Horror, &c., are called in aid of the purpose of the writer. "Appius and Virginia" is in most respects a history, founded upon facts; but Rumour, Comfort, and Doctrine, are importantly concerned

[1] John Heywood, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., is not to be confounded, as some modern editors of Shakespeare have confounded him, with Thomas Heywood, who became a dramatist more than half a century afterwards, and who continued a writer for the stage until near the date of the closing of the theatres by the Puritans. John Heywood, in all probability, died before Thomas Heywood was born

in the representation. These, and other productions of the same class, which it is not necessary to particularize, show the gradual advances made towards a better, because a more natural, species of theatrical composition.[1] Into miracle-plays were gradually introduced allegorical personages, who finally usurped the whole stage; while they in turn yielded to real and historical characters, at first only intended to give variety to abstract impersonations. Hence the origin of comedy, tragedy, and history, such as we find them in the works of Shakespeare, and of some of his immediate predecessors.

What is justly to be considered the oldest known comedy in our language is of a date not much posterior to the reign of Henry VIII., if, indeed, it were not composed while he was on the throne. It has the title of "Ralph Roister Doister," and it was written by Nicholas Udall, who was master of Eton school in 1540, and who died in 1557.[2] It is on every account a very remarkable performance; and as the scene is laid in London, it affords a curious picture of metropolitan manners. The regularity of its construction, even at that early date, may be gathered from the fact, that in the single copy which has descended to us[3] it is divided into acts and scenes. The story is one of common, every-day life; and none of the characters are such as people had been accustomed to find in ordinary dramatic entertainments. The piece takes its name from its hero, a young town-gallant, who is mightily enamoured of himself, and who is encouraged in the good opinion he entertains of his own person and accomplishments by Matthew Merrygreek, a poor relation, who attends him in the double capacity of companion and servant. Ralph Roister Doister is in love with a lady of property, called Custance, betrothed to Gawin Goodluck, a merchant, who is at sea when the comedy begins, but who returns before it concludes. The main incidents relate to the mode in which the hero, with

[1] One of the latest pieces without mixture of history or fable, and consisting wholly of abstract personages, is, "The Tide tarryeth no Man," by George Wapul, printed in 1576: only a single copy of it has been preserved, and that is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The principal persons introduced into it have the following names:—Painted-profit, No-good-neighbourhood, Wastefulness, Christianity, Correction, Conrage, Feigned-furtherance, Greediness, Wantonness, and Authority-in-despair.

[2] A very interesting epistle from Udall is to be found in Sir Henry Ellis's volume (edited for the Camden Society) "Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men." That of Udall is first in the series.

[3] This single copy is without title-page, so that the year when it was printed cannot be ascertained; but Thomas Hacket had a license in 1566 for the publication of "a play entitled Rauf Ruyster Duster," as it is called on the registers of the Stationers' company. We may presume that it was published in that year, or in the next.

the treacherous help of his associate, endeavours to gain the affections of Custance. He writes her a letter, which Merrygreek reads without a due observance of the punctuation, so that it entirely perverts the meaning of the writer: he visits her while she is surrounded by her female domestics, but he is unceremoniously rejected: he resolves to carry her by force of arms, and makes an assault upon her habitation; but with the assistance of her maids, armed with mops and brooms, she drives him from the attack. Then, her betrothed lover returns, who has been misinformed on the subject of her fidelity, but he is soon reconciled on an explanation of the facts; and Ralph Roister Doister, finding that he has no chance of success, and that he has only been cajoled and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Custance.

In all this we have no trace of anything like a moral play, with the exception, perhaps, of the character of Matthew Merrygreek, which, in some of its features, its love of mischief and its drollery, bears a resemblance to the Vice of the older drama.[1] Were the dialogue modernised, the comedy might be performed, even in our own day, to the satisfaction of many of the usual attendants at our theatres.

In considering the merits of this piece, we are to recollect that Bishop Still's "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which, until of late, was held to be our earliest comedy, was written some twenty years after "Ralph Roister Doister:" it was not acted at Cambridge until 1566, nine years subsequent to the death of Udall; and it is in every point of view an inferior production. The plot is a mere piece of absurdity, the language is provincial (well fitted, indeed, to the country where the scene is laid, and to the clownish persons engaged in it) and the manners depicted are chiefly those of illiterate rustics. The story, such as it is, relates to the loss of a needle with which Gammer Gurton had mended Hodge's breeches, and which is afterwards found by the hero, when he is about to sit down. The humour, generally speaking, is as coarse as the dialogue; and though it is impossible to deny that

[1] By "the older drama," we mean moral plays, into which the Vice was introduced for the amusement of the spectators: no character so called, or with similar propensities, is to be traced in miracle-plays. He was, in fact, the buffoon of our drama in, what may be termed, its second stage; after audiences began to grow weary of plays founded upon Scripture-history, and when even moral plays, in order to be relished, required the insertion of a character of broad humour, and vicious inclinations, who was sometimes to be the companion, and at others, the castigator, of the devil, who represented the principle of evil among mankind. The Vice of moral plays subsequently became the fool and jester of comedy, tragedy, and history, and forms another, and an important, link of connexion between them.

the author was a man of talents, they were hardly such as could have produced "Ralph Roister Doister."

The drama which we have been accustomed to regard as our oldest tragedy, and which probably has a just claim to the distinction, was acted on 18th January, 1562, and printed in 1565.[1] It was originally called "Gorboduc;" but it was reprinted in 1571 under the title of "Forrex and Porrex," and a third time in 1590 as "Gorboduc." The first three acts were written by Thomas Norton, and the last two by Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and it was performed "by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." Although the form of the Greek drama is observed in "Gorboduc," and each act concluded by a chorus, yet Sir Philip Sidney, who admitted (in his "Apology of Poetry") that it was "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases," could not avoid complaining that the unities of time and place had been disregarded. Thus, in the very outset and origin of our stage, as regards what may be termed the regular drama, the liberty, which allowed full exercise to the imagination of the audience, and which was afterwards happily carried to a greater excess, was distinctly asserted and maintained. It is also to be remarked, that "Gorboduc" is the earliest known play in our language in which blank-verse was employed;[2] but of the introduction of blank-verse upon our public stage, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It was an important change, which requires to be separately considered.

We have now entered upon the reign of Elizabeth; and although, as already observed, moral plays and even miracle-plays were still acted, we shall soon see what a variety of subjects, taken from ancient history, from mythology, fable, and romance, were employed for the purposes of the drama.

[1] In the Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 482, it is said that the earliest edition of "Gorboduc" has no date. This is a mistake as is shown by the copy in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, which has "anno 1565, Septemb. 22" at the bottom of the title-page Mr. Hallam, in his admirable "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," &c. (Second Edit. vol. ii. p. 167), expresses his dissent from the position, that the *three first acts* were by Norton, and the *two last* by Sackville. The old title-page states, that "*three acts* were written by Thomas Norton, and *the two last* by Thomas Sackville." Unless the printer, William Griffith, were misinformed, this seems decisive. Norton's abilities have not had justice done to them.

[2] Richard Edwards, a very distinguished dramatic poet, who died in 1566, and who wrote the lost play of "Palamon and Arcite," which was acted before the Queen in September of that year, did not follow the example of Sackville and Norton: his "Damon and Pithias" (the only piece by him that has survived) is in rhyme. See Dodsley's Old Plays, last edition, vol. i. p. 177. Thomas Twine, an actor in "Palamon and Arcite," wrote an epitaph upon its author. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and "Gorboduc," (the last printed from the second edition) are also inserted in vols. i. and ii. of Dodsley's Old Plays.

Stephen Gosson, one of the earliest enemies of theatrica performances, writing his "Plays confuted in Five Actions' a little after the period of which we are now speaking, but adverting to the drama as it had existed some years before, tells us, that "the Palace of Pleasure, the Golden Ass, the Æthiopian History, Amadis of France, and the Round Table," as well as "comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the play-houses in London." Hence, unquestionably, many of the materials of what is termed our romantic drama were obtained. The accounts of the Master of the Revels between 1570 and 1580 contain the names of various plays represented at court; and it is to be noted, that it was certainly the practice at a later date, and it was probably the practice at the time to which we are now adverting, to select for performance before the Queen such pieces as were most in favour with public audiences: consequently the mention of a few of the titles of productions represented before Elizabeth at Greenwich, Whitehall, Richmond, or Nonesuch, will show the character of the popular performances of the day. We derive the following names from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," printed for the Shakespeare Society:—

Lady Barbara.
Iphigenia.
Ajax and Ulysses.
Narcissus.
Paris and Vienna.
The Play of Fortune.
Alcmæon.
Quintus Fabius.
Timoclea at the Siege of Thebes.
Perseus and Andromeda.
The Painter's Daughter.
The History of the Collier.
Mutius Scævola.
Portio and Demorantes.
Titus and Gisippus.
Three Sisters of Mantua.
Cruelty of a Stepmother.
The Greek Maid.
Rape of the second Helen.
The Four Sons of Fabius.
History of Sarpedon.
Murderous Michael.
Scipio Africanus.
The Duke of Milan.
The History of Error.

These are only a few out of many dramas, establishing the multiplicity of sources to which the poets of the time resorted.[1] Nevertheless, we find on the same indisputable

[1] "The Play of Fortune," in the above list, is doubtless the piece which has reached us in a printed shape, as "The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune:" it was acted at court as early as 1573, and again in 1582; but it did not come from the press until 1589, and the only copy of it is in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The purpose of the anonymous writer was to compose an entertainment which should possess the great requisite of variety, with as much show as could at that early date be accomplished; and we are to recollect that the court theatres possessed some unusual facilities for the purpose. The "Induction" is in blank-verse, but the body of the drama is in rhyme. "The History of the Collier," also mentioned, was perhaps the comedy subse-

authority, that moral plays were not yet altogether discarded in the court entertainments; for we read, in the original records, of productions the titles of which prove that they were pieces of that allegorical description. among these are "Truth, Faithfulness, and Mercy," and "The Marriage of Mind and Measure," which is expressly called "a moral."

Our main object in referring to these pieces has been to show the great diversity of subjects which had been dramatised before 1580. In 1581 Barnabe Rich published his "Farewell to Military Profession,"[1] consisting of a collection of eight novels; and at the close of the work he inserts this strange address "to the reader:"—"Now thou hast perused these histories to the end, I doubt not but thou wilt deem of them as they worthily deserve, and think such vanities more fitter to be presented on a stage (as some of them have been) than to be published in print." The fact is, that three dramas are extant which more or less closely resemble three of Rich's novels: one of them "Twelfth Night;" another, "The Weakest goeth to the Wall;" and the third the old play of "Philotus."[2]

Upon the manner in which the materials thus procured were then handled, we have several contemporaneous authorities. George Whetstone, (an author who has principally acquired celebrity by writing an earlier drama upon the incidents employed by Shakespeare in his "Measure for Measure") in the dedication of his "Promos and Cassandra," gives a compendious description of the nature of popular theatrical representations in 1578. "The Englishman (he remarks) in this quality is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his work on impossibilities; then, in three hours, runs he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell: and, that which is worst, their ground is not so unperfect as their working indiscreet; not weighing, so the people laugh, though they laugh them for their follies to scorn. Many times, to make mirth, they make a clown companion with a king: in their grave councils they allow the advice of fools; yea, they use one order

quently known and printed as "Grim, the Collier of Croydon;" and it has been reasonably supposed, that "The History of Error" was an old play on the same subject as Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

[1] Until recently no edition of an earlier date than that of 1606 was known; but there is an impression of 1581 at Oxford, which is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. Malone had heard of a copy in 1583. but it is certainly a mistake.

[2] It was reprinted for the Bannatyne Club in 1835, by J. W. Mackenzie, Esq.

of speech for all persons, a gross indecorum." This, it will be perceived, is an accurate account of the ordinary license taken in our romantic drama, and of the reliance of poets, long before the time of Shakespeare, upon the imaginations of their auditors.

To the same effect we may quote a work by Stephen Gosson, to which we have before been indebted,—"Plays confuted in Five Actions,"—which must have been printed about 1580:—"If a true history (says Gosson) be taken in hand, it is made, like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it commonly unto such points, as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love; or paint a few antics, to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts; or bring in a show, to furnish the stage when it is bare." Again, speaking of plays professedly founded upon romance, and not upon "true history," he remarks: "Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible monster, made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed, that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of cockle-shell." We can hardly doubt that when Gosson wrote this passage he had particular productions in his mind, and several of the character he describes are still extant.

Sir Philip Sidney is believed to have written his "Apology of Poetry" in 1583, and we have already referred to it in connexion with "Gorboduc." His observations, upon the general character of dramatic representations in his time, throw much light on the state of the stage a very few years before Shakespeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford-upon-Avon, and attached himself to a theatrical company. "Our tragedies and comedies (says Sidney) are not without cause cried out against, observing neither rules of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. . . . . But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then, we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in

the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love: after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours' space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified." He afterwards comes to a point previously urged by Whetstone; for Sidney complains that plays were "neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders, to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor right sportfulness is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained."

It will be remarked that, with the exception of the instance of "Gorboduc," no writer we have had occasion to cite mentions the English Chronicles, as having yet furnished dramatists with stories for the stage; and we may perhaps infer that resort was not had to them, for the purposes of the public theatres, until after the date of which we are now speaking.

Having thus briefly adverted to the nature and character of dramatic representations from the earliest times to the year 1583, and having established that our romantic drama was of ancient origin, it is necessary shortly to describe the circumstances under which plays were at different early periods performed.

There were no regular theatres, or buildings permanently constructed for the purposes of the drama, until after 1575 Miracle-plays were sometimes exhibited in churches and in the halls of corporations, but more frequently upon moveable stages, or scaffolds, erected in the open air. Moral plays were subsequently performed under nearly similar circumstances, excepting that a practice had grown up, among the nobility and wealthier gentry, of having dramatic entertainments at particular seasons in their own residences.[1] These were sometimes performed by a company of actors retained in the family, and sometimes by itinerant players,[2]

[1] As early as 1465 a company of players had performed at the wedding of a person of the name of Molines, who was nearly related to Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. See "Manners and Household Expenses of England," printed by Mr. Botfield, M. P., for the Roxburghe Club in 1841, p. 511.

[2] The anonymous MS. play of "Sir Thomas More," written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, gives a very correct notion of the mode in which offers to perform were made by a company of players,

who belonged to large towns, or who called themselves the servants of members of the aristocracy. In 14 Eliz. an act was passed allowing strolling actors to perform, if licensed by some baron or nobleman of higher degree, but subjecting all others to the penalties inflicted upon vagrants. Therefore, although many companies of players went round the country, and acted as the servants of some of the nobility, they had no legislative protection until 1572. It is a singular fact, that the earliest known company of players, travelling under the name and patronage of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.[1] Henry VII. had two distinct bodies of "actors of interludes" in his pay, and from henceforward the profession of a player became well understood and recognized. In the later part of the reign of Henry VII., the players of the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, and of the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, and Northumberland, performed at court. About this period, and somewhat earlier, we also hear of companies attached to particular places; and in coeval records we read of the players of York, Coventry, Lavenham, Wycombe, Chester, Manningtree, Evesham, Mile-end, Kingston, &c.

In the reign of Henry VIII., and perhaps in that of his predecessor, the gentlemen and singing-boys of the Chapel Royal were employed to act plays and interludes before the court; and afterwards the children of Westminster, St. Paul's, and Windsor, under their several masters, are not unfrequently mentioned in the household books of the palace, and in the accounts of the department of the revels.[2]

and accepted by the owner of the mansion. Four players and a boy (for the female characters) tender their services to the Lord Chancellor, just as he is on the point of giving a grand supper to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London: Sir Thomas More inquires what pieces they can perform, and the answer of the leader of the company supplies the names of seven which were then popular; viz., "The Cradle of Security," "Hit Nail on the Head," "Impatient Poverty," "The Four Ps," "Dives and Lazarus," "Lusty Juventus," and "The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom." Sir Thomas More fixes upon the last, and it is accordingly represented, as a play within a play, before the banquet. "Sir Thomas More" was regularly licensed for public performance.

[1] Either from preference or policy, Richard III. appears to have been a great encourager of actors and musicians: besides his players, he patronized two distinct bodies of "minstrels," and performers on instruments called "shalms." These facts are derived from a manuscript of the household-book of John Lord Howard, afterwards duke of Norfolk, preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, and recently printed for the use of the members of the Roxburghe Club, as a sequel to Mr. Botfield's volume.

[2] At a considerably subsequent date some of these infant companies performed before general audiences; and to them were added the Children of the Revels, who had never been attached to any religious establishment, but were chiefly encouraged as a nursery for actors. The Queen of James I. had also a company of theatrical children under her patronage

In 1514 the king added a new company to the dramatic retinue of the court, besides the two companies which had been paid by his father, and the associations of theatrical children. In fact, at this period dramatic entertainments, masques, disguisings, and revels of every description, were carried to a costly excess. Henry VIII. raised the sum, until then paid for a play, from 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to 10*l.* William Cornyshe, the master of the children of the chapel, on on occasion was paid no less a sum than 200*l.* in the money of that time, by way of reward; and John Heywood, the author of interludes before mentioned, who was also a player upon the virginals, had a salary of 20*l.* per annum, in addition to his other emoluments. During seasons of festivity a Lord of Misrule was regularly appointed to superintend the sports, and he also was separately and liberally remunerated. The example of the court was followed by the courtiers, and the companies of theatrical retainers, in the pay, or acting in various parts of the kingdom under the names of particular noblemen, became extremely numerous. Religious houses gave them encouragement, and even assisted in the getting up and representation of the performances, especially shortly before the dissolution of the monasteries: in the account-book of the Prior of Dunmow, between March 1532 and July 1536, we find entries of payments to Lords of Misrule there appointed, as well as to the players of the King, and of the Earls of Derby, Exeter, and Sussex.[1]

In 1543 was passed a statute, rendered necessary by the polemical character of some of the dramas publicly represented, although, not many years before, the king had himself encouraged such performances at court, by being present at a play in which Luther and his wife were ridiculed.[2] The

[1] For this information we are indebted to Sir N. H. Nicholas, who has the original document in his library. Similar facts might be established from other authorities, both of an earlier and somewhat later date.

[2] See Hist. of Engl Dram. Poetry and the Stage, Vol. i. p. 107. The official account, made out by Richard Gibson, who had the preparation of the dresses, &c., is so curious and characteristic, that we quote it in the words, though not in the uncouth orthography, of the original document: the date is the 10th Nov. 1528, not long before the king saw reason to change the whole course of his policy as regarded the Reformation.

"The king's pleasure was that at the said revels, by clerks in the Latin tongue, should be played in his presence a play, whereof ensueth the names. First an Orator in apparel of gold; a Poet in apparel of cloth of gold; Religion, Ecclesia, Veritas, like three Novices, in garments of silk, and veils of lawn and cypress: Heresy, False-interpretation, Corruptio-scriptoris, like ladies of Bohemia, apparelled in garments of silk of divers colours; the heretic Luther, like a party friar, in russet, damask and black taffeta; Luther's wife, like a frow of Spiers in Almain, in red silk; Peter, Paul, and James, in three habits of white sarsenet and three red mantles, and hairs of silver of

act prohibits "ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other fantasies" of a religious or doctrinal tendency, but at the same time carefully provides, that the clauses shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes" which had for object "the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture."

The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for the superintendence of all dramatic performances, was created in 1546, and Sir Thomas Cawarden was appointed to it with an annual salary of 10*l*. A person of the name of John Bernard was made Clerk of the Revels, with an allowance of 8*d*. per day and livery[1].

It is a remarkable point, established by Mr. Tytler[2], that Henry VIII. was not yet buried, and Bishop Gardiner and his parishioners were about to sing a dirge for his soul, when the actors of the Earl of Oxford posted bills for the performance of a play in Southwark. This was long before the construction of any regular theatre on the Bankside; but it shows at how early a date that part of the town was selected for such exhibitions. When Mr. Tytler adds, that the players of the Earl of Oxford were "the first that were kept by any nobleman," he falls into an error, because Richard III., and others of the nobility, as already remarked, had companies of players attached to their households. We have the evidence of Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie," 1589, for stating that the Earl of Oxford, under whose name the players in 1547 were about to perform, was himself a dramatist.

Very soon after Edward VI. came to the throne, severe measures were taken to restrain not only dramatic per-

damask and pelerines of scarlet, and a cardinal in his apparel; two Sergeants in rich apparel; the Dauphin and his brother in coats of velvet embroidered with gold, and caps of satin bound with velvet; a Messenger in tinsel-satin; six men in gowns of green sarsenet; six women in gowns of crimson sarsenet; War in rich cloth of gold and feathers, and armed; three Almains in apparel all cut and slit of silk; Lady Peace, in lady's apparel, all white and rich; and Lady Quietness, and Dame Tranquillity, richly beseen in ladies' apparel.

The drama represented by these personages appears to have been the composition of John Rightwise, then master of the children of St. Paul's.

[1] The original appointment of John Bernard is preserved in the library of Sir Thomas Phillippes, Bart., to whom we owe the additional information, that this Clerk of the Revels had a house assigned to him, strangely called, in the instrument, "Egypt, and Flesh-Hall," with a garden which had belonged to the dissolved monastery of the Charter-house: the words of the original are, *omnia illa domum et edificia nuper vocata Egipte et Fleshall, et illam domum adjacentem nuper vocatam le garneter.* The theatrical wardrobe of the court was at this period kept at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

[2] In his "Edward VI. and Mary," 1839, vol. i. p. 20

formances, but the publication of dramas. Playing and printing plays were first entirely suspended; then, the companies of noblemen were allowed to perform, but not without special authority; and, finally, the sign manual, or the names of six of the Privy Council were required to their licenses. The objection stated was, that the plays had a political, not a polemical, purpose. One of the first acts of Mary's government, was to issue a proclamation to put a stop to the performance of interludes calculated to advance the principles of the Reformation; and we may be sure that the play ordered at the coronation of the queen was of a contrary description[1]. It appears on other authorities, that for two years there was an entire cessation of public dramatic performances; but in this reign the representation of the old Roman Catholic miracle-plays was partially and authoritatively revived.

It is not necessary to detail the proceedings in connexion with theatrical representations at the opening of the reign of Elizabeth. At first plays were discountenanced, but by degrees they were permitted; and the queen seems at all times to have derived much pleasure from the services of her own players, those of her nobility, and of the different companies of children belonging to Westminster, St. Paul's, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal. The members of the inns of court also performed "Gorboduc" on 18th January, 1562; and on February 1st, an historical play, under the name of "Julius Cæsar," was represented, but by what company is no where mentioned.

In 1572 the act was passed (which was renewed with additional force in 1597) to restrain the number of itinerant performers. Two years afterwards, the Earl of Leicester obtained from Elizabeth a patent under the great seal, to enable his players James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, to perform "comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays," in any part of the kingdom, with the exception of the metropolis[2].

[1] See Kempe's "Losely Manuscripts." 1835, p. 61. The warrant for the purpose was under the sign manual, and it was directed to Sir T. Cawarden, as Master of the Revels:—"We will and command you, upon the sight hereof, forthwith to make and deliver out of our Revels, unto the Gentlemen of our Chapel, for a play to be played before us at the feast of our Coronation, as in times past hath been accustomed to be done by the Gentlemen of the Chapel of our progenitors, all such necessary garments, and other things for the furniture thereof, as shall be thought meet," &c. The play, although ordered for this occasion, viz. 1st Oct. 1553, was for some unexplained reason deferred until Christmas.

[2] There is a material difference between the warrant under the privy seal, and the patent under the great seal, granted upon this occasion: the former gives the players a right to perform "as well within the city of London and liberties of the same" as elsewhere;

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen succeeded in excluding the players from the strict boundaries of the city, but they were not able to shut them out of the liberties; and it is not to be forgotten that James Burbage and his associates were supported by court favour generally, and by the powerful patronage of the Earl of Leicester in particular. Accordingly, in the year after they had obtained their patent, James Burbage and his fellows took a large house in the precinct of the dissolved monastery of the Black Friars, and converted it into a theatre. This was accomplished in 1576, and it is the first time we hear of any building set apart for theatrical representations. Until then the various companies of actors had been obliged to content themselves with churches, halls, with temporary erections in the streets, or with inn yards, in which they raised a stage, the spectators standing below, or occupying the galleries that surrounded the open space[1]. Just about the same period two other edifices were built for the exhibition of plays in Shoreditch, one of which was called "The Curtain,"[2] and the other "The Theatre." Both these are mentioned as in existence and operation in 1577[3]. Thus we see that two buildings close to the walls of the city, and a third within a privileged district in the city, all expressly applied to the purpose of stage-plays, were in use almost immediately after the date of the Patent to the players of the Earl of Leicester. It is extremely likely, though we have no distinct evidence of the fact, that one or more play-houses were opened about

but the latter (dated three days afterwards, viz. 10 May, 1574) omits this paragraph; and we need entertain little doubt that it was excluded at the instance of the Corporation of London, always opposed to theatrical performances.

[1] In 1557 the Boar's Head, Aldgate, had been used for the performance of a drama called "The Sack full of News;" and Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse," 1579, (reprinted by the Shakespeare Society) mentions the Belle Savage and the Bull as inns at which particular plays had been represented. R. Flecknae, in his "Short Discourse of the English Stage," appended to his "Love's Kingdom," 1664, says that "at this day is to be seen" that "the inn yards of the Cross-Keys, and Bull, in Grace and Bishopsgate Streets" had been used as theatres. There is reason to believe that the Boar's Head, Aldgate, had belonged to the father of Edward Alleyn.

[2] It has been supposed by some, that the Curtain theatre owed its name to the curtain employed to separate the actors from the audience. We have before us documents (which on account of their length we cannot insert) showing that such was probably not the fact, and that the ground on which the building stood was called the Curtain (perhaps as part of the fortifications of London) before any play-house was built there. For this information we have to offer our thanks to Mr. T. E. Tomlins of Islington.

[3] In John Northbrooke's "Treatise," &c. against "vain plays or interludes," licensed for the press in 1577, the work being then ready and in the printer's hands It has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society

the same time in Southwark; and we know that the Rose theatre was standing there not many years afterwards[1] John Stockwood, a puritanical preacher, published a sermon in 1578, in which he asserted that there were "eight ordinary places" in and near London for dramatic exhibitions, and that the united profits were not less than £2000 a year, at least £12,000 of our present money. Another divine, of the name of White, equally opposed to such performances, preaching in 1576, called the play-houses at that time erected, "sumptuous theatres." No doubt, the puritanical zeal of these divines had been excited by the opening of the Blackfriars, the Curtain, and the Theatre, in 1576 and 1577, for the exclusive purpose of the drama; and the five additional places, where plays, according to Stockwood, were acted before 1578, were most likely a play-house at Newington-butts, or inn-yards, converted occasionally into theatres.

An important fact, in connexion with the manner in which dramatic performances were patronized by Queen Elizabeth, has been recently brought to light[2]. It has been hitherto supposed that in 1583 she selected one company of twelve performers, to be called "the Queen's players;" but it seems that she had two separate associations in her pay, each distinguished as "the Queen's players." Tylney, the master of the revels at the time, records, in one of his accounts, that in March, 1583, he had been sent for by her Majesty "to chuse out a company of players:" Richard Tarlton and Robert Wilson were placed at the head of that association, which was probably soon afterwards divided into two distinct bodies of performers. In 1590, John Lanham was the leader of one body,[3] and Lawrence Dutton of the other.

[1] See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (published by the Shakespeare Society) p. 189. It seems that the Rose had been the sign of a house of public entertainment before it was converted into a theatre. Such was also the case with the Swan, and the Hope, in the same neighbourhood.

[2] By Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," printed for the Shakespeare Society. pp. 32 and 186. The editor's "Introduction" is full of new and valuable information.

[3] Tarlton died on 3 Sept. 1588, and we apprehend that it was not until after this date that Lanham became leader of one company of the Queen's Players. Mr. Halliwell discovered Tarlton's will in the Prerogative Office, bearing date on the day of his decease: he there calls himself one of the grooms of the Queen's chamber, and leaves all his "goods, cattels, chattels, plate, ready money, jewels, bonds obligatory, specialties, and debts," to his son Philip Tarlton, a minor. He appoints his mother, Katherine Tarlton, his friend Robert Adams, and "his fellow William Johnson, one also of the grooms of her Majesty's chamber," trustees for his son, and executors of his will, which was proved by Adams three days after the death of the testator. As Tarlton says nothing about his wife in his will, we may presume that he was a widower; and of his son, Philip Tarlton, we never hear afterwards.

We have thus brought our sketch of dramatic performances and performers down to about the same period, the year 1583. We propose to continue it to 1590, and to assume that as the period not, of course, when Shakespeare first joined a theatrical company, but when he began writing original pieces for the stage. This is a matter which is more distinctly considered in the biography of the poet; but it is necessary here to fix upon some date to which we are to extend our introductory account of the progress and condition of theatrical affairs. What we have still to offer will apply to the seven years from 1583 to 1590.

The accounts of the revels at court about this period afford us little information, and indeed for several years, when such entertainments were certainly required by the Queen, we are without any details either of the pieces performed, or of the cost of preparation. We have such particulars for the years 1581, 1582, 1584, and 1587, but for the intermediate years they are wanting.[1]

The accounts of 1581, 1582, and 1584, give us the following names of dramatic performances of various kinds exhibited before the Queen:

A comedy called Delight.
The Story of Pompey.
A Game of the Cards.
A comedy of Beauty and Housewifry.
Love and Fortune.
History of Farrar.
History of Telomo.
Ariodante and Genevora.
Pastoral of Phillada and Clorin.
History of Felix and Philiomena.
Five Plays in One.
Three Plays in One.
Agamemnon and Ulysses.

This list of dramas (the accounts mention that others were acted without supplying their titles) establishes that moral plays had not yet been excluded[2]. The "Game of the Cards" is expressly called "a comedy or moral," in the accounts of 1582; and we may not unreasonably suppose that "Delight," and "Beauty and Housewifry, were of the same class. "The Story of Pompey," and "Agamemnon and Ulysses," were evidently performances founded upon ancient history, and such may have been the case with "The History of Tolomo." "Love and Fortune" has been called "the play of Fortune" in the account of 1573; and we may feel assured that "Ariodante and Genevora" was the story

[1] From 1587 to 1604, the most important period as regards Shakespeare, it does not appear that any official statements by the master of the revels have been preserved. In the same way there is an unfortunate interval between 1604 and 1611.

[2] One of the last pieces represented before Queen Elizabeth was a moral play, under the title of "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," printed in 1602, and acted, as appears by the strongest internal evidence, in 1600.

told by Ariosto, which also forms part of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing." "The History of Ferrar" was doubtless "The History of Error" of the account of 1577, the clerk having written the title by his ear; and we may reasonably suspect that "Felix and Philiomena" was the tale of Felix and Felismena, narrated in the "Diana" of Montemayor. It is thus evident, that the Master of the Revels and the actors exerted themselves to furnish variety for the entertainment of the Queen and her nobility; but we still see no trace ("Gorboduc" excepted) of any play at court, the materials for which were obtained from the English Chronicles. It is very certain, however, that anterior to 1588 such pieces had been written, and acted before public audiences[1]; but those who catered for the court in these matters might not consider it expedient to exhibit, in the presence of the Queen, any play which involved the actions or conduct of her predecessors. The companies of players engaged in these representations were those of the Queen, the Earls of Leicester, Derby, Sussex, Oxford, the Lords Hunsdon and Strange, and the children of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's.

About this date the number of companies of actors performing publicly in and near London seems to have been very considerable. A person, who calls himself "a soldier," writing to Secretary Walsingham, in January, 1586,[2] tells him, that "every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places of the city," and after mentioning the actors of the Queen, the Earl of Leicester,[3] the Earl of Oxford, and the Lord Admiral, he goes on to state that not fewer than two hundred persons, thus retained and employed, strutted in their silks about the streets. It may be doubted whether this statement is much exaggerated, recollecting the many noblemen who had players acting under

[1] Tarlton, who died, as we have already stated, in Sept. 1588, obtained great celebrity by his performance of the two parts of Derrick and the Judge, in the old historical play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth."

[2] See the original letter in Harleian MSS. No. 286.

[3] The manner in which, about this time, the players were bribed away from Oxford is curious, and one of the items in the accounts expressly applies to the Earl of Leicester's servants. We are obliged to the Rev. Dr. Bliss for the following extracts, relating to this period and a little afterwards:

1567 Solut. Histrionibus Comitis Lecestriæ, ut cum suis ludis sine majore Academiæ molestiâ discedant . . xx*s*
Solut. Histrionibus Honoratissimi Domini Howard . xx*s*
1568 Solut. Histrionibus, ne ludos inhonestos exercerent infra Universitatem . . . . . (*no sum*)
1580 Solut. per D. Eedes, vice-cancellarii locum tenentem, quibusdam Histrionibus, ut sine perturbatione et strepitu ab Academiâ discederent . . . . vi*s*

their names at this date, and that each company consisted probably of eight or ten performers. On the same authority we learn that theatrical representations upon the Sabbath had been forbidden; but this restriction does not seem to have been imposed without a considerable struggle. Before 1581 the Privy Council had issued an order upon the subject, but it was disregarded in some of the suburbs of London; and it was not until after a fatal exhibition of bear-baiting at Paris Garden, upon Sunday, 13 June, 1583, when many persons were killed and wounded by the falling of a scaffold, that the practice of playing, as well as bear-baiting, on the Sabbath was at all generally checked. In 1586, as far as we can judge from the information that has come down to our day, the order which had been issued in this respect was pretty strictly enforced. At this period, and afterwards, plays were not unfrequently played at court on Sunday, and the chief difficulty therefore seems to have been to induce the Privy Council to act with energy against similar performances in public theatres.

The annual official statement of the Master of the Revels merely tells us, in general terms, that between Christmas 1586, and Shrovetide 1587, "seven plays, besides feats of activity, and other shows by the children of Paul's, her Majesty's servants, and the gentlemen of Gray's Inn," were prepared and represented before the Queen at Greenwich. No names of plays are furnished, but in 1587 was printed a tragedy, under the title of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," which purports to have been acted by some of the members of Gray's Inn before the Queen, on 28 Feb., 1587: this, in fact, must be the very production stated in the revels' accounts to have been got up and performed by these parties; and it requires notice, not merely for its own intrinsic excellence as a drama, but because, in point of date, it is the second play founded upon English history represented at court, as well as the second original theatrical production in blank-verse that has been preserved[1]. The example, in this particular, had been set, as we have already shown, in "Gorboduc," fifteen years before; and it is probable, that in that interval not a few of the serious compositions exhibited at court were in blank-verse, but it had not yet been used on any of our public stages.

The main body of "The Misfortunes of Arthur" was the authorship of Thomas Hughes, a member of Gray's Inn;

[1] Gascoyne's "Jocasta," printed in 1577, and represented by the author and other members of the society at Gray's Inn in 1566 as a private show, was a translation from Euripides. It is, as far as has yet been ascertained, the second play in our language written in blank-verse, but it was not an original work. The same author's "Supposes," taken from Ariosto, is in prose.

but some speeches and two choruses (which are in rhyme) were added by William Fulbecke and Francis Flower, while no less a man than Lord Bacon assisted Christopher Yelverton and John Lancaster in the preparation of the dumb-shows. Hughes evidently took "Gorboduc" as his model, both in subject and style, and, like Sackville and Norton, he adopted the form of the Greek and Roman drama, and adhered more strictly than his predecessors to the unities of time and place. The plot relates to the rebellion of Mordred against his father, king Arthur, and part to the plot is very revolting, on account of the incest between Mordred and his stepmother Guenevora, Mordred himself being the son of Arthur's sister: there is also a vast deal of blood and slaughter throughout, and the catastrophe is the killing of the son by the father, and of the father by the son; so that a more painfully disagreeable story could hardly have been selected. The author, however, possessed a very bold and vigorous genius; his characters are strongly drawn, and the language they employ is consistent with their situations and habits: his blank-verse, both in force and variety, is superior to that of either Sackville or Norton[1].

It is very clear, that up to the year 1580, about which date Gosson published his "Plays confuted in Five Actions," dramatic performances on the public stages of London were sometimes in prose, but more constantly in rhyme. In his "School of Abuse," 1579, Gosson speaks of "two prose books played at the Bell Savage[2];" but in his "Plays confuted" he tells us, that "poets send their verses to the stage upon such feet as continually are rolled up in rhyme." With one or two exceptions, all the plays publicly acted, of a date anterior to 1590, that have come down to us, are either in prose or in rhyme[3]. The case seems to have been different, as already remarked, with some of the court-

[1] "The Misfortunes of Arthur," with four other dramas, has been reprinted in a supplementary volume to the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays. It is not, therefore, necessary here to enter into an examination of its structure or versification. It is a work of extraordinary power.

[2] See the Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 30. Gosson gives them the highest praise, asserting that they contained "never a word without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain."

[3] Sometimes plays written in prose were, at a subsequent date, when blank-verse had become the popular form of composition, published as if they had been composed in measured lines. The old historical play, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," which preceded that of Shakespeare, is an instance directly in point: it was written in prose, but the old printer chopped it up into lines of unequal length, so as to make it appear to the eye something like blank verse

shows and private entertainments; but we are now adverting to the pieces represented at such places as the Theatre, the Curtain, Blackfriars, and in inn-yards adapted temporarily to dramatic amusements, to which the public was indiscriminately admitted. The earliest work, in which the employment of blank-verse for the purpose of the common stage is noticed, is an epistle by Thomas Nash introducing to the world his friend Robert Greene's "Menaphon," in 1587[1]: there, in reference to "vain-glorious tragedians," he says, that they are "mounted on the stage of arroganee," and that they "think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." He afterwards talks of the "drumming decasyllibon" they employed, and ridicules them for "reposing eternity in the mouth of a player." This question is farther illustrated by a production by Greene, published in the next year, "Perimedes, the Blacksmith," from which it is evident that Nash had an individual allusion in what he had said in 1587. Greene fixes on the author of the tragedy of "Tamburlaine," whom he accuses of "setting the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse," and who, it should seem, had somewhere accused Greene of not being able to write it.

We learn from various authorities, that Christopher Marlowe[2] was the author of "Tamburlaine the Great," a

[1] Greene began writing in 1583, his "Mamillia" having been then printed: his "Mirror of Modesty" and "Monardo," bear the date of 1584. His "Menaphon" (afterwards called "Greene's Arcadia") first appeared in 1587, and it was reprinted in 1589. We have never seen the earliest edition of it, but it is mentioned by various bibliographers; and those who have thrown doubt upon the point, (stated in the History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii., p. 150), for the sake of founding an argument upon it, have not adverted to the conclusive fact, that "Menaphon" is mentioned as already in print in the introductory matter to another of Greene's pamphlets, dated in 1587—we mean "Euphues his Censure to Philautus."

[2] If Marlowe were born, as has been supposed, about 1562, (Oldys places the event earlier,) he was twenty-four when he wrote "Tamburlaine," as we believe, in 1586, and only thirty-one when he was killed by a person of the name of Archer, in an affray arising out of an amorous intrigue, in 1593. In a manuscript note of the time, in a copy of his version of "Hero and Leander," edit. 1629, in our possession, it is said, among other things, that "Marlowe's father was a shoemaker at Canterbury," and that he had an acquaintance at Dover whom he infected with the extreme liberality of his opinions on matters of religion. At the back of the title-page of the same volume is inserted the following epitaph, subscribed with Marlowe's name, and no doubt of his composition, although never before noticed:—

"In obitum honoratissimi viri
Rogeri Manwood, Militis. Quæstorii
Reginalis Capitalis Baronis.
Noctivagi terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
Et Iovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
Urnâ subtegitur: scelerum gaudete nepotes

dramatic work of the highest celebrity and popularity printed as early as 1590, and affording the first known instance of the use of blank-verse in a public theatre: the title-page of the edition 1590 states, that it had been "sundry times shown upon stages in the city of London." In the prologue the author claims to have introduced a new form of composition:—

> "From jigging veins of *rhyming mother-wits*,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
> We 'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c.

Accordingly, nearly the whole drama, consisting of a first and second part, is in blank-verse. Hence we see the value of Dryden's loose assertion, in the dedication to Lord Orrery of his "Rival Ladies," in 1664, that "Shakespeare was the first who, to shun the pains of continual rhyming, *invented* that kind of writing which we call blank-verse." The distinction belongs to Marlowe, the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, and a poet who, if he had lived, might, perhaps, have been a formidable rival of his genius. We have too much reverence for the exhaustless originality of our great dramatist, to think that he cannot afford this, or any other tribute to a poet, who, as far as the public stage is concerned, deserves to be regarded as the inventor of a new style of composition.

That the attempt was viewed with jealousy, there can be no doubt, after what we have quoted from Nash and Greene. It is most likely that Greene, who was older than Nash, had previously written various dramas in rhyme; and the bold experiment of Marlowe having been instantly successful, Greene was obliged to abandon his old course, and his extant plays are all in blank-verse. Nash, who had attacked Marlowe in 1587, before 1593 (when Marlowe was killed) had joined him in the production of a blank-verse tragedy on the story of Dido, which was printed in 1594.

It has been objected to "Tamburlaine," that it is written in a turgid and ambitious style, such indeed as Nash and Greene ridicule; but we are to recollect that Marlowe was

> Insons, luctifica sparsis cervice capillis,
> Plange, fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis
> Occidit: heu! secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
> Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
> Livor, parce viro: non audacissimus esto
> Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
> Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuncia Ditis
> Vulneret exanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
> Famæque marmoreis superet monumenta sepulchri."

It is added, that "Marlowe was a rare scholar, and died aged about thirty." The above is the only extant specimen of his Latin composition, and we insert it exactly as it stands in manuscript

at this time endeavouring to wean audiences from the "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits," and that, in order to satisfy the ear for the loss of the jingle, he was obliged to give what Nash calls "the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." This consideration will of itself account for breaches of a more correct taste to be found in "Tamburlaine." In the Prologue, besides what we have already quoted, Marlowe tells the audience to expect "high astounding terms," and he did not disappoint expectation. Perhaps the better to reconcile the ordinary frequenters of public theatres to the change, he inserted various scenes of low comedy, which the printer of the edition in 1590 thought fit to exclude, as "digressing, and far unmeet for the matter." Marlowe likewise sprinkled couplets here and there, although it is to be remembered, that having accomplished his object of substituting blank-verse by the first part of "Tamburlaine," he did not, even in the second part, think it necessary by any means so frequently to introduce occasional rhymes. In those plays which there is ground for believing to be the first works of Shakespeare, couplets, and even stanzas, are more frequent than in any of the surviving productions of Marlowe. This circumstance is, perhaps, in part to be accounted for by the fact (as far as we may so call it) that our great poet retained in some of his performances portions of old rhyming dramas, which he altered and adapted to the stage; but in early plays, which are to be looked upon as entirely his own, Shakespeare appears to have deemed rhyme more necessary to satisfy the ear of his auditory than Marlowe held it when he wrote his "Tamburlaine the Great."

As the first employment of blank-verse upon the public stage by Marlowe is a matter of much importance, in relation to the history of our more ancient drama, and to the subsequent adoption of that form of composition by Shakespeare, we ought not to dismiss it without affording a single specimen from "Tamburlaine the Great." The following is a portion of a speech by the hero to Zenocrate, when first he meets and sues to her:

"Disdains Zenocrate to live with me,
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.

A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus:
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's:
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen poles,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon dissolv'd."[1]

Nash having alluded to "Tamburlaine" in 1587, it is evident that it could hardly have been written later than 1585 or 1586, which is about the period when it has been generally, and with much appearance of probability, supposed that Shakespeare arrived in London. In considering the state of the stage just before our great dramatist became a writer for it, it is clearly, therefore, necessary to advert briefly to the other works of Marlowe, observing in addition, with reference to "Tamburlaine," that it is a historical drama, in which not a single unity is regarded; time, place, and action, are equally set at defiance, and the scene shifts at once to or from Persia, Scythia, Georgia, and Morocco, as best suited the purpose of the poet.

Marlowe was also, most likely, the author of a play in which the Priest of the Sun was prominent, as Greene mentions it with "Tamburlaine" in 1588, but no such piece is now known: he, however, wrote "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," "The Massacre at Paris," "The rich Jew of Malta," and an English historical play, called "The troublesome Reign and lamentable Death of Edward the Second," besides aiding Nash in "Dido Queen of Carthage," as already mentioned.[2] If they were not all of them of a date anterior to any of Shakespeare's original works, they were written by a man who had set the example of the employment of blank-verse upon the

[1] Our quotation is from a copy of the edition of 1590, 4to, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, which we believe to be the earliest: on the title-page it is stated that it is "now first and newly published." It was several times reprinted. No modern edition is to be trusted: they are full of the grossest errors, and never could have been collated.

[2] Another play, not published until 1657, under the title of "Lust's Dominion," has also been constantly, but falsely, assigned to Marlowe: some of the historical events contained in it did not happen until five years after the death of that poet. This fact was distinctly pointed out nearly twenty years ago, in the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays (vol. ii., p. 311); but nevertheless "Lust's Dominion" has since been spoken of and treated as Marlowe's undoubted production, and even included in editions of his works. It is in all probability the same drama as that which, in Henslowe's Diary, is called "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy," which was written by Dekker, Haughton, and Day, in the beginning of the year 1600.

public stage, and perhaps of the historical and romantic drama in all its leading features and characteristics. His "Edward the Second" affords sufficient proof of both these points: the versification displays, though not perhaps in the same abundance, nearly all the excellences of Shakespeare; and in point of construction, as well as in interest, it bears a strong resemblance to the "Richard the Second" of our great dramatist. It is impossible to read the one without being reminded of the other, and we can have no difficulty in assigning "Edward the Second" to an anterior period.[1]

The same remark as to date may be made upon the plays which came from the pen of Robert Greene, who died in September, 1592, when Shakespeare was rising into notice, and exciting the jealousy of dramatists who had previously furnished the public stages. This jealousy broke out on the part of Greene in, if not before, 1592, (in which year his "Groatsworth of Wit," a posthumous work, was published by his contemporary, Henry Chettle[2],) when he complained that Shakespeare had "beautified himself" with the feathers of others: he alluded, as we apprehend, to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of the two parts of the "Contention between the Houses, York and Lancaster," in the authorship of which there is much reason to suppose Greene had been concerned.[3] Such evidence as remains upon this point has been adduced in our "Introduction" to "The Third Part of Henry VI.;" and a perusal of the two parts of the "Contention," in their original state, will serve to show the condition of our dramatic literature at that great epoch of our stage-history, when Shakespeare began to acquire celebrity.[4] "The True

[1] In the History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii., p. 139, it is incautiously stated, that "the character of Shakespeare's Richard II. seems modelled in no slight degree upon that of Edward II." We willingly adopt the qualification of Mr. Hallam upon this point, where he says, ("Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. ii., p. 171, edit. 1843,) "I am reluctant to admit that Shakespeare modelled his characters by those of others; and it is natural to ask whether there were not an extraordinary likeness in the dispositions, as well as in the fortunes of the two kings?"

[2] In our biographical account of Shakespeare, under the date of 1592, we have necessarily entered more at large into this question.

[3] Mr. Hallam ("Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. ii., p. 171) supposes that the words of Greene, referring to Shakespeare, "There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," are addressed to Marlowe, who may have had a principal share in the production of the two parts of the "Contention." This conjecture is certainly more than plausible; but we may easily imagine Greene to have alluded to himself also, and that he had been Marlowe's partner in the composition of the two dramas, which Shakespeare remodelled, perhaps, not very long before the death of Greene.

[4] They have been accurately reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, under the care of Mr. Halliwell, from the earliest impressions in 1594 and 1595

Tragedy of Richard III." is a drama of about the same period, which has come down to us in a much more imperfect state, the original manuscript having been obviously very corrupt. It was printed in 1594, and Shakespeare, finding it in the possession of the company to which he was attached, probably had no scruple in constructing his "Richard the Third" of some of its rude materials. It seems not unlikely that Robert Greene, and perhaps some other popular dramatists of his day, had been engaged upon "The True Tragedy of Richard III."[1]

The dramatic works published under the name or initials of Robert Greene, or by extraneous testimony ascertained to be his, were "Orlando Furioso," (founded upon the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto,) first printed in 1594;[2] "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," also first printed in 1594, and taken from a popular story-book of the time; "Alphonsus King of Arragon," 1599, for which we know of no original; and "James the Fourth" of Scotland, 1598, partly borrowed from history, and partly mere invention. Greene also joined with Thomas Lodge in writing a species of moral-miracle-play, (partaking of the nature of both,) under the title of "A Looking-Glass for London and England," 1594, derived from sacred history; and to him has also been imputed "George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," and "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," the one printed in 1599, and the other in 1602. It may be seriously doubted whether he had any hand in the two last, but the productions above-named deserve attention, as works written at an early date for the gratification of popular audiences.

In the passage already referred to from the "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592, Greene also objects to Shakespeare on the ground that he thought himself "as well able to bombast out a blank-verse" as the best of his contemporaries. The fact is, that in this respect, as in all others, Greene was much inferior to Marlowe, and still less can his

[1] This drama has also been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, with perfect fidelity to the original edition of 1594, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The reprint was superintended by Mr. B. Field.

[2] In "The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. iii., p. 155, it is observed of "Orlando Furioso:"—"How far this play was printed according to the author's copy, we have no means of deciding; but it has evidently come down to us in a very imperfect state." Means of determining the point beyond dispute have since been discovered in a manuscript of the part of Orlando (as written out for Edward Alleyn by the copyist of the theatre) preserved at Dulwich College. Hence it is clear that much was omitted and corrupted in the two printed editions of 1594 and 1599. See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 198.

lines bear comparison with those of Shakespeare. He doubtless began to write for the stage in rhyme, and his blank-verse preserves nearly all the defects of that early form: it reads heavily and monotonously, without variety of pause and inflection, and almost the only difference between it and rhyme is the absence of corresponding sounds at the ends of the lines.

The same defects, and in quite as striking a degree, belong to another of the dramatists who is entitled to be considered a predecessor of Shakespeare, and whose name has been before introduced—Thomas Lodge. Only one play in which he was unassisted has descended to us, and it bears the title of "The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla." It was not printed until 1594, but the author began to write as early as 1580, and we may safely consider his tragedy anterior to the original works of Shakespeare: it was probably written about 1587 or 1588, as a not very successful experiment in blank-verse, in imitation of that style which Marlowe had at once rendered popular.

As regards the dates when his pieces came from the press, John Lyly is entitled to earlier notice than Greene, Lodge, or even Marlowe; and it is possible, as he was ten years older than Shakespeare, that he was a writer before any of them: it does not seem, however, that his dramas were intended for the public stage, but for court-shows or private entertainments.[1] His "Alexander and Campaspe," the best of his productions, was represented at Court, and it was twice printed, in 1584, and again in 1591: it is, like most of this author's productions, in prose; but his "Woman in the Moon" (printed in 1597) is in blank-verse, and the "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, (if indeed it be by him,) is in rhyme. As none of these dramas, generally composed in a refined, affected, and artificial style, can be said to have had any material influence upon stage-entertainments before miscellaneous audiences in London, it is unnecessary for our present purpose to say more regarding them.

George Peele was about the same age as Lyly;[2] but his

[1] They were acted by the children of the chapel, or by the children of St. Paul's, and a few of them bear evidence on the title-pages that they were presented at a private theatre—none of them that they had been played upon public stages before popular audiences.

[2] He is supposed to have been born about the year 1553. He was probably son to Stephen Peele, who was a bookseller and a writer of ballads. Stephen Peele was the publisher of Bishop Bale's miracle-play of "God's Promises," in 1577, and his name is subscribed, as author, to two Ballads printed by the Percy Society in the earliest production from their press. The connexion between Stephen and George Peele has never struck any of the biographers of the latter

theatrical productions (with the exception of "The Arraignment of Paris," printed in 1584, and written for the court) are of a different description, having been intended for exhibition at the ordinary theatres. His "Edward the First" he calls a "famous chronicle," and most of the incidents are derived from history: it is, in fact, one of our earliest plays founded upon English annals. It was printed in 1593 and in 1599, but with so many imperfections, that we cannot accept it as any fair representation of the state in which it came from the author's pen. The most remarkable feature belonging to it is the unworthy manner in which Peele sacrificed the character of the Queen to his desire to gratify the popular antipathy to the Spaniards: the opening of it is spirited, and affords evidence of the author's skill as a writer of blank-verse. His "Battle of Alcazar" may also be termed a historical drama, in which he allowed himself the most extravagant licence as to time, incidents, and characters. It perhaps preceded his "Edward the First" in point of date, (though not printed until 1594,) and the principal event it refers to occurred in 1578. "Sir Clyomon and Clamydes" is merely a romance, in the old form of a rhyming play;[1] and "David and Bethsabe," a scriptural drama, and a great improvement upon older pieces of the same description: Peele here confined himself strictly to the incidents in Holy Writ, and it certainly contains the best specimens of his blank-verse composition. His "Old Wives' Tale," in the shape in which it has reached us, seems hardly deserving of criticism, and it would have received little notice but for some remote, and perhaps accidental, resemblance between its story and that of Milton's "Comus."[2]

Stephen Peele was most likely the author of a pageant on the mayoralty of Sir W. Draper, in 1566-7, of which an account is given by Mr. Fairholt, in his work upon "Lord Mayors' Pageants," printed for the Percy Society: he erroneously supposed it to have been the work of George Peele, who could not then have been more than fourteen years old, even if we carry back the date of his birth to 1553. George Peele was dead in 1598.

[1] It may be doubted whether Peele wrote any part of this production: it was printed anonymously in 1599, and all the evidence of authorship is the existence of a copy with the name of Peele, in an old hand, upon the title-page. If he wrote it at all, it was doubtless a very early composition, and it belongs precisely to the class of romantic plays ridiculed by Stephen Gosson about 1580.

[2] See Milton's Minor Poems, by T. Warton. p. 135, edit. 1791. Of this resemblance, Warton, who first pointed it out, remarks, "That Milton had an eye on this ancient drama, which might have been a favourite in his early youth, perhaps it may be affirmed with at least as much credibility, as that he conceived the Paradise Lost from seeing a mystery at Florence, written by Adreini, a Florentine, in 1617, entitled Adamo." The fact may have been, that Peele and Milton resorted to the same original, now lost: "The Old Wives' Tale" reads exactly as if it were founded upon some popular story-book.

The "Jeronimo" of Thomas Kyd is to be looked upon as a species of transition play: the date of its composition, on the testimony of Ben Jonson, may be stated to be prior to 1588[1], just after Marlowe had produced his "Tamburlaine," and when Kyd hesitated to follow his bold step to the full extent of his progress. "Jeronimo" is therefore partly in blank-verse, and partly in rhyme: the same observation will apply, though not in the same degree, to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy:" it is in truth a second part of "Jeronimo," the story being continued from one play to the other, and managed with considerable dexterity. The interest in the latter is great, and generally well sustained, and some of the characters are drawn with no little art and force. The success of "Jeronimo," doubtless, induced Kyd to write the second part of it immediately; and we need not hesitate in concluding that "The Spanish Tragedy" had been acted before 1590.

Besides Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Lyly, Peele, and Kyd, there were other dramatists, who may be looked upon as the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, but few of whose printed works are of an earlier date, as regards composition, than some of those which came from the pen of our great poet. Among these, Thomas Nash was the most distinguished, whose contribution to "Dido," in conjunction with Marlowe, has been before noticed: the portions which came from the pen of Marlowe are, we think, easily to be distinguished from those written by Nash, whose genius does not seem to have been of an imaginative or dramatic, but of a satirical and objurgatory character. He produced alone a piece called "Summer's Last Will and Testament," which was written in the autumn of 1592, but not printed until 1600: it bears internal evidence that it was exhibited as a private show, and it could never have been meant for public performance.[2] Henry Chettle, who was also senior to Shakespeare, has left behind him a tragedy called "Hoffman," which was not printed until

[1] In the Induction to his "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, where he is speaking of the revival of plays, and among others of "the old Jeronimo," which, he adds, had "departed a dozen years since."

[2] It can be shown to have been represented at Croydon, no doubt at Beddington, the residence of the Carews, under whose patronage Nash acknowledges himself to have been living. See the dedication to his "Terrors of the Night," 4to, 1594. The date of the death of Nash, who probably took a part in the representation of his "Summer's Last Will and Testament," has been disputed—whether it was before or after 1601; but the production of a cenotaph upon him, from Fitz-geoffrey's *Affaniæ*, printed in 1601, must put an end to all doubt. See the Introduction to Nash's "Pierce Pennyless," 1592, as reprinted for the Shakespeare Society.

1630; and he was engaged with Anthony Munday in producing "The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," printed in 1601. From Henslowe's Diary we learn that both these pieces were written subsequent to the date when Shakespeare had acquired a high reputation. Munday had been a dramatist as early as 1584, when a rhyming translation by him, under the title of "The Two Italian Gentlemen," came from the press;[1] and in the interval between that year and 1602, he wrote the whole or parts of various plays which have been lost.[2] Robert Wilson ought not to be omitted: he seems to have been a prolific dramatist, but only one comedy by him has survived, under the title of "The Cobbler's Prophecy," and it was printed in 1594. According to the evidence of Henslowe, he aided Drayton and Munday in writing "The First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600; but he must at that date have been old, if he were the same Robert Wilson who was one of Lord Leicester's theatrical servants in 1574, and who became one of the leaders of the company called the Queen's Players in 1583. He seems to have been a low comedian, and his "Cobbler's Prophecy" is a piece, the drollery of which must have depended in a great degree upon the performers.

With regard to mechanical facilities for the representation of plays before, and indeed long after, the time of Shakespeare, it may be sufficient to state, that our old public theatres were merely round wooden buildings, open to the sky in the audience part of the house, although the stage was covered by a hanging roof: the spectators stood on the ground in front or at the sides, or were accommodated in boxes round the inner circumference of the edifice, or in galleries at a greater elevation. Our ancient stage was unfurnished with moveable scenery; and tables, chairs, a few boards for a battlemented wall, or a rude structure for a tomb or an altar, seem to have been nearly all the properties it possessed. It was usually hung round with decayed tapestry; and as there was no other mode of conveying the necessary information, the author often provided that the player, on his entrance, should take occasion to mention the place of action. When the business of a piece required that the stage should represent two apartments, the effect was accomplished by a curtain, called a traverse,

[1] The only known copy of this comedy is without a title-page, but it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication in 1584, and we may presume that it was printed about that date.

[2] He had some share in writing the first part of the "Life of Sir John Oldcastle," which was printed as Shakespeare's work in 1600, although some copies of the play exist without his name on the title-page.

drawn across it; and a sort of balcony in the rear enabled the writer to represent his characters at a window, on the platform of a castle, or on an elevated terrace.

To this simplicity, and to these deficiencies, we doubtless owe some of the finest passages in our early plays; for it was part of the business of the dramatist to supply the absence of coloured canvas by grandeur and luxuriance of description. The ear was thus made the substitute for the eye, and the poet's pen, aided by the auditor's imagination, more than supplied the place of the painter's brush. Moveable scenery was unknown in our public theatres until after the Restoration; and, as has been observed elsewhere, "the introduction of it gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."[1]

How far propriety of costume was regarded, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we apprehend that more attention was paid to it than has been generally supposed, or than was accomplished at a much later and more refined period. It is indisputable, that often in this department no outlay was spared: the most costly dresses were purchased, that characters might be consistently habited; and, as a single proof, we may mention, that sometimes more than 20*l.* were given for a cloak,[2] an enormous price, when it is recollected that money was then five or six times as valuable as at present.

We have thus briefly stated all that seems absolutely required to give the reader a correct notion of the state of the English drama and stage at the period when, according to the best judgment we can form from such evidence as remains to us, Shakespeare advanced to a forward place among the dramatists of the day. As long ago as 1679, Dryden gave currency to the notion, which we have shown to be mistaken, that Shakespeare "created first the stage," and he repeated it in 1692:[3] it is not necessary to the just

[1] "History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. iii., p 366.

[2] See "The Alleyn Papers," printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 12.

[3] In his Prologue to the alteration of "Troilus and Cressida," 1679, he puts these lines into the mouth of the Ghost of Shakespeare:—

"Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage."

In the dedication of the translation of Juvenal, thirteen years afterwards, Dryden repeats the same assertion in nearly the same words; "he created the stage among us." Shakespeare did not create the stage, and least of all did he create it such as it existed in the time of Dryden: "it was, in truth, created by no one man, and in no one age; and whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, when he began to write for the theatre our romantic drama was completely formed, and firmly established,"—Pref. to "The Hist. of Engl. Dram Poetry and he Stage," vol. i., p. xi

admiration of our noble dramatist, that we should do injustice to his predecessors or earlier contemporaries: on the contrary, his miraculous powers are best to be estimated by a comparison with his ablest rivals; and if he appear not greatest when his works are placed beside those of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Lodge, however distinguished their rank as dramatists, and however deserved their popularity, we shall be content to think, that for more than two centuries the world has been under a delusion as to his claims. He rose to eminence, and he maintained it, amid struggles for equality by men of high genius and varied talents; and with his example ever since before us, no poet of our own, or of any other country, has even approached his excellence. Shakespeare is greatest by a comparison with greatness, or he is nothing.

THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CHAPTER I.

No Shakespeare advanced or rewarded by Henry VII. Antiquity of the Shakespeares in Warwickshire, &c. Earliest occurrence of the name at Stratford-upon-Avon. The Trade of John Shakespeare. Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield, probably father to John Shakespeare, and certainly tenant to Robert Arden, father of John Shakespeare's wife. Robert Arden's seven daughters. Antiquity and property of the Arden family. Marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden: their circumstances. Purchase of two houses in Stratford by John Shakespeare. His progress in the corporation.

It has been supposed that some of the paternal ancestors of William Shakespeare were advanced, and rewarded with lands and tenements in Warwickshire, for services rendered to Henry VII.[1] The rolls of that reign have been recently most carefully searched, and the name of Shakespeare, according to any mode of spelling it, does not occur in them.

Many Shakespeares were resident in different parts of Warwickshire, as well as in some of the adjoining counties, at an early date. The register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle, or Knowle, beginning in 1407 and ending in 1535, when it was dissolved, contains various repetitions of the name, during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII: we there find a Thomas Shakespere of Balishalle, or Balsal, Thomas Chaesper and John Shakespeyre of Rowington, Richard Shakspere of Woldiche, together with Joan, Jane, and William Shakespeare, of places not mentioned: an Isabella

[1] On the authority of a grant of arms from the Herald's College to John Shakespeare, which circumstance is considered hereafter.

Shakspere is also there stated to have been *priorissa de Wraxale* in the 19th Henry VII.[1] The Shakespeares of Wroxal, of Rowington, and of Balsal, are mentioned by Malone, as well as other persons of the same name at Claverdon and Hampton. He carries back his information regarding the Shakespeares of Warwick no higher than 1602, but a William Shakespeare was drowned in the Avon near Warwick in 1574, a John Shakespeare was resident on "the High Pavement" in 1578, and a Thomas Shakespeare in the same place in 1585.[2]

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon is 17th June, 1555, when Thomas Siche instituted a proceeding in the court of the bailiff, for the recovery of the sum of 8*l.* from John Shakespeare, who has always been taken to be the father of our great dramatist. Thomas Siche was of Arlescote, or Arscotte, in Worcestershire, and in the Latin record of the suit John Shakespeare is called "glover," in English. Taking it for granted, as we have every reason to do, that this John Shakespeare was the father of the poet, the document satisfied Malone that he was a glover, and not a butcher, as Aubrey had affirmed,[3] nor a dealer in wool, as Rowe had stated.[4] We think that Malone was right, and the testimony is unquestionably more positive and authen-

[1] For this information we are indebted to Mr. Staunton, of Longbridge House, near Warwick, the owner of the original *Registerium Fratrum et Sororum Gilde Sancte Anne de Knolle*, a MS. upon vellum.

[2] For the circumstance of the drowning of the namesake of our poet, we are obliged to the Rev. Joseph Hunter. Mr. Charles Dickens was good enough to be the medium of the information respecting the Shakespeares of Warwick, transmitted from Mr. Sandys, who derived it from the land-revenue records of the respective periods.

[3] Aubrey's words, in his MS. in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are these:—"William Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." This tradition certainly does not read like truth, and at what date Aubrey obtained his information has not been ascertained: Malone conjectured that Aubrey was in Stratford about 1680: he died about 1700, and, in all probability, obtained his knowledge from the same source as the writer of a letter, dated April 10, 1693, to Mr. Edward Southwell, printed in 1638. It appears from hence that the parish clerk of Stratford, who was "above eighty years old" in 1693, had told Mr. Edward Southwell's correspondent that William Shakespeare had been "bound apprentice to a butcher;" but he did not say that his father was a butcher, nor did he add any thing as absurd as Aubrey subjoins, respecting the killing of a calf "in a high style."

[4] Rowe is supposed to have derived his materials from Betterton, the actor, who died in 1710, and who, it is said, went to Stratford to collect such particulars as could be obtained: the date of his visit is not known

tic than the traditions to which we have referred. As it is also the most ancient piece of direct evidence connected with the establishment of the Shakespeare family at Stratford, and as Malone did not copy it quite accurately from the register of the bailiff's court, we quote it as it there stands:—

"Stretford, ss. Cur. Phi. et Mariæ Dei grā, &c. secundo et tercio, ibm tent. die Marcurii videlicet xvij die Junij ann. predict. coram Johne Burbage Ba' iuo, &c.

Thomas Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. queritr versus John Shakyspere de Stretford in com. Warwic. Glou in plac. quod reddat ei oct. libras &c."

John Shakespeare's trade, "glover," is expressed by the common contraction for the termination of the word; and it is, as usual at the time, spelt with the letter *u* instead of *v*. It deserves remark also, that although John Shakespeare is often subsequently mentioned in the records of the corporation of Stratford, no addition ever accompanies his name. We may presume that in 1556, he was established in his business, because on the 30th April of that year he was one of twelve jurymen of a court-leet. His name in the list was at first struck through with a pen, but underneath it the word *stet* was written, probably by the town-clerk. Thus we find him in 1556 acting as a regular trading inhabitant of the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Little doubt can be entertained that he came from Snitterfield, three miles from Stratford; and upon this point we have several new documents before us. It appears from them, that a person of the name of Richard Shakespeare (no where before mentioned) was resident at Snitterfield in 1550:[1] he was tenant of a house and land belonging to Robert Arden (or Ardern, as the name was anciently spelt, and as it stands in the papers in our hands) of Wilmecote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. By a conveyance, dated 21st Dec., 11th Henry VIII., we find that Robert Arden then became possessed of houses and land in Snitterfield, from Richard Rushby and his wife: from Robert Arden the property descended to his son, and it was part of this estate which was occupied by Richard Shakespeare in 1550. We have no distinct evidence upon the point; but if we suppose Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield[2] to have been

[1] In 1569, a person of the name of Antony Shakespeare lived at Snitterfield, and, as we learn from the Muster-book of the county of Warwick for that year in the State Paper office, he was appointed a "billman."

[2] Richard Shakespeare, who, upon this supposition, was the grandfather of the poet, was living in 1560, when Agnes Arden, widow, granted a lease for forty years to Alexander Webbe (probably some member of her own family) of two houses and a cottage in Snitter-

the father of John Shakespeare of Stratford,[1] who married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, it will easily and naturally explain the manner in which John Shakespeare became introduced to the family of the Ardens, inasmuch as Richard Shakespeare, the father of John, and the grandfather of William Shakespeare, was one of the tenants of Robert Arden.

Malone, not having the information we now possess before him, was of opinion that Robert Arden, who married Agnes Webbe, and died in 1556, had only four daughters, but the fact undoubtedly is that he had at least seven. On the 7th and 17th July, 1550, he executed two deeds, by which he made over to Adam Palmer and Hugh Porter, in trust for some of his daughters, certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield.[2] In these deeds he mentions six daughters by name, four of them married and two single: —viz., Agnes Stringer, (who had been twice married, first to John Hewyns,) Joan Lambert, Katherine Etkins, Margaret Webbe, Jocose Arden, and Alicia Arden. Mary, his youngest daughter, was not included, and it is possible that he had either made some other provision for her, or that, by a separate and subsequent deed of trust, he gave to her an equivalent in Snitterfield for what he had made over to her sisters. It is quite certain, as will be seen hereafter, that Mary Arden brought property in Snitterfield, as part of her fortune, to her husband John Shakespeare.

Although the Ardens were an ancient and considerable family in Warwickshire, which derived its name from the forest of Arden, or Ardern, in or near which they had possessions, Robert Arden, in the two deeds above referred to, which were of course prepared at his instance, is only called "husbandman:"—"*Robertus Ardern de Wilmecote, in parochia de Aston Cantlowe, in comitatu Warwici,*

field, in the occupation of Richard Shakespeare and two others. Malone discovered that there was also a Henry Shakespeare resident at Snitterfield in 1586, and he apprehended (there is little doubt of the fact) that he was the brother of John Shakespeare. Henry Shakespeare was buried Dec. 29th, 1596. There was also a Thomas Shakespeare in the same village in 1582, and he may have been another brother of John Shakespeare, and all three sons to Richard Shakespeare.

[1] This is rendered the more probable by the fact that John Shakespeare christened one of his children (born in 1573) Richard. Malone found that another Richard Shakespeare was living at Rowington in 1574.

[2] They are thus described: "*Totum illud messuagium meum, et tres quartronas terræ, cum pratis eisdem pertinentibus, cum suis pertinentiis, in Snytterfylde, quæ nunc sunt in tenura cujusdam Ricardi Henley, ac totum illud cottagium meum, cum gardino et pomario adjacentibus, cum suis pertinentiis, in Snytterfyld, quæ nunc sunt in tenura Hugonis Porter.*" Adam Palmer, the other trustee, does not seem to have occupied any part of the property.

husbandman." Nevertheless, it is evident from his will (dated 24th November, and proved on the 17th December, 1556) that he was a man of good landed estate. He mentions his wife's "jointure in Snitterfield," payable, no doubt, out of some other property than that which, a few years before, he had conveyed to trustees for the benefit of six of his daughters; and his freehold and copyhold estates in the parish of Aston Cantlowe could not have been inconsiderable. Sir John Arden, the brother of his grandfather, had been esquire of the body to Henry VII., and his nephew had been page of the bedchamber to the same monarch, who had bountifully rewarded their services and fidelity. Sir John Arden died in 1526, and it was his nephew, Robert Arden, who purchased of Rushby and his wife the estate in Snitterfield in 1520. He was the father of the Robert Arden who died in 1556, and to whose seventh daughter, Mary, John Shakespeare was married.

No registration of that marriage has been discovered, but we need not hesitate in deciding that the ceremony took place in 1557. Mary Arden and her sister Alicia were certainly unmarried, when they were appointed "*executores*" under their father's will, dated 24th Nov., 1556, and the probability seems to be that they were on that account chosen for the office, in preference to their five married sisters. Joan, the first child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, was baptized in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon on the 15th Sept., 1558,[1] so that we may fix their union towards the close of 1557, about a year after the death of Robert Arden.

What were the circumstances of John Shakespeare at the time of his marriage, we can only conjecture. It has been shown that two years before that event, a claim of 8*l.* was made upon him in the borough court of Stratford, and we must conclude, either that the money was not due and the demand unjust, or that he was unable to pay the debt, and was therefore proceeded against. The issue of the suit is not known; but in the next year he seems to have been established in business as a glover, a branch of trade much carried on in that part of the kingdom, and, as already mentioned, he certainly served upon the jury of a court-leet in 1556. Therefore, we are, perhaps, justified in thinking that his affairs were sufficiently prosperous to

[1] The register of this event is in the following form, under the head "Baptismes, Anno Dom. 1558:"—

"Septeber 15. Jone Shakspere daughter to John Shakspere."

It seems likely that the child was named after her aunt, Joan, married to Edward Lambert of Barton on the Heath. Edward Lambert was related to Edmund Lambert, afterwards mentioned

warrant his union with the youngest of seve a co-heiresses who brought him some independent property.

Under her father's will she inherited 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in money, and a small estate in fee, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, called Asbyes, consisting of a messuage, fifty acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, and a right of common for all kinds of cattle.[1] Malone knew nothing of Mary Arden's property in Snitterfield, to which we have already referred, and, without it, he estimated that her fortune was equal to 110*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which seems to us rather an under calculation of its actual value.[2] He also speculated, that at the time of their marriage John Shakespeare was twenty-seven years old, and Mary Arden eighteen;[3] but the truth is that we have not a particle of direct evidence upon the point. Had she been so young, it seems very unlikely that her father would have appointed her one of his executors in the preceding year, and we are inclined to think that she must have been of full age in Nov. 1556.

It was probably in contemplation of his marriage that, on 2d October, 1556, John Shakespeare became the owner of two copy-hold houses in Stratford, the one in Greenhill-street, and the other in Henley-street, which were alienated to him by George Turnor and Edward West, respectively; the house in Greenhill-street had a garden and croft attached to it, and the house in Henley-street only a garden; and for each he was to pay to the lord of the manor an annual rent of sixpence.[4] In 1557 he was again sworn as a juryman upon the court-leet, and in the spring of the following year he was amerced in the sum of fourpence for not keeping clean the gutter in front of his dwelling: Francis Burbage, the then bailiff, Adrian Quiney, "Mr. Hall and Mr. Clopton" (so their names stand in the instrument) were each of them at the same time fined a similar sum for the

[1] Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 25.

[3] The terms of Robert Arden's bequest to his daughter Mary are these:—"Also I geve and bequeth to my youngste daughter, Marye, all my lande in Willmecote, called Asbyes, and the crop upon the ground, sowne and tyllede as hit is: and vj*li.* xiij*s.* iiij*d.* of money, to be payde over ere my goodes be devydede." Hence we are not to understand that he had no more land in Wilmecote than Asbyes, but that he gave his daughter Mary all his land in Wilmecote, which was known by the name of Asbyes.

[3] Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 39.

[4] We copy the following descriptions from the original borough-record, only avoiding the abbreviations, which render it less intelligible:—

Item, quod Georgius Turnor alienavit Johanni Shakespere, &c. unum tenementum cum gardin et croft, cum pertinentibus, in Grenehyll strete, &c.

Et quod Edwardus West alienavit predicto Johanni Shakespere unum tenementum, cum gardin adjacente, in Henley strete.

same neglect.[1] It is a point of little importance, but it is highly probable that John Shakespeare was first admitted a member of the corporation of Stratford in 1557, when he was made one of the ale-tasters of the town; and in Sept., 1558, he was appointed one of the four constables, his name following those of Humphrey Plymley, Roger Sadler, and John Taylor.[2] He continued constable in 1559, his associates then being John Taylor, William Tyler, and William Smith, and he was besides one of four persons, called affeerors, whose duty it was to impose fines upon their fellow-townsmen (such as he had himself paid in 1557) for offences against the bye-laws of the borough.

CHAPTER II.

Death of John Shakespeare's eldest child, Joan. Two John Shakespeares in Stratford. Amercements of members of the corporation. Birth and death of John Shakespeare's second child, Margaret. Birth of William Shakespeare: his birth-day, and the house in which he was born. The plague in Stratford. Contributions to the sick and poor by John Shakespeare and others. John Shakespeare elected alderman, and subsequently bailiff. Gilbert Shakespeare born. Another daughter, baptized Joan, born. Proofs that John Shakespeare could not write.

It was while John Shakespeare executed the duties of constable in 1558, that his eldest child, Joan, was born, having been baptized, as already stated, on the 15th September, of that year: she died in her infancy, and as her burial does not appear in the register of Stratford, she was, perhaps, interred at Snitterfield, where Richard Shakespeare, probably the father of John Shakespeare, still resided,[3] as

[1] The original memorandum runs thus:—

"Francis Berbage, Master Baly that now ys, Adreane Quyny, Mr. Hall, Mr. Clopton, for the gutter alonge the chappell in Chappell Lane, John Shakspeyr, for not kepynge of their gutters cleane, they stand amerced."

The sum which they were so amerced, 4*d.*, is placed above the names of each of the parties.

[2] The following are the terms used:—

"Item, ther trysty and welbelovyd Humfrey Plymley, Roger Sadler, John Taylor, and John Shakspeyr, constabulles."

[3] This fact appears from a lease, before noticed, granted on 21st May, 1560, by Mary Arden to Alexander Webbe, of two messuages, with a cottage, one of which is stated then to be in the occupation of Richard Shakespeare. We quote the terms of the original deed in the hands of the Shakespeare Society:—"Wytnesseth, that the said Agnes Arderne, for dyverse and sundry consyderations, hath demysed, graunted, &c. to the said Alexander Webbe, and to his assignes all those her two messuages, with a cottage, with all an[d]

tenant to Agnes Arden, widow of Robert Arden, and mo ther of Mary Shakespeare. In respect to the registers of marriages, baptisms, and deaths at Stratford, some confusion has been produced by the indisputable fact, that two persons of the name of John Shakespeare were living in the town at the same time, and it is not always easy to distinguish between the entries which relate to the one, or to the other: for instance, it was formerly thought that John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, had lost his first wife, Mary Arden, and had taken a second, in consequence of a memorandum in the register, showing that on the 25th Nov., 1584, John Shakespeare had married Margery Roberts: Malone, however, took great pains to prove, and may be said to have succeeded in proving, that this entry and others, of the births of Philip, Ursula, and Humphrey Shakespeare, relate to John Shakespeare, a shoemaker,[1] and not to John Shakespeare the glover.

John Shakespeare was again chosen one of the four affeerors of Stratford in 1561, and the Shakespeare Society is in possession of the original presentation made by these officers on the 4th May in that year, the name of the father of our great dramatist, coming last, after those of Henry Bydyll, Lewis ap William, and William Mynske. The most remarkable circumstance connected with it is the number of persons who were amerced in sums varying from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 2*d.* "The bailiff that now is," was fined 3*s.* 4*d.* for "breaking the assize," he being a "common baker:" three other bakers were severally compelled to pay similar amounts on the same occasion, and for the same offence.[2] In September following the date of this report John Shake-

singular their appurtenances in Snytterfeild, and a yarde and a halfe of ayrable lande thereunto belonging, &c., being in the towne and fyldes of Snytterfeild afforsaid: all which now are in the occupation of Richarde Shakspere, John Henley, and John Hargreve." Of course this property formed part of the jointure of Agnes Arden, mentioned in the will of her husband.

[1] John Shakespeare, the shoemaker, seems not to have belonged to the corporation, at all events, till many years afterwards, so that the confusion to which we have referred does not extend itself to any of the records of that body. After John Shakespeare, the father of our poet, had been bailiff, he is always called Mr. or *Magister* John Shakespeare; while the shoemaker, who married Margery Roberts, and was the father of Philip, Ursula, and Humphrey, is invariably styled only John Shakespeare. There is no trace of any relationship between the two.

[2] The affeerors seem to have displayed unusual vigilance, and considerable severity: William Trout, Christopher Smythe, Maud Harbage, and John Jamson were all fined 3*s.* 4*d*, "for selling ale, and having and keeping gaming contrary to the order of the Court:" eleven other inhabitants were amerced in smaller sums on the same ground. Robert Perrot was compelled to pay 6*s.* 8*d.* "for making and selling unwholesome ale."

speare was elected one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible post, in which he remained two years.

His second child, Margaret, or Margareta, (as the name stands in the register,) was baptized on the 2d Dec., 1562, while he continued chamberlain. She was buried on 30th April, 1563[1].

The greatest event, perhaps, in the literary history of the world occurred a year afterwards—William Shakespeare was born. The day of his birth cannot be fixed with absolute certainty, but he was baptized on the 26th April, 1564, and the memorandum in the register is precisely in the following form:—

"1564. *April* 26. *Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere.*"

So that whoever kept the book (in all probability the clerk) either committed a common clerical error, or was no great proficient in the rules of grammar. It seems most likely that our great dramatist had been brought into the world only three days before he was baptized[2], and it was then the custom to carry infants very early to the font. A house is still pointed out by tradition, in Henley-street, as that in which William Shakespeare first saw the light, and we have already shown that his father was the owner of two copy-hold dwellings in Henley-street and Greenhill-street, and we may, perhaps, conclude that the birth took place in the former. John and Mary Shakespeare having previously lost two girls, Joan and Margaret, William was at this time the only child of his parents.

A malignant fever, denominated the plague, broke out at Stratford while William Shakespeare was in extreme infancy: he was not two months old when it made its appearance, having been brought from London, where, according to Stow, (*Annales*, p. 1112, edit. 1615,) it raged with great violence throughout the year 1563, and did not so far abate that term could be kept, as usual at Westminster, until Easter, 1564. It was most fatal at Stratford between June and December, 1564, and Malone calculated that it carried off in that interval more than a seventh part of the whole

[1] The registrations of her birth and death are both in Latin:—
"1562. *December* 2. *Margareta filia Johannis Shakspere.*"
"1563. *April* 30. *Margareta filia Johannis Shakspere.*"

[2] The inscription on his monument supports the opinion that he was born on the 23d April: without the contractions it runs thus:—
"*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53. *die* 23 *Aprilis.*"
and this, in truth, is the only piece of evidence upon the point. Malone referred to the statement of the Rev. J. Greene, as an authority; but he was master of the free-school at Stratford nearly two centuries after the death of Shakespeare, and, in all probability, spoke only from the tenor of the inscription in the church.

population, consisting of about 1400 inhabitants. It does not appear that it reached any member of the immediate family of John Shakespeare, and it is not at all unlikely that he avoided its ravages by quitting Stratford for Snitterfield where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as tenant to Alexander Webbe, who, as we have seen, in 1560, had obtained a lease for forty years from his relative, the widow Agnes Arden, of the messuage in which Richard Shakespeare resided.

In order to show that John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, though not in affluent circumstances, Malone adduced a piece of evidence derived from the records of Stratford[1]: it consists of the names of persons in the borough who, on this calamitous visitation of the plague, contributed various sums to the relief of the poor. The meeting at which it was determined to collect subscriptions with this object was convened in the open air, "At a hall holden in our garden," &c.; no doubt on account of the infection. The donations varied between 7*s.* 4*d.* (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symens) and 6*d.*; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare is 1*s.* It is to be recollected that at this date he was not an alderman; and of twenty-four persons enumerated five others gave the same amount, while six gave less: the bailiff contributed 3*s.* 4*d.*, and the head alderman 2*s.* 8*d.*, while ten more put down either 2*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* each, and a person of the name of Botte 4*s.* These subscriptions were raised on the 30th August, but on the 6th September a farther sum seems to have been required, and the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1*s.* each, Adrian Quyney 1*s.* 6*d.*, and John Shakespeare and four others 6*d.* each: only one member of the corporation, Robert Bratt, whose name will afterwards occur, contributed 4*d.* We are, we think, warranted in concluding, that in 1564 John Shakespeare was an industrious and thriving tradesman.

He continued steadily to advance in rank and importance in the corporation, and was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford on the 4th July, 1565; but he did not take the usual oath until the 12th September following. The bailiff of the year was Richard Hill, a woollen-draper; and the father of our poet became the occupant of that situation rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about four years and a half old. John Shakespeare was bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas 1569, the autumn being the

[1] Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 83.

customary period of election. In the meantime his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on 13th October, 1566[1].

Joan seems to have been a favourite name with the Shakespeares: and Joan Shakespeare is mentioned in the records of the guild of Knowle, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and John and Mary Shakespeare christened their first child, which died an infant, Joan. A third daughter was born to them while John Shakespeare was bailiff, and her they also baptized Joan, on 15th April, 1569[2]. The partiality for the name of Joan, in this instance, upon which some biographers have remarked without being able to explain it, may be accounted for by the fact that a maternal aunt, married to Edward Lambert, was called Joan; and it is very possible that she stood god-mother upon both occasions. Joan Lambert was one of the daughters of Robert Arden, regarding whom, until recently, we have had no information.

We have now traced John Shakespeare through various offices in the borough of Stratford, until he reached the highest distinction which it was in the power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow: he was bailiff, and *ex-officio* a magistrate.

Two new documents have recently come to light which belong to this period, and which show, beyond all dispute, that although John Shakespeare had risen to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford, with his name in the commission of the peace, he was not able to write. Malone referred to the records of the borough to establish that in 1565, when John Wheler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelve other marksmen, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the "head alderman." There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability to write; and if there were any doubt upon this point, (it being a little ambiguous whether the *signum* referred to the name of Thomas Dyxun, or of John Shakespeare,) it can never be entertained hereafter, because the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of two warrants, granted by John Shakespeare as bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3rd, and the other the 9th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the caption

[1] The register of the parish-church contains the subsequent entry:—

"1566, *October* 13. *Gilbertus filius Johannis Shakspere.*"

[2] Although John Shakespeare was at this time bailiff, no Mr. or *Magister* is prefixed to his name in the register, a distinction which appears only to have been made after he had served that office.

"1569, April 15. Jone the daughter of John Shakspere."

of John Ball and Richard Walcar, on account of debts severally due from them, to both of which his mark only is appended. The same fact is established by two other documents, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert, belonging to a period ten years subsequent to that of which we are now speaking.

CHAPTER III.

The grant of arms to John Shakespeare considered. The confirmation and exemplification of arms. Sir W. Dethick's conduct. Ingon meadow in John Shakespeare's tenancy. Birth and death of his daughter, Anne. Richard Shakespeare born in 1574, and named, perhaps, after his grandfather. John Shakespeare's purchase of two freehold houses in Stratford. Decline in his pecuniary affairs, and new evidence upon the point. Indenture of sale of John Shakespeare's and his wife's share of property at Snitterfield, to Robert Webbe. Birth of Edmund Shakespeare in 1580.

Although John Shakespeare could not write his name, it has generally been stated, and believed, that while he filled the office of bailiff he obtained a grant of arms from Clarencieux Cooke, who was in office from 1566 to 1592. We have considerable doubt of this fact, partly arising out of the circumstance, that although Cooke's original book, in which he entered the arms he granted, has been preserved in the Heralds' College, we find in it no note of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had granted, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in this case such an entry is wanting. A confirmation of these arms was made in 1596, but we cannot help thinking, with Malone, that this instrument was obtained at the personal instance of the poet, who had then actually purchased, or was on the eve of purchasing, New Place (or "the great house," as it was also called) in Stratford. The confirmation states, that the heralds had been "by credible report informed," that "the parents and late antecessors"[1] of John

[1] Malone gave both the confirmation and exemplification of arms, but with some variations, which are perhaps pardonable on account of the state of the originals in the Heralds' College: thus he printed "parent and late antecessors," instead of "*parents* and late antecessors," in the confirmation; and "whose parent and great grandfather, and late antecessor," instead of "whose parent, great grandfather, and late antecessor," in the exemplification. We are bound here to express our acknowledgments to Sir Charles Young, the

Shakespeare "were for their valiant and faithful services advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince, Henry the Seventh;" but, as has been before stated, on examining the rolls of that reign, we can discover no trace of advancement or reward to any person of the name of Shakespeare. It is true that the Ardens, or Arderns, were so "advanced and rewarded;"[1] and these, though not strictly the "parents," were certainly the "antecessors" of William Shakespeare. In 1599, an exemplification of arms was procured, and in this document it is asserted that the "great grandfather" of John Shakespeare had been "advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements" by Henry VII. Our poet's "great grandfather," by the mother's side, was so "advanced and rewarded;" and we know that he did "faithful and approved service" to that "most prudent prince."

Another point, though one of less importance, is, that it is stated, in a note at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that John Shakespeare "showeth" a patent "under Clarence Cooke's hand:" the word seems originally to have been *sent*, over which "showeth" was written: if the original patent, under Cooke's hand, had been *sent* to the Heralds' College in 1596, there could have been little question about it; but the substituted word "showeth" is more indefinite, and may mean only, that the party applying for the confirmation alleged that Cooke had granted such a coat of arms[2]. That William Shakespeare could not have procured a grant of arms for himself in 1596 is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor, (a profession then much looked down upon) and not of a rank in life to entitle him to it: he, therefore, may have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been bailiff of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Ardens under Henry VII., one of whom was his maternal

present Garter King at Arms, for the trouble he took in minutely collating Malone's copies with the documents themselves. Other errors he pointed out do not require particular notice, as they apply to parts of the instruments not necessary for our argument.

[1] Robert Ardern had two offices conferred upon him by Henry VII., in the 10th and 17th years of his reign; and he is spoken of in the grants as *unus garcionum cameræ nostræ*: the one office was that of keeper of the park at Aldercar, and the other that of bailiff of he lordship of Codnor, and keeper of the park there. He obtained a grant of lands in 23 Henry VII.; viz. the large manor of Yoxsall, in the county of Stafford, on condition of a payment of a rent to the king of 42*l*. per annum.

[2] The word "showeth" is thus employed in nearly every petition, and it is only there equivalent to *stateth*, or *setteth forth*. The assertion that such a grant had been *alleged* was, probably, that of the heralds

"great grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the marriage of his father with an Arden, were his "antecessors."

We only doubt whether John Shakespeare obtained any grant of arms, as has been supposed, in 1568-9; and it is to be observed that the documents relating to this question, still preserved in the Heralds' College, are full of corrections and interlineations, particularly as regards the ancestors of John Shakespeare: we are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1596, Garter of that day, or his assistants, made a confusion between the "great grandfather" and the "antecessors" of John, and of William Shakespeare. What is stated, both in the confirmation and exemplification, as to parentage and descent, is true as regards William Shakespeare, but erroneous as regards John Shakespeare[1].

It appears that Sir William Dethick, garter-king-at-arms in 1596 and 1599, was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose station in society and circumstances gave them no right to the distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarencieux Cooke really put his name in 1568-9 to any such patent as, it was asserted, had been exhibited to Sir William Dethick, a copy of it, or some record of it, would probably have remained in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had merely acted on the precedent of Clarencieux Cooke would, to a considerable extent at least,

[1] The confirmation and the exemplification differ slightly as to the mode in which the arms are set out: in the former it is thus: "I have therefore assigned, grannted, and by these have confirmed, this shield or cote of arms, viz. gould, on a bend sable and a speare of the first, the point steeled, proper; and for his crest or cognizance a faulcon, his wings displayed, argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare gould steele as aforesaid, sett uppon a helmett with mantelles and tasselles as hath been accustomed." In the exemplification the arms are stated as follows: "In a field of gould upon a bend sables a speare of the first, the poynt upward, hedded argent; and for his crest or cognisance a falcon with his wyngs displayed, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare armed hedded or steeled sylver, fyxed upon a helmet, with mantelles and tasselles." In the confirmation, as well as in the exemplification, it is stated that the arms are "depicted in the margin;" and in the latter a reference is made to another escutcheon, in which the arms of Shakespeare are impaled with "the auncyent arms of Arden of Wellingcote, signifying thereby that it maye and shall be lawfull for the said John Shakespeare, gent, to beare and use the same shield of arms, single, or impaled as aforesaid, during his naturall lyffe." The motto, as given at the head of the confirmation, is

NON SANZ DROICT.

For "Arden of Wellingcote" the heralds should have said Arden of Wilmeccte.

have justified Sir William Dethick. No copy, nor record was however so produced, but merely a memorandum at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that an original grant had been *sent* or *shown*, which memorandum may have been added when Sir William Dethick's conduct was called in question; and certain other statements are made at the bottom of the same document, which would be material to Garter's vindication, but which are not borne out by facts One of these statements is, that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was worth 500*l*., an error certainly as regarded him, but a truth probably as regarded his son.

It is really a matter of little moment whether John Shakespeare did or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was bailiff of Stratford; but we are strongly inclined to think that he did not, and that the assertion that he did, and that he was worth 500*l*. in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequently wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having conceded arms to various persons without due caution and inquiry.

In 1570, when William Shakespeare was in his seventh year, his father was in possession of a field called Ingon, or Ington, meadow, within two miles of Stratford, which he held under William Clopton. We cannot tell in what year he first rented it, because the instrument proving his tenancy is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th Dec., 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was 8*l*., a considerable sum, certainly, for that time; but if there had been "a good dwelling-house and orchard" upon the field, as Malone conjectured, that circumstance would, in all probability, have been mentioned[1]. We may presume that John Shakespeare employed it for agricultural purposes, but upon this point we are without information. That he lived in Stratford at the time we infer from the fact, that on the 28th September, 1571, a second daughter, named Anne, was baptized at the parish-church. He had thus four children living, two boys and two girls, William, Gilbert, Joan, and Anne, but the last died at an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 1579[2]. It will be remarked that, on the baptism of his daughter Anne, he was, for the first time, called "*Magister*

[1] Malone places reliance on the words of the close roll, (from which the information is derived) "with the appurtenances;" but surely "a good dwelling-house and orchard" would have been specified, and not included in such general terms: they are not mere "appurtenances."

[2] The following are copies of the registration of the baptism and burial of Anne Shakespeare:—

"1571 *Septèb' 28. Anna filia Magistri Shakspere.*"

"1579 April 4. Anne daughter of Mr. John Shakspere"

Shakespeare" in the Latin entry in the Register, a distinction he seems to have acquired by having served the office of bailiff two years before. The same observation will apply to the registration of his fifth child, Richard, who was baptized on 11th March, 1573-4, as the son of "*Mr.* John Shakespeare[1]." Richard Shakespeare may have been named after his grandfather of Snitterfield, who perhaps was sponsor on the occasion[2].

The increase of John Shakespeare's family seems, for some time, to have been accompanied by an increase of his means, and in 1574 he gave Edmund and Emma Hall 40*l.* for two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, in Henley-street[3]. It will not be forgotten that he was already the owner of a copyhold tenement in the same street, which he had bought of Edward West, in 1556, before his marriage with Mary Arden. To one of the two last-purchased dwellings John Shakespeare is supposed to have removed his family; but, for aught we know, he had lived from the time of his marriage, and continued to live in 1574, in the house in Henley-street, which had been alienated to him eighteen years before. It does not appear that he had ever parted with West's house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of three houses in Henley-street. Forty pounds, even allowing for great difference in value of money, seems a small sum for the two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, sold to him by Edmund and Emma Hall.

It is, we apprehend, indisputable that soon after this date the tide of John Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he experienced disappointments and losses which seriously affected his pecuniary circumstances. Malone was in possession of several important facts upon this subject, and recently a strong piece of confirmatory testimony has been procured. We will first advert to that which was in the hands of Malone, applicable to the beginning of 1578. At a borough hall on the 29th Jan. in that year, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratford should pay 6*s.* 8*d.*, and every burgess 3*s.* 4*d.* towards "the furniture of three pikemen, two billmen, and one archer." Now, although John Shakespeare was not only an alderman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in 1571, he was allowed

[1] The baptismal register runs thus:—
"1573 March 11. Richard sonne to Mr. John Shakspeer."

[2] Malone speculated (Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 106,) that Richard Hill, an alderman of Stratford, had stood godfather to this child, but he was not aware of the existence of any such person as Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, who, there is good ground to believe, was father to John Shakespeare.

[3] "Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell," vol. ii. p. 93

to contribute only 3*s.* 4*d.*, as if he had been merely a burgess: Humphrey Plymley, another alderman, paid 5*s.*, while John Walker, Thomas Brogden, and Anthony Turner contributed 2*s.* 6*d.* each, William Brace 2*s.*, and Robert Bratt "nothing in this place." It is possible that Bratt had been called upon to furnish a contribution in some other place, or perhaps the words are to be taken to mean, that he was excused altogether; and it is to be remarked that in the contribution to the poor in Sept. 1564, Bratt was the only individual who gave no more than fourpence. In November, 1578, when it was required that every alderman should "pay weekly to the relief of the poor 4*d.*," John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were excepted: they were "not to be taxed to pay any thing," while two others (one of them Alderman Plymley) were rated at 3*d.* a week. In March, 1578–9, when another call was made upon the town for the purpose of purchasing corslets, calivers, &c., the name of John Shakespeare is found, at the end of the account, in a list of persons whose "sums were unpaid and unaccounted for." Another fact tends strongly to the conclusion that in 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money: he owed a baker of the name of Roger Sadler 5*l.*, for which Edmund Lambert, and a person of the name of Cornishe, had become security: Sadler died, and in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, he included the following among the debts due to him:—"Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe for the debt of Mr. John Shacksper, 5*l.*"

Malone conjectured that Edmund Lambert was some relation to Mary Shakespeare, and there can be little doubt of it, as an Edward Lambert had married her sister Joan Arden. To Edmund Lambert John Shakespeare, in 1578, mortgaged his wife's estate in Ashton Cantlowe, called Asbyes, for 40*l.*, an additional circumstance to prove that he was in want of money; and so severe the pressure of his necessities about this date seems to have been, that in 1579 he parted with his wife's interest in two tenements in Snitterfield to Robert Webbe for the small sum of 4*l.* This is a striking confirmation of John Shakespeare's embarrassments, with which Malone was not acquainted; but the original deed, with the bond for the fulfilment of covenants, (both bearing date 15th Oct. 1579) subscribed with the distinct marks of John and Mary Shakespeare, and sealed with their respective seals, is in the hands of the Shakespeare Society. His houses in Stratford descended to his son, but they may have been mortgaged at this period, and it is indisputable that John Shakespeare divested himself, in 1578 and 1579, of the landed property his wife had brought him, being in the end driven to the extremity of raising the

trifling sum of 4*l.* by the sale of her share of two messuages in Snitterfield[1].

It has been supposed that he might not at this time reside in Stratford-upon-Avon, and that for this reason, he only contributed 3*s.* 4*d.* for pikemen, &c., and nothing to the poor of the town, in 1578. This notion is refuted by the fact, that in the deed for the sale of his wife's property in Snitterfield to Webbe, in 1579, he is called "John Shackspere of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "*Johannem Shackspere de Stratford-upon-Avon, in comitat. Warwici.*" Had he been resident at Ingon, or at Snitterfield, he would hardly have been described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. Another point requiring notice in connexion with these two newly-discovered documents is, that in both John Shakespeare is termed "yeoman," and not *glover:* perhaps in 1579, although he continued to occupy a house in Stratford, he had relinquished his original trade, and having embarked in agricultural pursuits, to which he had not been educated, had been unsuccessful. This may appear not an unnatural mode of accounting for some of his difficulties. In the midst of them, in the spring of 1580, another son, named Edmund, (perhaps after Edmund Lambert, the mortgagee of Asbyes) was born, and christened at the parish church[2].

[1] The property is thus described in the indenture between John Shakespeare and his wife, and Robert Webbe. For and in consideration of the sum of 4*l.* in hand paid, they "give, graunte, bargayne, and sell unto the said Robert Webbe, his heires and assignes for ever. all that theire moitye, parte, and partes, be it more or lesse, of and in two messuages or tenementes, with thappurtennances, sett, lyinge and beynge in Snitterfield aforesaid, in the said county of Warwicke." The deed terminates thus:

"In witnesse whereof the parties above said to these present indentures interchangeablie have put theire handes and sealea, the day and yeare fyrst above wrytten.

"The marke + of John Shackspere. The marke M of Marye Shackspere.

"Sealed and delivered in the presens of
Nycholas Knoolles, Vicar of Anston,
Wyllyam Maydes, and Anthony Osbaston, with other moe."

The seal affixed by John Shakespeare has his initials I. S. upon it, while that appended to the mark of his wife represents a rudely-engraved horse. The mark of Mary Shakespeare seems to have been intended for an uncouth imitation of the letter M. With reference to the word "moiety," used throughout the indenture, it is to be remembered that at its date the term did not, as now, imply *half*, but any part, or share. Shakespeare repeatedly so uses it.

[2] The register contains the following:—

"1580. May 3. Edmund sonne to Mr. John Shakspere."

CHAPTER IV.

Education of William Shakespeare: probably at the free-school of Stratford. At what time, and under what circumstances, he left school. Possibly an assistant in the school, and afterwards in an attorney's office. His handwriting. His marriage with Anne Hathaway. The preliminary bond given by Fulk Sandells and John Richardson. Birth of Susanna, the first child of William Shakespeare and his wife Anne, in 1583. Shakespeare's opinion on the marriage of persons of disproportionate age. His domestic circumstances. Anne Hathaway's family.

At the period of the sale of their Snitterfield property by his father and mother, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and in what way he had been educated is mere matter of conjecture. It is highly probable that he was at the free-school of Stratford, founded by Thomas Jolyffe in the reign of Edward IV., and subsequently chartered by Edward VI.; but we are destitute of all evidence beyond Rowe's assertion. Of course, we know nothing of the time when he might have been first sent there; but if so sent between 1570 and 1578, Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins, were successively masters, and from them he must have derived the rudiments of his Latin and Greek. That his father and mother could give him no instruction of the kind is quite certain from the proof we have adduced, that neither of them could write; but this very deficiency might render them more desirous that their eldest son, at least, if not their children in general, should receive the best education circumstances would allow. The free grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare availed themselves.

As we are ignorant of the time when he went to school, we are also in the dark as to the period when he left it. Rowe, indeed, has told us that the poverty of John Shakespeare, and the necessity of employing his son profitably at home, induced him, at an early age, to withdraw him from the place of instruction.[1] Such may have been the case; but, in considering the question, we must not leave out of view the fact, that the education of the son of a member of the corporation would cost nothing; so that, if the boy were removed from school at the period of his father's

[1] "The narrowness of his father's circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his farther proficiency."—Rowe's Life.

embarrassments, the expense of continuing his studies there could not have entered into the calculation: he must have been taken away, as Rowe states, in order to aid his father in the maintenance of his family, consisting, after the death of his daughter Anne in 1579, and the birth of his son Edmund in 1580, of his wife and five children. However, we are without the power of confirming or contradicting Rowe's statement.

Aubrey has asserted positively, in his MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, that "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country;" and the truth may be, though we are not aware that the speculation has ever been hazarded, that being a young man of abilities, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he had been employed by Jenkins (the master of the school from 1577 to 1580, if not for a longer period) to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys. Such a course is certainly not very unusual, and it may serve to account for this part of Aubrey's narrative[1].

We decidedly concur with Malone in thinking, that after Shakespeare quitted the free-school, he was employed in the office of an attorney. Proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays; and it may be safely asserted, that they do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of his contemporaries. We doubt if, in the whole works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman, Marston, Dekker, and Webster, so many law terms and allusions are to be found, as in only six or eight plays by Shakespeare; and, moreover, they are applied with much technical exactness and propriety. Malone has accumulated some of these, and it would be easy to multiply them[2]. We may presume

[1] Aubrey cites "Mr. Beeston" as his authority, and as persons of that name were connected with theatres before the death of Shakespeare, and long afterwards, we ought to treat the assertion with the more respect. Simon Forman, according to his Diary, was employed in this way in the free-school where he was educated, and was paid by the parents of the boys for his assistance. The same might be the case with Shakespeare.

[2] A passage from the epistle of Thomas Nash before Greene's "Menaphon," has been held by some to apply to Shakespeare, to his "Hamlet," and to his early occupation in an attorney's office. The best answer to this supposition is an attention to dates: "Menaphon" was not printed for the first time, as has been supposed, in 1589, but in 1587; in all probability before Shakespeare had written any play, much less "Hamlet." The "Hamlet" to which Nash alludes must have been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare took up the subject. The terms Nash employs are these; and it is to be observed, that by *noverint* he means an attorney or attorney's clerk, employed to draw up bonds, &c., commencing *Noverint universi*, &c. "It is a common practice now-a-dayes, amongst a sort

that, if so employed, he was paid something for his services; for, if he were to earn nothing, his father could have had no other motive for taking him from school. Supposing him to have ceased to receive instruction from Jenkins in 1579, when John Shakespeare's distresses were apparently most severe, we may easily imagine that he was, for the next year or two, in the office of one of the seven attorneys in Stratford, whose names Malone introduces. That he wrote a good hand we are perfectly sure, not only from the extant specimens of his signature, when we may suppose him to have been in health, but from the ridicule which, in "Hamlet," (act v. sc. 2) he throws upon such as affected to write illegibly:

> "I once did hold it, as our statists do,
> A baseness to write fair."

In truth, many of his dramatic contemporaries wrote excellently: Ben Jonson's penmanship was beautiful; and Peele, Chapman, Dekker, and Marston, (to say nothing of some inferior authors) must have given printers and copyists little trouble.[1]

of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indevours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse, if they should have neede: yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches." Hence we may possibly infer that the author of the old "Hamlet," preceding Shakespeare's tragedy, had been an attorney's clerk. In 1587, Shakespeare was only in his twenty-third year, and could hardly be said by that time to have "run through every art, and thriven by none." Seneca had been translated, and published collectively, six years before Nash wrote. He may have intended to speak generally, and without more individual allusion than a modern poet, when, in the very same spirit, he wrote the couplet,

> "Some clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
> Who pens a stanza when he should engross."

[1] It is certain also that Shakespeare wrote with great facility, and that his compositions required little correction. This fact we have upon the indubitable assertion of Ben Jonson, who thus speaks in his "Discoveries," written in old age, when, as he tells us, his memory began to fail, and printed with the date of 1641:—

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chuse that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped

Excepting by mere tradition, we hear not a syllable regarding William Shakespeare from the time of his birth until he had considerably passed his eighteenth year, and then we suddenly come to one of the most important events of his life, established upon irrefragable testimony: we allude to his marriage with Anne Hathaway, which could not have taken place before the 28th Nov. 1582, because on that day two persons, named Fulk Sandells and John Richardson entered into a preliminary bond (which we subjoin in a note[1]) in the penalty of 40*l.* to be forfeited to the bishop of the diocese of Worcester, if it were thereafter found that there existed any lawful impediment to the solemnization

Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the use of it had been so too!"

Hence he proceeds to instance a passage in "Julius Cæsar." Ben Jonson then adds in conclusion:—"But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised, than to be pardoned." Consistently with what Ben Jonson tells us above the players had "often mentioned," we find the following in the address of Heminge and Condell, "To the great variety of Readers," before the folio of 1623:—"His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

[1] The instrument, divested of useless formal contractions, runs thus:

"Noverint universi per presentes, nos Fulconem Sandells de Stratford in comitatu Warwici, agricolam, et Johannem Richardson ibidem agricolam, teneri et firmiter obligari Ricardo Cosin, generoso, et Roberto Warmstry, notario publico, in quadraginta libris bonæ et legalis monctæ Angliæ solvendis eisdem Ricardo et Roberto, heredibus, executoribus, vel assignatis suis, ad quam quidem solutionem bene et fideliter faciendam obligamus nos, et utrumque nostrum, per se pro toto et in solido, heredes, executores, et administratores nostros firmiter per presentes, sigillis nostris sigillatos. Datum 28 die Novembris, anno Regni Dominæ nostræ Elizabethæ, Dei gratia Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Reginæ, Fidei Defensoris. &c. 25°.

"The condition of this obligation ys suche, that if hereafter there shall not appere any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguinitie, affinitie, or by any other lawfull meanes whatsoever, but that William Shagspere one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey, of Stratford in the Dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solemnize matrimony together, and in the same afterwards remaine and continew like man and wiffe, according unto the lawes in that behalf provided: and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, snte, quarrel, or demaund, moved or depending before any judge, ecclesiastical or temporal, for and concerning any suche lawfull lett or impediment: and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnization of marriadg with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of her frinds: and also if the said William do, upon his owne proper costs and expenses, defend and save harmles the Right Reverend Father in God, Lord John Bushop of Worcester, and his offycers, for licencing them the said William and Anne to be maried together with once asking of the bannes of matrimony betwene them, and for all other causes which may ensue by reason or occasion thereof, that then the said obligation to be voyd and of none effect, or els to stand and abide in fulle force and vertue."

The marks and seals of Sandells and Richardson.

of matrimony between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford. It is not known at what church the ceremony was performed, but certainly not at Stratford-upon-Avon,[1] to which both the parties belonged, where the bondsmen resided, and where it might be expected that it would have been registered. The object of the bond was to obtain such a dispensation from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom after only a single publication of the banns; and it is not to be concealed, or denied, that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secresy. However, it ought not to escape notice that the seal used when the bond was executed, although damaged, has upon it the initials R. H., as if it had belonged to R. Hathaway, the father of the bride, and had been used on the occasion with his consent.[2]

Considering all the circumstances, there might be good reasons why the father of Anne Hathaway should concur in the alliance, independently of any regard to the worldly prospects of the parties. The first child of William and Anne Shakespeare was christened Susanna on 26th May, 1583[3]. Anne was between seven and eight years older than her young husband, and several passages in Shakespeare's plays have been pointed out by Malone, and repeated by other biographers, which seem to point directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were "misgraffed in respect of years." The most remarkable of these is certainly the well-known speech of the Duke to Viola, in "Twelfth Night," (act ii. sc. 4) where he says,

> "Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
> So sways she level in her husband's heart:
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are."

Afterwards the Duke adds,

[1] Malone conjectured that the marriage took place at Weston, or Billesley, but the old registers there having been lost or destroyed, it is impossible to ascertain the fact. A more recent search in the registers of some other churches in the neighbourhood of Stratford has not been attended with any success. Possibly, the ceremony was performed in the vicinity of Worcester, but the mere fact that the bond was there executed proves nothing. An examination of the registers at Worcester has been equally fruitless.

[2] Rowe tells us, (and we are without any other authority) that Hathaway was "said to have been a substantial yeoman," and he was most likely in possession of a seal, such as John Shakespeare had used in 1579.

[3] The fact is registered in this form :—
"1583. May 26. Susanna daughter to William Shakspere."

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

Whether these lines did or did not originate in the author's reflections upon his own marriage, they are so applicable to his own case, that it seems impossible he should have written them without recalling the circumstances attending his hasty union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. Such, we know, was the confirmed opinion of Coleridge, expressed on two distinct occasions in his lectures, and such we think will be the conclusion at which most readers will arrive:—"I cannot hesitate in believing," observed Coleridge in 1815, "that in this passage from 'Twelfth Night,' Shakespeare meant to give a caution arising out of his own experience; and, but for the fact of the disproportion in point of years between himself and his wife, I doubt much whether the dialogue between Viola and the Duke would have received this turn[1]." It is incident to our nature that youths, just advancing to manhood, should feel with peculiar strength the attraction of women whose charms have reached the full-blown summer of beauty; but we cannot think that it was so necessary a consequence, as some have supposed[2], that Anne Hathaway should have possessed peculiar personal advantages. It may be remarked, that poets have often appeared comparatively indifferent to the features and persons of their mistresses, since, in proportion to the strength of their imaginative faculty, they have been able to supply all physical deficiencies[3]. Coleridge was aware, if not from his own particular case, from recorded examples, that the beauty of the objects of the affection of poets was sometimes more fanciful than real; and his notion was, that Anne Hathaway was a woman with whom the boyish Shakespeare had fallen in love, perhaps from proximity of residence and frequency of intercourse, and that she had not any peculiar recommendations of a personal description. The truth, however, is, that we

[1] We derive this opinion from our own notes of what fell from Coleridge upon the occasion in question. The lectures, upon which he was then engaged, were delivered in a room belonging to the Globe tavern, in Fleet-street. He repeated the same sentiment in public in 1818, and we have more than once heard it from him in private society.

[2] The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the Aldine edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1832. p. xi. It comprises all the main points of the biography of our poet then known.

[3] When the Rev. Mr. Dyce observes that "it is unlikely that a woman devoid of personal charms should have won the youthful affections of so imaginative a being as Shakespeare," he forgets that the mere fact that Shakespeare was an "imaginative being" would render "personal charms" in his wife less necessary to his happiness

have no evidence either way; and when Oldys remarks upon the 93rd sonnet, that it "seems to have been addressed by Shakespeare to his beautiful wife, on some suspicion of her infidelity[1]," it is clear that he was under an entire mistake as to the individual: the lines,

> "So shall I live supposing thou art true
> Like a deceived husband; so love's face
> May still seem love to me," &c.

were most certainly not applied to his wife; and Oldys could have had no other ground for asserting that Anne Hathaway was "beautiful," than general supposition, and the erroneous belief that a sonnet like that from which we have made a brief quotation had Shakespeare's wife for its object.

The present may not be an improper opportunity for remarking (if, indeed, the remark might not be entirely spared, and the reader left to draw his own inferences) that the balance of such imperfect information as remains to us, leads us to the opinion that Shakespeare was not a very happy married man. The disparity in age between himself and his wife from the first was such, that she could not "sway level in her husband's heart;" and this difference, for a certain time at least, became more apparent as they advanced in years: may we say also, that the peculiar circumstances attending their marriage, and the birth of their first child, would not tend, even in the most grateful and considerate mind, to increase that respect which is the chief source of confidence and comfort in domestic life. To this may be added the fact (by whatever circumstances it may have been occasioned, which we shall consider presently) that Shakespeare quitted his home at Stratford a very few years after he had become a husband and a father, and that although he revisited his native town frequently, and ultimately settled there with his family, there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London, or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis: that she may have done so is very possible: and in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-rate to an amount that may indicate that he occupied a house in Southwark capable of receiving his family[2], but we are here, as upon

[1] In his MS. notes to Langbaine, in the British Museum, as quoted by Steevens. See "Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell," vol. xx. p. 306.

[2] We have noticed this matter more at length hereafter, with reference to the question, whether Shakespeare, in 1609, were not rated to the poor of Southwark in respect of his theatrical property, and not for any dwelling-house which he occupied.

many other points, compelled to deplore the absence of distinct testimony. We put out of view the doubtful and ambiguous indications to be gleaned from Shakespeare's Sonnets, observing merely, that they contain little to show that he was of a domestic turn, or that he found any great enjoyment in the society of his wife. That such may have been the fact we do not pretend to deny, and we willingly believe that much favourable evidence upon the point has been lost: all we venture to advance on a question of so much difficulty and delicacy is, that what remains to us is not, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory.

A question was formerly agitated, which the marriage bond, already quoted, tends to set at rest. Some of Shakespeare's biographers have contended that Anne Hathaway came from Shottery, within a mile of Stratford, while Malone argued that she was probably from Luddington, about three miles from the borough. There is no doubt that a family of the name of Hathaway had been resident at Shottery from the year 1543, and continued to occupy a house there long after the death of Shakespeare[1]; there is also a tradition in favour of a particular cottage in the village, and, on the whole, we may perhaps conclude that Anne Hathaway was of that family, She is, however, described in the bond as "of Stratford," and we may take it for granted, until other and better proof is offered, that she was resident at the time in the borough, although she may have come from Shottery[2]. Had the parties seeking the licence wished to misdescribe her, it might have answered their purpose better to have stated her to be of any other place rather than of Stratford.

[1] Richard Hathaway, alias Gardener, of Shottery, had a daughter named Johanna, baptized at Stratford church on 9th May, 1566; but there is no trace of the baptism of Anne Hathaway.

[2] From an extract of a letter from Abraham Sturley, dated 24 Jan., 1598, printed in "Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell," vol. ii. p. 266, it appears that our great dramatist then contemplated the purchase of "some odd yard-land or other at Shottery." This intention perhaps arose out of the connexion of his wife with the village.

CHAPTER V.

Shakespeare's twins, Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585. His departure from Stratford. The question of deer-stealing from Sir Thomas Lucy considered. Authorities for the story; Rowe, Betterton, Fulman's MSS., Oldys. Ballad by Shakespeare against Sir Thomas Lucy. Proof, in opposition to Malone, that Sir Thomas Lucy had deer: his present of a buck to Lord Ellesmere. Other inducements to Shakespeare to quit Stratford. Companies of players encouraged by the Corporation. Several of Shakespeare's fellow-actors from Stratford and Warwickshire. The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

In the beginning of 1585 Shakespeare's wife produced him twins—a boy and a girl—and they were baptized at Stratford Church on the 2d Feb. in that year[1]. Malone supposed, and the supposition is very likely well founded, that Hamnet Sadler and his wife Judith stood sponsors for the infants, which were baptized by the Christian names of the godfather and godmother, Hamnet[2] and Judith. It is a fact not altogether unimportant, with relation to the terms of affection between Shakespeare and his wife in the subsequent part of his career, that she brought him no more children, although in 1585 she was only thirty years old.

That Shakespeare quitted his home and his family not long afterwards has not been disputed, but no ground for this step has ever been derived from domestic disagreements. It has been alleged that he was obliged to leave Stratford on account of a scrape in which he had involved himself by stealing, or assisting in stealing, deer from the grounds of Charlcote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, about five miles from the borough. As Rowe is the oldest authority in print for this story, we give it in his own words:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and among them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing the park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge

[1] The registration is, of course, dated 2 Feb., 1584, as the year 1585 did not at that date begin until after 25th March: it runs thus:—
"1584. Feb. 2. Hamnet & Judith sonne & daughter to Willia Shakspere."

[2] There was an actor called Hamnet (the name is sometimes spelt Hamlet, see "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 127) in one of the London companies at a subsequent date. It is not at all impossible that, like not a few players of that day, he came from Warwickshire.

that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

We have said that Rowe is the oldest printed source of this anecdote, his "Life of Shakespeare" having been published in 1709; but Malone produced a manuscript of uncertain date, anterior, however, to the publication of Rowe's "Life," which gives the incident some confirmation. Had this manuscript authority been of the same, or even of more recent date, and derived from an independent quarter, unconnected with Rowe or his informant, it would on this account have deserved attention; but it was older than the publication of Rowe's "Life," because the Rev. R. Davies, who added it to the papers of Fulman, (now in the library of Corpus Christi College) died in 1707[1]. Rowe (as he distinctly admits) obtained not a few of his materials from Betterton, the actor, who died the year after Rowe's "Life" came out, and who, it has been repeatedly asserted, paid a visit to Stratford expressly to glean such particulars as could be obtained regarding Shakespeare. In what year he paid that visit is not known, but Malone was of opinion that it was late in life: on the contrary, we think that it must have been comparatively early in Betterton's career, when he would naturally be more enthusiastic in a pursuit of the kind, and when he had not been afflicted by that disorder from which he suffered so severely in his later years, and to which, in fact, he owed his death. Betterton was born in 1635, and became an actor before 1660; and we should not be disposed to place his journey to Stratford later than 1670 or 1675, when he was thirty-five or forty years old. He was at that period in the height of his popularity, and being in the frequent habit of playing such parts as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, we may readily believe that he would be anxious to collect any information regarding the author of those tragedies that then existed in his native town. We therefore apprehend, that Betterton must have

[1] The terms used by the Rev. Mr. Davies are these:

"He [Shakespeare] was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." Fulman's MSS. vol. xv. Here we see that Davies calls Sir Thomas Lucy only "Sir Lucy," as if he did not know his Christian name, and he was ignorant that such a character as Justice Clodpate is not to be found in any of Shakespeare's plays.

gone to Stratford many years before the Rev. Richard Davies made his additions to Fulman's brief account of Shakespeare, for Fulman's papers did not devolve into his hands until 1688. The conclusion at which we arrive is, that Rowe's printed account is in truth older, as far as regards its origin in Betterton's inquiries, than the manuscript authority[1] produced by Malone; and certainly the latter does not come much recommended to us on any other ground. Davies must have been ignorant both of persons and plays; but this very circumstance may possibly be looked upon as in favour of the originality and genuineness of what he furnishes. He does not tell us from whence, nor from whom, he procured his information, but it reads as if it had been obtained from some source independent of Betterton, and perhaps even from inquiries on the spot. The whole was obviously exaggerated and distorted, but whether by Davies, or by the person from whom he derived the story, we must remain in doubt. The reverend gentleman died three years before Betterton, and both may certainly have been indebted for the information to the same parties; but most likely Davies simply recorded what he had heard.

In reflecting upon the general probability or improbability of this important incident in Shakespeare's life, it is not to be forgotten, as Malone remarks, that deer-stealing, at the period referred to, was by no means an uncommon offence; that it is referred to by several authors, and punished by more than one statute. Neither was it considered to include any moral stain, but was often committed by young men, by way of frolic, for the purpose of furnishing

[1] We may, perhaps, consider the authority for the story obtained by Oldys prior in point of date to any other. According to him, a gentleman of the name of Jones, of Turbich in Worcestershire, died in 1703, at the age of ninety, and he remembered to have heard, from several old people of Stratford, the story of Shakespeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and they added that the ballad of which Rowe makes mention, had been affixed on the park-gate, as an additional exasperation to the knight. Oldys preserved a stanza of this satirical effusion, which he had received from a person of the name of Wilkes, a relation of Mr. Jones: it runs thus:

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it:
He thinks himself great,
Yet an asse in his state
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

What is called a "complete copy of the verses," contained in "Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell," vol. ii. p. 565, is evidently not genuine.

a feast, and not with any view to sale or emolument. If Shakespeare ever ran into such an indiscretion, (and we own that we cannot entirely discredit the story) he did no more than many of his contemporaries; and one of the ablest, most learned, and bitterest enemies of theatrical performances, who wrote just before the close of the sixteenth century, expressly mentions deer-stealing as a venial crime of which unruly and misguided youth was sometimes guilty, and he couples it merely with carousing in taverns and robbing orchards[1].

It is very possible, therefore, that the main offence against Sir Thomas Lucy was, not stealing his deer, but writing the ballad, and sticking it on his gate; and for this Shakespeare may have been so "severely prosecuted" by Sir Thomas Lucy, as to render it expedient for him to abandon Stratford "for some time." Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600,

[1] Dr. John Rainolds, in his "Overthrow of Stage Playes," 4to, 1599, p. 22. Some copies of the work (one of which is in the library of Lord Francis Egerton) bear date in 1600, and purport to have been printed at Middleburgh: they are, in fact, the same edition, and there is little doubt that they were printed in London, although no name is found at the bottom of any of the title-pages. His words on the point to which we are now referring, are these:—"Time of recreation is necessary, I grant; and think as necessary for scholars, that are scholars indeed, I mean good students, as it is for any: yet in my opinion it were not fit for them to play at stool-ball among wenches, nor at mum-chance or maw with idle loose companions, nor at trunks in guild-halls, nor to dance about may-poles, nor to rifle in ale-houses, nor to carouse in taverns, nor to steal deer, nor to rob orchards."

This work was published at the time when the building of a new theatre, called the Fortune, belonging to Henslowe and Alleyn, was exciting a great deal of general attention, and particular animosity on the part of the Puritans. To precisely the same import as the above quotation we might produce a passage from Forman's Diary, referred to by Malone, and cited by Mr. Halliwell, in a note to "The First Part of the Contention between the Houses, York and Lancaster," printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 106. One of the most curious illustrations of this point is derived from a MS. note by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in a copy of Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, edit. 1642, sold among the books of Horace Walpole. Speaking of Aurelian Townshend, who, he says, was a poor poet living in Barbican, near the Earl of Bridgewater's, he adds that he had 'a fine fair daughter, mistress to the Palgrave first, and then afterwards to the noble Count of Dorset, a Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Garter, and *a deer-stealer*," &c. It was to William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, that the player-editors dedicated the folio Shakespeare of 1623; and one of Earl Philip's MS. notes, in the volume from which we have already quoted, contains the following mention of seven dramatic poets, including Shakespeare:—"The full and heightended style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Mr. Jhonson; Mr. Beaumont, Mr Fletcher, (brother to Nat Fetcher, Mrs. White's servant, sons to Bishop Fletcher of London, and great tobacconist, and married to my Lady Baker)—Mr. Shakespear, Mr. Deckar, Mr. Heywood." Horace Walpole registers on the title-page of the volume that the notes were made by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

and the mention of deer-stealing, and of the "dozen white luces" by Slender, and of "the dozen white lowses" by Sir Hugh Evans in the opening of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," seems too obvious to be mistaken, and leads us to the conviction that the comedy was written before the demise of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose indignation Shakespeare had incurred. True it is, that the coat of arms of Sir Thomas Lucy contained only "three luces (pike-fishes) hariant, argent;" but it is easy to imagine, that while Shakespeare would wish the ridicule to be understood and felt by the knight and his friends, he might not desire that it should be too generally intelligible, and therefore multiplied the luces to "a dozen," instead of stating the true number. We believe that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written before 1600, among other reasons, because we are convinced that Shakespeare was too generous in his nature to have carried his resentment beyond the grave, and to have cast ridicule upon a dead adversary, whatever might have been his sufferings while he was a living one.

Malone has attacked the story of deer-stealing on the ground that Sir Thomas Lucy never had any park at Charlcote or elsewhere, but it admits of an easy and immediate answer; for, although Sir Thomas Lucy had no park, he may have had deer, and that his successor had deer, though no park, can be proved, we think, satisfactorily. Malone has remarked that Sir Thomas Lucy never seems to have sent the corporation of Stratford a buck, a not unusual present to a body of the kind from persons of rank and wealth in the vicinity. This may be so, and the fact may be accounted for on several grounds; but that the Sir Thomas Lucy, who succeeded his father in 1600, made such gifts, though not perhaps to the corporation of Stratford, is very certain. When Lord Keeper Egerton entertained Queen Elizabeth at Harefield, in August 1602, many of the nobility and gentry, in nearly all parts of the kingdom, sent him an abundance of presents to be used or consumed in the entertainment, and on that occasion Sir Thomas Lucy contributed "a buck," for which a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.* was given to the bringer[1]. This single circumstance shows that

[1] See "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, 4to, 1840. pp. 350. 355. The editor of that volume observes: "Many of these [presents] deserve notice, but especially one of the items, where it is stated that Sir Thomas Lucy (against whom Shakespeare is said to have written a ballad) sent a present of a 'buck.' Malone discredits the whole story of the deer-stealing, because Sir Thomas Lucy had no park at Charlcote: 'I conceive (he says) it will very readily be granted that Sir Thomas Lucy could not lose that of which he was never possessed.' We find, however, from what follows, that he was possessed of deer, for he sent a present of a buck to Lord Ellesmere

if he had no park, he had deer, and it is most likely that he inherited them from his father. Thus we may pretty safely conclude that Sir Thomas Lucy who resided at Charlcote when Shakespeare was in his youth, had venison to be stolen, although it does not at all necessarily follow that Shakespeare was ever concerned in stealing it.

The question whether he did or did not quit Stratford for the metropolis on this account, is one of much importance in the poet's history, but it is one also upon which we shall, in all probability, never arrive at certainty. Our opinion is that the traditions related by Rowe, and mentioned in Fulman's and in Oldys' MSS. (which do not seem to have originated in the same source) may be founded upon an actual occurrence; but, at the same time, it is very possible that that alone did not determine Shakespeare's line of conduct. His residence in Stratford may have been rendered inconvenient by the near neighbourhood of such a hostile and powerful magistrate, but perhaps he would nevertheless not have quitted the town, had not other circumstances combined to produce such a decision. What those circumstances might be it is our business now to inquire.

Aubrey, who was a very curious and minute investigator, although undoubtedly too credulous, says nothing about deer-stealing, but he tells us that Shakespeare was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting, and to this inclination he attributes his journey to London at an early age. That this youthful propensity existed there can be no dispute, and it is easy to trace how it may have been promoted and strengthened. The corporation of Stratford seem to have given great encouragement to companies of players arriving there. We know from various authorities that when itinerant actors came to any considerable town, it was their custom to wait upon the mayor, bailiff, or other head of the corporation, in order to ask permission to perform, either in the town-hall, if that could be granted to them, or elsewhere. It so happens that the earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the precise season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when "the Queen's Players" (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her "Interlude Players," retained under that name by her father and grandfather) received 9s. out of the corporate

in 1602." He gave "a buck," because he had bred it himself, and because it was perhaps well known that he kept deer; and he would hardly have exposed himself to ridicule by buying a buck for a present, under the ostentatious pretence that it was of his own rearing. Malone thought that he had triumphantly overthrown the deer-stealing story, but his refutation amounts to little or nothing. Whether it is nevertheless true is quite a different question.

tun ls, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12*d*[1]. In 1573, just before the grant of the royal license to them, the Earl of Leicester's Players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, received 6*s*. 8*d*.; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17*s*. and 5*s*. 7*d*. respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the sums disbursed at various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses, but we may notice, that in 1577 the players of the Earls of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronized by one of the female nobility, (a very unusual circumstance) the Countess of Essex[2]. "Lord Strange's men" (at this date not players, but tumblers[3]) also exhibited in the same year, and in 1580 the Earl of Derby's players were duly rewarded[4]. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earls of Worcester and Berkeley in 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester's actors having been in the town. In 1583 the earl of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Chandois, performed in Stratford, while, in the next year, three companies appear to have visited the borough. In 1586 "the players" (without mentioning what company) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded: viz. the Queen's Players[5], and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with "another company," the nobleman countenancing them not being named.

It is to be remarked that several of the players, with

[1] We may conclude that the Earl of Worcester's players did not perform, but that 12*d*. was given them as some compensation, and to aid them on their road to another place.

[2] The widow of Walter Devereux, whom Leicester very soon afterwards married. It is to be observed, that as early as 1482 the Earl of Essex had a company of players travelling under the protection of his name, and that on the 9th January Lord Howard, through one of his stewards, gave them a reward. This Earl of Essex was, however, of a different family, viz. Henry Bourchier, who was created in 1461, and who died in 1483. See the Household Book of John Lord Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, printed in 1844 for the Roxburghe Club, p. 149.

[3] In the account of the cost of the Revels for the year 1581–2, we are told that "sundrey feates of tumbling and activitie were shewed before her Majestie on newe yeares night by the Lord Straunge his servauntes." See Mr. P. Cunningham's Extracts from the Revels accounts, p. 177.

[4] Malone, who gleaned these particulars from the accounts of the Chamberlains of Stratford, mis-stated this date 1510, but we have ascertained it to be 1580, as indeed seems evident.

[5] This was most likely one of the companies which the Queen had directed to be formed, consisting of a selection of the best actors from the associations of several of the nobility, and not either of the distinct bodies of "interlude players" who had visited Stratford while ohn Shakespeare was bailiff.

whom Shakespeare was afterwards connected, appear to have come originally from Stratford or its neighbourhood. A family of the name of Burbage was resident in Stratford, and one member of it attained to the highest dignity in the corporation[1]: in the Muster-book of the county of Warwick, in 1569, preserved in the State-paper office, we meet in various places with the name of Burbage, Slye, and Heminge although not with the same Christian names as those of the actors in Shakespeare's plays: the usual combination of Nicholas Tooley is, however, found there; and he was a well-known member of the company to which Shakespeare was attached[2]. It is very distinctly ascertained that James Burbage, the father of the celebrated Richard Burbage, (the representative of many of the heroes in the works of our great dramatist) and one of the original builders of the Blackfriars theatre, migrated to London from that part of the kingdom, and the name of Thomas Greene, who was indisputably from Stratford, will be familiar to all who are acquainted with the detailed history of our stage at that period. Malone supposed that Thomas Greene might have introduced Shakespeare to the theatre, and at an early date he was certainly a member of the company called the Lord Chamberlain's servants: how long he continued we are without information, although we know that he became, and perhaps not long after 1589, an actor in the rival association under Alleyn, and that he was one of Queen Anne's Players when, on the accession of James I., she took a company under her patronage. If any introduction to the Lord Chamberlain's servants had been necessary for Shakespeare at an early date, he could easily have procured it from several other quarters[3].

[1] Malone attributes the following order, made by the corporation of Stratford many years after the date to which we are now adverting, to the growth of puritanism; but possibly it originated in other motives, and may even have been connected with the attraction of young men from their homes:—

"17. Dec. 46 Eliz: 1602. At this Hall yt is ordered, that there shall be no plays or interludes played in the Chamber, the Guildhall, nor in any parte of the howse or courte, from hensforward, upon payne, that whoever of the Baylif, Aldermen, or Burgesses of the boroughe shall give leave or license thereunto, shall forfeyt for everie offence—xs."

[2] Nicholas Tooley, was of Burmington, and he is said to be possessed of 20*l*, goods. We are indebted to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this document, which he only recently discovered in the public archives.

[3] It has been conjectured, but, we believe, upon no evidence beyond the following entry in the register of deaths at Stratford, that Greene was in some way related to Shakespeare:—

"1589. March 6. Thomas Green, alias Shakspere."

This was perhaps the father of Thomas Greene, the actor, who was a comedian of great reputation and popularity, and became so famous

The frequent performances of various associations of actors in Stratford and elsewhere, and the taste for theatricals thereby produced, may have had the effect of drawing not a few young men in Warwickshire from their homes, to follow the attractive and profitable profession; and such may have been the case with Shakespeare, without supposing that domestic differences, arising out of disparity of age or any other cause, influenced his determination, or that he was driven away by the terrors of Sir Thomas Lucy.

It has been matter of speculation, and of mere speculation, for nobody has pretended to bring forward a particle of proof upon the question, whether Shakespeare visited Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, and whether the pomp and pageantry he then witnessed did not give a colour to his mind, and a direction to his pursuits. Considering that he was then only in his eleventh year, we own, that we cannot believe he found his way into that gorgeous and august assembly. Kenilworth was fourteen miles distant: John Shakespeare, although he had been bailiff, and was still head-alderman of Stratford, was not a man of sufficient rank and importance to be there in any official capacity; and he probably had not means to equip himself and his son for such an exhibition. It may be very well as a matter of fancy to indulge such a notion, but, as it seems to us, every reasonable probability is against it[1]. That Shakespeare heard of the extensive preparations, and of the magnificent entertainment, there can be no doubt: it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in

in a character called Bubble, that the play of the "City Gallant," (acted by the Queen's Players) in which it occurs, with the constantly repeated phrase, *Tu quoque*, was named after him. In the account of the Revels of 1611–12, it is called first "the City Gallant," and afterwards *Tu quoque:* it was printed in 1614, under the double title of "Greene's Tu Quoque, or the City Gallant," preceded by an epistle from T. Heywood, by which it appears that Greene was then dead. A piece of verse, called "A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glory," 1603, was written by a Thomas Greene, but it may be doubted, whether this were the comedian. The Greenes were a very respectable family at Stratford, and one of them was a solicitor settled in London.

[1] Upon this point we differ from the Rev. Mr. Halpin in his ingenious and agreeable "Essay upon Oberon's Vision," printed by the Shakespeare Society. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques," was the first to start the idea that Shakespeare had been present at the entertainment at Kenilworth, and the Rev. Mr. Halpin calls it a "pleasant conceit," which had been countenanced by Malone and adopted by Dr. Drake: nevertheless, he afterwards seriously argues the matter, and arrives at the conclusion that Shakespeare was present in sight of his gentry on both sides of the family. This appears to us even a more "pleasant conceit" than that of Percy, Malone, and Drake, who supposed Shakespeare to have gone to Kenilworth "under the wing" of Thomas Greene.

the whole of that part of the country; and if the celebrated passage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (act. ii. sc. 1), had any reference to it, it did not require that Shakespeare should have been present in order to have written it, especially when, if necessary, he had Gascoyne's "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth" and Laneham's "Letter" to assist his memory[1].

CHAPTER VI.

John Shakespeare removed from his situation as alderman of Stratford, and its possible connexion with William Shakespeare's departure for London in the latter end of 1586. William Shakespeare a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1589. Complaints against actors: two companies silenced for bringing Martin Mar-prelate on the stage. Certificate of the sharers in the Blackfriars. Shakespeare, in all probability, a good actor: our older dramatists often players. Shakespeare's earliest compositions for the stage. His "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" probably written before he came to London.

In reference to the period when our great dramatist abandoned his native town for London, we think that sufficient attention has not been paid to an important incident in the life of his father. John Shakespeare was deprived of his gown as alderman of Stratford in the autumn of 1586: we say that he was deprived of his gown, not because any resolution precisely warranting those terms was come to by the rest of the corporation, but because it is quite evident that such was the fact, from the tenor of the entry in the records of the borough. On the 6th Sept. 1586, the following memorandum was made in the register by the town clerk[2]:

"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the place of John Wheler, and John Shaxspere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desyer to be put

[1] Gascoyne's "Princely Pleasures," &c. was printed in 1576, and Laneham's "Letter" from Kenilworth in the preceding year. Gascoyne was himself a performer in the shows, and, according to Laneham, represented "a Savage Man," who made a speech to the Queen as she came from hunting. Robert Laneham, the affected but clever writer of the "Letter," was most likely (as is suggested in the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to, 1837, p. 162) related to John Laneham, the player, who was one of the Earl of Leicester's players, and is named in the royal license of 1574. "Robert Laneham," observes the compiler of that Catalogue, "seems to have been quite as much a comedian upon paper, as John Laneham was upon the stage."

[2] William Tyler was the bailiff of the year. See Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 164.

out of the companye, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the halles, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long tyme."

According to this note, it was Wheler's wish to be removed from his situation of alderman, and had such also been the desire of John Shakespeare, we should, no doubt, have been told so: therefore, we must presume that he was not a consenting, or at all events not a willing, party to this proceeding; but there is no doubt, as Malone ascertained from an inspection of the ancient books of the borough, that he had ceased to attend the halls, when they were "warned" or summoned[1], from the year 1579 downwards. This date of 1579 is the more important, although Malone was not aware of the fact, because it was the same year in which John Shakespeare was so distressed for money, that he disposed of his wife's small property in Snitterfield for 4*l*.

We have thus additional reasons for thinking, that the unprosperous state of John Shakespeare's pecuniary circumstances had induced him to abstain from attending the ordinary meetings of the corporation, and finally led to his removal from the office of alderman. What connexion this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford cannot be known from any circumstances that have since come to light, but it will not fail to be remarked, that in point of date the events seem to have been coincident[2].

Malone "supposed" that our great poet left Stratford "about the year 1586 or 1587[3]," but it seems to us more likely that the event happened in the former, than in the latter year. His twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized,

[1] This use of the word "warned" occurs several times in Shakespeare: in "Antony and Cleopatra," Octavius tells Antony,

"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here:"

and in "King John," after King Philip has said,

"Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers,"

a citizen exclaims from the battlements,

"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"

[2] We do not imagine that one event, or the other, was influenced in any way by the execution of Edward Arden, a maternal relative of the family, at the close of 1583. According to Dugdale, it was more than suspected that he came to his end through the power of Leicester, who was exasperated against him, "for galling him by certain harsh expressions, touching his private accesses to the Countess of Essex," while she was still the wife of Walter Devereux. It does not appear that there had been any intercourse between Edward Arden, then the head of his family, and Mary Shakespeare, the youngest daughter of the junior branch.

[3] Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 157

as we have shown, early in February, 1585, and his father did not cease to be an alderman until about a year and seven months afterwards. The fact, that his son had become a player, may have had something to do with the lower rank his brethren of the bench thought he ought to hold in the corporation; or the resolution of the son to abandon his home may have arisen out of the degradation of the father in his native town; but we cannot help thinking that the two circumstances were in some way connected, and that the period of the departure of William Shakespeare, to seek his fortune in a company of players in the metropolis, may be fixed in the latter end of 1586.

Nevertheless, we do not hear of him in London until three years afterwards, when we find him a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre. It had been constructed (or, possibly, if not an entirely new building, some large edifice had been adapted to the purpose) upon part of the site of the dissolved monastery, because it was beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and corporation of London, who had always evinced decided hostility to dramatic representations[1]. The

[1] The excess to which the enmity between the corporation of London and the players was carried may be judged by the following quotation from "a Jig," or humorous theatrical ballad, called "The Horse-load of Fools," which, in the manuscript in which it has been handed down to us, is stated to have been written by Richard Tarlton, and in all probability was deliverd by him before applauding audiences at the Theatre in Shoreditch. Tarlton introduces to the spectator a number of puppets, accompanying the exhibition by satirical stanzas upon each, and he thus speaks of one of them:—

"This foole comes from the citizens;
Nay, prithee doe not frowne;
I knowe him as well as you
By his liverie gowne:
Of a rare horne-mad familie.

"He is a foole by prenticeship
And servitude, he sayes,
And hates all kindes of wisedome,
But most of all in playes:
Of a verie obstinate familie.

"You have him in his liverie gowne,
But presentlie he can
Qualifie for a mule or a mare,
Or for an alderman;
With a golde chaine in his familie.

"Being borne and bred for a foole,
Why should he be wise,
It would make him not fitt to sitt
With his brethren of assize;
Of a verie long earde familie."

Possibly the lord mayor and aldermen complained of this very composition, and it may have been one of the causes which, soon afterwards, led to the silencing of the company: at all events it was not likely to conciliate the members of the corporation.

undertaking seems to have been prosperous from the commencement; and in 1589 no fewer than sixteen performers were sharers in it, including, besides Shakespeare and Burbage, Thomas Greene of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Nicholas Tooley, also a Warwickshire man: the association was probably thus numerous on account of the flourishing state of the concern, many being desirous to obtain an interest in its receipts. In 1589 some general complaints seem to have been made, that improper matters were introduced into plays; and it is quite certain that "the children of Paul's," as the acting choir-boys of that cathedral were called, and the association of regular professional performers occupying the Theatre in Shoreditch at this date, had introduced Martin Mar-prelate upon their stages, in a manner that had given great offence to the Puritans. Tylney, the master of the revels, had interposed, and having brought the matter to the knowledge of Lord Burghley, two bodies of players, those of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, (the latter by this time having advanced from tumblers to actors) had been summoned before the lord mayor, and ordered to desist from all performances[1]. The silencing of other associations would probably have been beneficial to that exhibiting at Blackfriars, and if no proceeding of any kind had been instituted against James Burbage and his partners, we may presume that they would have continued quietly to reap their augmented harvest. We are led to infer, however, that they also apprehended, and experienced, some measure of restraint, and feeling conscious that they had given no just ground of offence, they transmitted to the privy council a sort of certificate of their good conduct, asserting that they had never introduced into their representations matters of state and religion, and that no complaint of that kind had ever been preferred against them. This certificate passed into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-general, and it has been preserved among his papers. We subjoin a copy of it in a note[2].

[1] All the known details of these transactions may be seen in "The Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 271, &c.

[2] It is on a long slip of paper, very neatly written, but without any names appended.

"These are to certifie your right Honble Lordships, that her Majesty's poore Playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the blacke Fryers playehouse, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes maters of state and Religion, unfitt to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewde spectators: neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferred against them, or anie of them. Wherefore, they trust

It seems rather strange that this testimonial should have come from the players themselves: we should rather have expected that they would have procured a certificate from some disinterested parties; and we are to take it merely as a statement on their own authority, and possibly as a sort of challenge for inquiry. When they say that no complaint of the kind had ever been preferred against them, we are of course to understand that the assertion applies to a time previous to some general representation against theatres, which had been made in 1589, and in which the sharers at the Blackfriars thought themselves unjustly included. In this document we see the important fact, as regards the biography of Shakespeare, that in 1589 he was, not only an actor, but a sharer in the undertaking at Blackfriars; and whatever inference may be drawn from it, we find that his name, following eleven others, precedes those of Kempe, Johnson, Goodale, and Armyn. Kempe, we know, was the successor of Tarlton (who died in 1588) in comic parts[1], and must have been an actor of great value and eminence in the company: Johnson, as appears by the royal license, had been one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Leicester in 1574[2]: of Goodale we have no account, but he bore a Stratford name[3]; and Armyn, though he had been instructed by Tarlton[4], was perhaps at this date quite young, and of low rank in the association. The situation in

most humblie in your Lordships consideration of their former good behaviour. being at all tymes readie, and willing, to yeelde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such case meete, &c.

"Nov. 1589."

Here we see that Shakespeare's name stands twelfth in the enumeration of the members of the company; but we do not rest much on the succession in which they are inserted, because among the four names which follow that of our great dramatist are certainly two performers, one of them of the highest reputation, and the other of long standing in the profession.

[1] In the dedication of his "Almond for a Parrot," printed without date, but not later than 1589, (the year of which we are now speaking) Thomas Nash calls Kempe "Jestmonger and Vice-gerent general to the ghost of Dick Tarlton." Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 43) tells us that Kempe succeeded Tarlton "as well in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience."

[2] He was also one of the executors under Tarlton's will, and was also trustee for his son Philip. See p. xiii. What became of Johnson after 1589, we have no information.

[3] He was one of the actors, with Laneham, in the anonymous manuscript play of "Sir Thomas More," (Harl. Coll., No. 7368) which, we may conjecture, was licensed for the stage before 1592.

[4] This fact is stated in a publication entitled "Tarlton's Jests," of which the earliest extant impression is in 1611, but they were no doubt collected and published very soon after the death of Tarlton in 1588.

the list which the name of Shakespeare occupies may seem to show that, even in 1589, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the sharers in Blackfriars theatre. In November, 1589, he was in the middle of his twenty-sixth year, and in the full strength, if not in the highest maturity, of his mental and bodily powers.

We can have no hesitation in believing that he originally came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and with no other view. Aubrey tells us that he was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting;" and the poverty of his father, and the difficulty of obtaining profitable employment in the country for the maintenance of his family, without other motives, may have induced him readily to give way to that inclination. Aubrey, who had probably taken due means to inform himself, adds, that "he did act exceedingly well;" and we are convinced that the opinion, founded chiefly upon a statement by Rowe, that Shakespeare was a very moderate performer, is erroneous. It seems likely that for two or three years he employed himself chiefly in the more active duties of the profession he had chosen; and Peele[1], who was a very practised and popular play-wright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying anything of Wade-

[1] When the Rev. Mr. Dyce published his edition of Peele's Works, he was not aware that there was any impression of that author's "Tale of Troy," in 1604, as well as in 1589, containing such variations as show that it must have been corrected and augmented by Peele after its first appearance. The impression of 1604 is the most diminutive volume, perhaps, ever printed, not exceeding an inch and a half high by an inch wide, with the following title:—"The Tale of Troy. By G. Peele, M. of Artes in Oxford. Printed by A. H. 1604." We will add only two passages out of many, to prove the nature of the changes and additions made by Peele after the original publication. In the edition of 1604 the poem thus opens:

> "In that world's wounded part, whose waves yet swell
> With everlasting showers of tears that fell
> And bosom bleeds with great effuze of blood
> That long war shed, Troy, Neptune's city, stood,
> Gorgeously built, like to the house of Fame,
> Or court of Jove, as some describe the same," &c.

The four lines which commence the second page of Mr Dyce's edition are thus extended in the copy of 1604:

> "His court presenting to our human eyes
> An earthly heaven, or shining Paradise,
> Where ladies troop'd in rich disguis'd attire,
> Glistring like stars of pure immortal fire.
> Thus happy, Priam, didst thou live of yore,
> That to thy fortune heavens could add no more."

Peele was dead in 1598, and it is likely that there were one or more intervening impressions of "The Tale of Troy," between 1589 and 1604.

son, regarding whom we know nothing, but that at a subsequent date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Armyn, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. There is reason to think that Peele did not continue one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants after 1590, and his extant dramas were acted by the Queen's players, or by those of the Lord Admiral: to the latter association Peele seems subsequently to have been attached, and his "Battle of Alcazar," printed in 1594, purports on the title-page to have been played by them. While Peele remained a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, Shakespeare's services as a dramatist may not materially have interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele had joined a rival establishment, he may have been much more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming clearly understood, he was less frequently a performer.

Out of the sixteen sharers of which the company he belonged to consisted in 1589, (besides the usual proportion of "hired men," who only took inferior characters) there would be more than a sufficient number for the representation of most plays, without the assistance of Shakespeare. He was, doubtless, soon busily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the rareness of his appearance on the stage will of course apply more strongly in his after-life, when he produced one or more dramas every year.

His instructions to the players in "Hamlet" have often been noticed as establishing that he was admirably acquainted with the theory of the art; and if, as Rowe asserts, he only took the short part of the Ghost[1] in this tragedy, we are to recollect that even if he had considered himself competent to it, the study of such a character as Hamlet, (the longest on the stage as it is now acted, and still longer as it was originally written) must have consumed more time than he could well afford to bestow upon it, especially when we call to mind that there was a member of the company who had hitherto represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubted, as his popularity was extraordinary[2]. To Richard Burbage was

[1] "His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I never could meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own 'Hamlet.'"—Rowe's Life. Shakespeare's name stands first among the players of "Every Man in his Humour," and fifth among those of "Sejanus."

[2] From a MS. Epitaph upon Burbage, (who died in 1619.) sold among the books of the late Mr. Heber, we find that he was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V., Richard III., Mac-

therefore assigned the arduous character of the Prince, while the author took the brief, but important part of the Ghost, which required person, deportment, judgment, and voice, with a delivery distinct, solemn, and impressive. All the elements of a great actor were needed for the due performance of "the buried majesty of Denmark[1]."

It may be observed, in passing, that at the period of our drama, such as it existed in the hands of Shakespeare' immediate predecessors, authors were most commonly actors also. Such was the case with Greene, Marlowe[2]

beth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles, and Othello, in Shakespeare's Plays: in those of other dramatists he was Jeronimo, in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy;" Antonio, in Marston's "Antonio and Mellida;" Frankford, in T. Heywood's "Woman killed with Kindness;" Philaster, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of that name; Amintor, in their "Maid's Tragedy."—See "The Alleyn Papers," printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. xxx. On a subsequent page we have inserted the whole passage relating to his characters from the Epitaph on Burbage.

[1] Mr. Thomas Campbell, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition, in one volume, 1838, was, we believe, the first to remark upon the almost absolute necessity of having a good, if not a great actor, for the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet."

[2] It seems from an obscure ballad upon Marlowe's death, (handed down to us in MS., and quoted in "New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare," 8vo. 1836,) that he had broken his leg while acting at the Curtain Theatre, which was considered a judgment upon him for his irreligious and lawless life.

"Both day and night would he blaspheme,
And day and night would sweare;
As if his life was but a dreame,
Not ending in despaire.

"A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe;
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Now begging by the way.

"He had alsoe a player beene
Upon the Curtaine stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age

"He was a fellow to all those
That did God's lawes reject;
Consorting with the Christian's foes,
And men of ill aspect," &c.

The ballad consists of twenty-four similar stanzas: of Marlowe's death the author thus writes:

"His lust was lawlesse as his life,
And brought about his death,
For in a deadly mortal strife,
Striving to stop the breath

"Of one who was his rival foe,
With his owne dagger slaine,
He groan'd and word spoke never moe,
Pierc't through the eye and braine."

Lodge, Peele, probably Nash, Munday, Wilson, and others the same practice prevailed with some of their successors, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, Field, &c.; but at a somewhat later date dramatists do not usually appear to have trodden the stage. We have no hint that Dekker, Chapman, or Marston, though contemporary with Ben Jonson, were actors; and Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Middleton, Daborne, and Shirley, who may be said to have followed them, as far as we now know, never had anything to do with the performance of their own dramas, or of those of other poets. In their day the two departments of author and actor seem to have been generally distinct, while the contrary was certainly the case some years anterior to the demise of Elizabeth.

It is impossible to determine, almost impossible to guess, what Shakespeare had or had not written in 1589. That he had chiefly employed his pen in the revival, alteration, and improvement of existing dramas we are strongly disposed to believe, but that he had not ventured upon original composition it would be much too bold to assert. "The Comedy of Errors" we take to be one of the pieces, which, having been first written by an inferior dramatist[1], was heightened and amended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date of which we are now speaking, and "Love's Labour's Lost," or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," may have been original compositions brought upon the stage prior to 1590. We also consider it more than probable that "Titus Andronicus" belongs even to an earlier period; but we feel satisfied, that although Shakespeare had by this time given clear indications of powers superior to those of any of his rivals, he could not have written any of his greater works until some years afterwards[2]. With regard to productions

Which pretty exactly accords with the tradition of the mode in which he came to his end, in a scuffle with a person of the name of Archer: the register of his death at St. Nicholas, Deptford, ascertains the name:—"1st June, 1593. Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Archer." He was just dead when Peele wrote his "Honour of the Garter," in 1593, and there spoke of him as "unhappy in his end," and as having been "the Muses' darling for his verse."

[1] See pp. xx. and xxxi., where it is shown that there was an old drama, acted at Court in 1573 and 1582, called "The History of Error" in one case, and "The History of Ferrar" in the other. See also the Introduction to "The Comedy of Errors."

[2] Upon this point we cannot agree with Mr. F. G. Tomlins, who has written a very sensible and clever work called "A brief view of the English Drama," 12mo, 1840 where he argues that Shakespeare probably began with original composition, and not with the adaptation and alteration of works he found in possession of the stage when he joined the Lord Chamberlain's players. We know that the earliest charge against him by a fellow dramatist was, that he had availed himself of the productions of others, and we have every reason to believe that some of the plays upon which he was first employed were

unconnected with the stage, there are several pieces among his scattered poems, and some of his sonnets[1], that indisputably belong to an earlier part of his life. A young man, so gifted, would not, and could not, wait until he was five or six and twenty before he made considerable and most succesful attempts at poetical composition; and we feel morally certain that "Venus and Adouis" was in being anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford[2]. It bears all the marks of youthful vigour, of strong passion, of luxuriant imagination, together with a force and originality of expression which betoken the first efforts of a great mind, not always well regulated in its taste: it seems to have been written in the open air of a fine country like Warwickshire, with all the freshness of the recent impression of natural objects; and we will go so far as to say, that we do not think even Shakespeare himself could have produced it, in the form it bears, after he had reached the age of forty. It was quite new in its class, being founded upon no model, either ancient or modern: nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards[3]. Thus in 1593 he might call it, in the dedication to

not by any means entirely his own: we allude among others to the three parts of "Henry VI." It seems to us much more likely that Shakespeare in the first instance confined himself to alterations and improvements of the plays of predecessors, than that he at once found himself capable of inventing and constructing a great original drama. However, it is but fair to quote the words of Mr. Tomlins. "We are thus driven to the conclusion that his writing must have procured him this distinction. What had he written? is the next question that presents itself. Probably *original* plays, for the adaptation of the plays of others could scarcely be entrusted to the inexperienced hands of a young genius, who had not manifested his knowledge of stage matters by any productions of his own. This kind of work would be jealously watched by the managers, and must ever have required great skill and experience. Shakespeare, mighty as he was, was human, and it is scarcely possible that a genius, so, ripe, so rich, so overflowing as his, should not have its enthusiasm kindled into an original production, and not by the mechanical botching of the inferior productions of others," p. 31.

Upon this passage we have only to remark that according to our view, it would have required much more "skill and experience" to write a new play, than merely to make additions to the speeches or scenes of an old one.

[1] "His sugar'd sonnets" were handed about "among his private friends" many years before they were printed: Francis Meres mentions them in the words we have quoted, in 1598.

[2] Malone was of opinion that "Venus and Adonis" was not written until after Shakespeare came to London, because in one stanza it contains an allusion to the stage,

> "And all this dumb *play* had his *acts* made plain
> With tears, which, *chorus-like*, her eyes did drain."

Surely, such a passage might have been written by a person who had never seen a play in London, or even seen a play at all. The stage-knowledge it displays is merely that of a schoo boy.

[3] The work that comes nearest to it, in some respects, is Marlowe's

Lord Southampton, "the first heir of his invention" in a double sense, not merely because it was the first printed but because it was the first written of his productions.

The information we now possess enables us at once to reject the story, against the truth of which Malone elaborately argued, that Shakespeare's earliest employment at a theatre was holding the horses of noblemen and gentlemen who visited it, and that he had under him a number of lads who were known as "Shakespeare's boys." Shiels in his "Lives of the Poets," (published in 1753 in the name of Cibber) was the first to give currency to this idle invention: it was repeated by Dr. Johnson, and has often been reiterated since; and we should hardly have thought it worth notice now, if it had not found a place in many modern accounts of our great dramatist[1]. The company to which

"Hero and Leander;" but it was not printed until 1598, and although its author was killed in 1593, he may have seen Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" in manuscript: it is quite as probable, as that Shakespeare had seen "Hero and Leander" before it was printed. Marston's "Pygmalion's Image," published five years after "Venus and Adonis," is a gross exaggeration of its style; and Barkstead's "Myrrha the Mother of Adonis" is a poor and coarse imitation: the same poet's "Hiren, or the Fair Greek," is of a similar character. Shirley's "Narcissus," which must have been written many years afterwards, is a production of the same class as Marston's "Pygmalion," but in better taste. The poem called "Salmasis and Hermaphroditus," first printed in 1602, and assigned to Francis Beaumont in 1640, when it was republished by Blaicklock the bookseller, we do not believe to have been the authorship of Beaumont, and it is rather an imitation of "Hero and Leander" than of "Venus and Adonis." At the date when it originally came out (1602) Beaumont was only sixteen, and the first edition has no name nor initials to the address "To Calliope," to which Blaicklock in 1640, for his own book-selling purposes, thought fit to add the letters F. B. In the same way, and with the same object, he changed the initials to a commendatory poem from A. F. to I. F., in order to make it appear as if John Fletcher had applauded his friend's early verses. These are facts that hitherto have escaped observation, perhaps, on account of the extreme rarity of copies of the original impression of "Salmasis and Hermaphroditus," preventing a comparison of it with Blaicklock's fraudulent reprint, which also contains various pieces to which, it is known, Beaumont had no pretensions. To afford the better means of comparison, and as we know of only one copy of the edition of 1602, we subjoin the title-page prefixed to it: Salmasis and Hermaphroditus. *Salmacida spolia sine sanguine et sudore.* Imprinted at London for John Hodgets, &c. 1602." 4to.

[1] It is almost to be wondered that the getters up of this piece of information did not support it by reference to Shakespeare's obvious knowledge of horses and horsemanship, displayed in so many parts of his works. The description of the horse in "Venus and Adonis" will at once occur to every body; and how much it was admired at the time is evident from the fact, that it was plagiarised so soon after it was published. (See the Introduction.) For his judgment of skill in riding, among other passages, see his account of Lamord's horsemanship in "Hamlet." The propagators and supporters of the horse-holding anecdote ought to have added, that Shakespeare probably derived his minute and accurate acquaintance with the

he attached himself had not unfrequently performed in Stratford, and at that date the Queen's Players and the Lord Chamberlain's servants seem sometimes to have been confounded in the provinces, although the difference was well understood in London; some of the chief members of it had come from his own part of the country, and even from the very town in which he was born; and he was not in a station of life, nor so destitute of means and friends, as to have been reduced to such an extremity.

Besides having written "Venus and Adonis" before he came to London, Shakespeare may also have composed its counterpart, "Lucrece," which, as our readers are aware, first appeared in print in 1594. It is in a different stanza, and in some respects in a different style; and after he joined the Blackfriars company, the author may possibly have added parts, (such, for instance, as the long and minute description of the siege of Troy in the tapestry) which indicate a closer acquaintance with the modes and habits of society; but even here no knowledge is displayed that might not have been acquired in Warwickshire. As he had exhibited the wantonness of lawless passion in "Venus and Adonis," he followed it by the exaltation of matron-like chastity in "Lucrece;" and there is, we think, nothing in the latter poem which a young man of one or two and twenty, so endowed, might not have written. Neither is it at all impossible that he had done something in connexion with the stage while he was yet resident in his native town, and before he had made up his mind to quit it. If his "inclination for poetry and acting," to repeat Aubrey's words, were so strong, it may have led him to have both written and acted. He may have contributed temporary prologues or epilogues, and without supposing him yet to have possessed any extraordinary art as a dramatist—only to be acquired by practice,—he may have inserted speeches and occasional passages in older plays: he may even have assisted some of the companies in getting up, and performing the dramas they represented in or near Stratford[1]. We own that this

subject from his early observation of the skill of the English nobility and gentry, after they had remounted at the play-house door:—

"But chiefly skill to ride seems a science
Proper to gentle blood."—Spenser's F. Q. b. ii. c. 4.

[1] We have already stated that although in 1586 only one unnamed company performed in Stratford, in the very next year (that in which we have supposed Shakespeare to have become a regular actor) five companies were entertained in the borough: one of these consisted of the players of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the Blackfriars theatre belonged; and it is very possible that Shakespeare at that date exhibited before his fellow-townsmen in his new professional capacity. Before this time his performances at Stratford may have been merely of an amateur description. It is, at all events,

conjecture appears to us at least plausible, and the Lord Chamberlain's servants (known as the Earl of Leicester's players until 1587) may have experienced his utility in both departments, and may have held out strong inducements to so promising a novice to continue his assistance by accompanying them to London.

What we have here said seems a natural and easy way of accounting for Shakespeare's station as a sharer at the Blackfriars theatre in 1589, about three years after we suppose him to have finally adopted the profession of an actor, and to have come to London for the purpose of pursuing it.

CHAPTER VII.

The earliest allusion to Shakespeare in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," 1591. Proofs of its applicability—What Shakespeare had probably by this date written—Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury, Warwickshire. No other dramatist of the time merited the character given by Spenser. Greene, Kyd, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, and Lyly, and their several claims: that of Lyly supported by Malone. Temporary cessation of dramatic performances in London. Prevalence of the Plague in 1592. Probability or improbability that Shakespeare went to Italy.

We come now to the earliest known allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist; and although his surname is not given, we apprehend that there can be no hesitation in applying what is said to him: it is contained in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591[1]. The application of the passage to Shakespeare has been much contested, but the difficulty in our mind is, how the lines are to be explained by reference to any other dramatist of the time, even supposing, as we have supposed and believe, that our great poet was at this period only rising into notice as a writer for the stage. We will first quote the lines, literatim as they stand in the edition of 1591, and afterwards say something of the claims of others to the distinction they confer.

a striking circumstance, that in 1586 only one company performed, and that in 1587 such extraordinary encouragement was given to theatricals in Stratford.

[1] Malone (Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 168) says that Spenser's "Tears of the Muses" was published in 1590, but the volume in which it first appeared bears date in 1591. It was printed with some other pieces under the title of "Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poems of the Worlds Vanitie. Whereof the next Page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp. London. Imprinted for William Ponsonbie, &c. 1591." It will be evident from what follows in our text, that a year is of considerable importance to the question.

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

"In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameless ribaudrie,
Without regard or due Decorum kept:
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take.

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The most striking of these lines, with reference to our present inquiry, is,

"Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;"

and hence, if it stood alone, we might infer that Willy, whoever he might be, was actually dead; but the latter part of the third stanza we have quoted shows us in what sense the word "dead" is to be understood: Willy was "dead" as far as regarded the admirable dramatic talents he had already displayed, which had enabled him, even before 1591, to outstrip all living rivalry, and to afford the most certain indications of the still greater things Spenser saw he would accomplish: he was "dead," because he

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

It is to be borne in mind that these stanzas, and six others, are put into the mouth of Thalia, whose lamentation on the degeneracy of the stage, especially in comedy, follows those of Calliope and Melpomene. Rowe, under the impression that the whole passage referred to Shakespeare, introduced it into his "Life," in his first edition of 1709, but silently withdrew it in his second edition of 1714 his reason, perhaps, was that he did not see how, before 1591, Shakespeare could have shown that he merited the character given of him and his productions—

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate."

Spenser knew what the object of his eulogy was capable of doing, as well, perhaps, as what he had done; and we

have established that more than a year before the publication of these lines, Shakespeare had risen to be a distinguished member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and a sharer in the undertaking at the Blackfriars. Although we feel assured that he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, he may have done much, besides what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries. His earliest printed plays, "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II," and "Richard III," bear date in 1597; but it is indisputable that he had at that time written considerably more, and part of what he had so written is contained in the folio of 1623, never having made its appearance in any earlier form. When Ben Jonson published the large volume of his "Works" in 1616[1], he excluded several comedies in which he had been aided by other poets[2], and re-wrote part of "Sejanus," because, as is supposed, Shakespeare, (who performed in it, and whom Jonson terms a "happy genius,") had assisted him in the composition of the tragedy as it was originally acted. The player-editors of the folio of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories," in 1623, may have thought it right to pursue the same course, excepting in the case of the three parts of "Henry VI.;" the poet, or poets, who had contributed to these histories (perhaps Marlowe and Greene) had been then dead thirty years; but with respect to other pieces, persons still living, whether authors or booksellers, might have joint claims upon them, and hence their exclusion[3]. We only put this as a possible circumstance; but we are persuaded that

[1] Perhaps it was printed off before his "Bartholomew Fair" was acted in 1614; or perhaps the comedy being a new one, Ben Jonson did not think he had a right to publish it to the detriment of the company (the servants of the Princess Elizabeth), by whom it had been purchased, and produced.

[2] Such as "The Widow," written soon after 1613, in which he was assisted by Fletcher and Middleton; "The Case is Altered," printed in 1609, in which his coadjutors are not known; and "Eastward Ho," published in 1607, in which he was joined by Chapman and Marston; this last play exposed the authors to great danger of punishment.

[3] We are not to be understood as according in the ascription to Shakespeare of various plays imputed to him in the folio of 1664, and elsewhere. We believe that he was concerned in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," and that he may have contributed some parts of "Arden of Feversham;" but in spite of the ingenious letter, published at Edinburgh in 1833, we do not think that he aided Fletcher in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and there is not a single passage in "The Birth of Merlin," which is worthy of his most careless moments. Of "The first part of Sir John Oldcastle," we have elsewhere spoken; and several other supposititious dramas in the folio of 1664, which certainly would have done little credit to Shakespeare, have also been ascertained to be the work of other dramatists.

Shakespeare, early in his theatrical life, must have written much in the way of revivals, alterations, or joint productions with other poets, which has been forever lost. We here, as before, conclude that none of his greatest original dramatic productions had come from his pen; but if in 1591 he had only brought out "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost," they are so infinitely superior to the best works of his predecessors, that the justice of the tribute paid by Spenser to his genius would at once be admitted. At all events, if before 1591 he had not accomplished, by any means, all that he was capable of, he had given the clearest indications of high genius, abundantly sufficient to justify the anticipation of Spenser, that he was a man

——— "whom Nature's selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate:"

a passage which in itself admirably comprises, and compresses nearly all the excellences of which dramatic poetry is susceptible—the mockery of nature, and the imitation of truth.

Another point not hitherto noticed, because not hitherto known, is, that there is some little ground for thinking that Spenser, if not a Warwickshire man, was at one time resident in Warwickshire, and later in life he may have become acquainted with Shakespeare. His birth had been conjecturally placed in 1553[1], and on the authority of some lines in his "Prothalamion" it has been supposed that he was born in London: East Smithfield, near the Tower, has also been fixed upon as the part of the town where he first drew breath; but the parish registers in that neighbourhood have been searched in vain for a record of the event[2]. An Edmund Spenser unquestionably dwelt at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, in 1569, which was the year when the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to Cambridge, and was admitted a sizer at Pembroke College. The fact that Edmund Spenser (a rather unusual combination of names[3])

[1] This date has always appeared to us too late, recollecting that Spenser wrote some blank-verse sonnets, prefixed to Vandermoodt's "Theatre for Worldlings," printed in 1569. If he were born in 1553, in 1569 he was only in his sixteenth year, and the sonnets to which we refer do not read like the productions of a very young man.

[2] Chalmers was a very diligent inquirer into such matters, and he could discover no entry of the kind. See his "Supplemental Apology," p. 22. Subsequent investigations, instituted with reference to this question, have led to the same result. Oldys is responsible for the statement.

[3] And belonging to no other family at that time, as far as our researches have extended. It has been too hastily concluded that the Spenser whom Turberville addressed from Russia, in some epistles

was an inhabitant of Kingsbury in 1569 is established by the muster-book of Warwickshire, preserved in the state paper office, to which we have before had occasion to refer but it does not give the ages of the parties. This Edmund Spenser may possibly have been the father of the poet, (whose Christian name is no where recorded) and if it were the one or the other, it seems to afford a link of connexion, however slight, between Spenser and Shakespeare, of which we have had no previous knowledge. Spenser was at least eleven years older than Shakespeare, but their early residence in the same part of the kingdom may have given rise to an intimacy afterwards[1]: Spenser must have appreciated and admired the genius of Shakespeare, and the author of "The Tears of the Muses," at the age of thirty-seven, may have paid a merited tribute to his young friend of twenty-six.

The Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury may have been entirely a different person, of a distinct family, and perhaps we are disposed to lay too much stress upon a mere coincidence of names; but we may be forgiven for clinging to the conjecture that he may have been the author of "The Faerie Queene," and that the greatest romantic poet of this country was upon terms of friendship and cordiality with the greatest dramatist of the world. This circumstance, with which we were unacquainted when we wrote the Introduction to "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," may appear to give new point, and a more certain application, to the well-remembered lines of that drama (Act v. sc. i.) in which Shakespeare has been supposed to refer to the death of Spenser[2], and which may have been a subsequent insertion,

printed at the end of his "Tragical Tales," 1587, was not the poet. Taking Wood's representation, that these letters were written as early as 1569, it is still very possible that the author of "The Faerie Queene" was the person to whom they were sent: he was a very young man, it is true, but perhaps not quite so young as has been imagined.

[1] Nobody has been able even to speculate where Spenser was at school;—possibly at Kingsbury. Drayton was also a Warwickshire man.

[2] Differences of opinion, founded upon discordances of contemporaneous, or nearly contemporaneous, representations, have prevailed respecting the extreme poverty of Spenser at the time of his death. There is no doubt that he had a pension of 50*l*. a year (at least 250*l*. of our present money) from the royal bounty, which probably he received to the last. At the same time we think there is much plausibility in the story that Lord Burghley stood in the way of some special pecuniary gift from Elizabeth. The Rev. H. J. Todd disbelieves it, and in his "Life of Spenser" calls it "a calumny," on the foundation of the pension, without considering, perhaps, that the epigram, attributed to Spenser, may have been occasioned by the obstruction by the Lord Treasurer of some additional proof of the Queen's admiration for the author of "The Faerie Queene." Fuller

for the sake of repaying by one poet a debt of gratitude to the other.

Without taking into consideration what may have been lost, if we are asked what we think it likely that Shakespeare had written in and before 1591, we should answer, that he had altered and added to three parts of "Henry VI.," that he had written, or aided in writing, "Titus Andronicus," that he had revived and amended "The Comedy of Errors," and that he had composed "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Love's Labour 's Lost." Thus, looking only at his extant works, we see that the eulogy of Spenser was well warranted by the plays Shakespeare, at that early date, had produced.

If the evidence upon this point were even more scanty, we should be convinced that by "our pleasant Willy," Spenser meant William Shakespeare, by the fact that such a character as he gives could belong to no other dramatist of the time. Greene can have no pretensions to it, nor Lodge, nor Kyd, nor Peele; Marlowe had never touched comedy: but if these have no title to the praise that they had mocked nature and imitated truth, the claim put in by Malone for Lyly is little short of absurd. Lyly was, beyond dispute, the most artificial and affected writer of his day: his dramas have nothing like nature or truth in them; and if it could be established that Spenser and Lyly were on the most intimate footing, even the exaggerated admiration of the fondest friendship could hardly have carried Spenser to the extreme to which he has gone in his "Tears of the Muses." If Malone had wished to point out a dramatist of that day to whom the words of Spenser could by no possibility fitly apply, he could not have made a better choice than when he fixed upon Lyly. However, he labours the

first published the anecdote in his "Worthies," 1662; but sixty years earlier, and within a very short time after the death of Spenser, the story was current, for we find the lines in Manningham's Diary, (Harl. MS. 5353) under the date of May 4, 1602: they are thus introduced:

"When her Majesty had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses:

"It pleased your Grace upon a time
To grant me reason for my rhyme;
But from that time until this season,
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason."

The wording differs slightly from Fuller's copy. We add the following epigram upon the death of Spenser, also on the authority of Manningham:—

"*In Spenserum.*

"Famous alive, and dead, here is the odds:
Then god of poets, now poet of the gods."

contrary position with great pertinacity and considerable ingenuity, and it is extraordinary how a man of much reading, and of sound judgment upon many points of literary discussion, could impose upon himself, and be led so far from the truth, by the desire to establish a novelty. At all events, he might have contented himself with an endeavour to prove the negative as regards Shakespeare, without going the strange length of attempting to make out the affirmative as regards Lyly.

We do not for an instant admit the right of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries to the tribute of Spenser; but Malone might have made out a case for any of them with more plausibility than for Lyly. Greene was a writer of fertile fancy, but choked and smothered by the overlaying of scholastic learning: Kyd was a man of strong natural parts, and a composer of vigorous lines: Lodge was a poet of genius, though not in the department of the drama: Peele had an elegant mind, and was a smooth and agreeable versifier; while Marlowe was gifted with a soaring and a daring spirit, though unchecked by a well-regulated taste: but all had more nature in their dramas than Lyly, who generally chose classical or mythological subjects, and dealt with those subjects with a wearisome monotony of style, with thoughts quaint, conceited, and violent, and with an utter absence of force and distinctness in his characterization.

It is not necessary to enter farther into this part of the question, because, we think, it is now established that Spenser's lines might apply to Shakespeare as regards the date of their publication, and indisputably applied with most felicitous exactness to the works he has left behind him.

With regard to the lines which state, that Willy

> "Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
> Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,"

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some compulsory cessation of theatrical performances, which affected not only offending, but unoffending companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars The choir-boys of St. Paul's were silenced for bringing "matters of state and religion" on their stage, when they introduced Martin Mar-prelate into one of their dramas: and the players of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange were prohibited from acting, as far as we can learn, on a similar ground. The interdiction of performances by the children of Paul's was persevered in for about ten years; and although the public companies (after the completion of some inquiries by com-

missioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a temporary suspension of all theatrical exhibitions in London. This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare.

We have no means of ascertaining how long the order inhibiting theatrical performances generally, was persevered in; but the plague broke out in London in 1592, and in the autumn of the year, when the number of deaths was greatest, "the Queen's players[1]," in their progress round the country, whither they wandered when thus prevented from acting in the metropolis, performed at Chesterton, near Cambridge, to the great annoyance of the heads of the university.

It was at this juncture, probably, if indeed he ever were in that country, that Shakespeare visited Italy. Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever, and in many respects original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," has maintained the affirmative with great confidence, and has brought into one view all the internal evidence afforded by the productions of our great dramatist. External evidence there is none, since not even a tradition of such a journey has descended to us. We own that the internal evidence, in our estimation, is by no means as strong as it appeared to Mr. Brown, who has evinced great ingenuity and ability in the conduct of his case, and has made as much as possible of his proofs. He dwells, among other things, upon the fact, that there were no contemporaneous translations of the tales on which "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello" are founded; but Shakespeare may have understood as much Italian as answered his purpose without having gone to Venice. For the same reason we lay no stress upon the recently-discovered fact, (not known when Mr. Brown wrote) that Shakespeare constructed his "Twelfth Night" with the aid of one or two Italian comedies; they may have found their way into England, and he may have read them in the original language. That Shakespeare was capable of translating Italian sufficiently for his own purposes, we are morally certain; but we think that if he had travelled to Venice, Verona, or Florence, we should have had more distinct and positive testimony of the fact in his works than can be adduced from them.

Other authors of the time have left such evidence behind

[1] They consisted of the company under the leadership of Lawrence Dutton, one of the two associations acting at this period under the Queen's name. Both were unconnected with the Lord Chamberlain's servants.

them as cannot be disputed. Lyly tells us so distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich informs us that he became acquainted with the novels he translated on the other side of the Alps: Daniel goes the length of letting us know where certain of his sonnets were composed: Lodge wrote some of his tracts abroad: Nash gives us the places where he met particular persons; and his friend Greene admits his obligations to Italy and Spain, whither he had travelled early in life in pursuit of letters. In truth, at that period and afterwards, there seems to have been a prevailing rage for foreign travel, and it extended itself to mere actors, as well as to poets; for we know that William Kempe was in Rome in 1601[1], during the interval between the time when, for some unexplained reason, he quitted the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, and joined that of the Lord Admiral[2]. Although we do not believe that Shakespeare ever was in Italy, we admit that we are without evidence to prove a negative; and he may have gone there without having left behind him any distinct record of the fact. At the date to which we are now ad-

[1] See Mr. Halliwell's "Ludus Coventriæ" (printed for the Shakespeare Society), p 410. Rowley, in his "Search for Money," speaks of this expedition by Kempe, who, it seems, had wagered a certain sum of money that he would go to Rome and back in a given number of days. In the introduction to the reprint of that rare tract by the Percy Society, it is shown that Kempe also danced a morris in France. These circumstances were unknown to the Rev. A. Dyce, when he superintended a republication of Kempe's "Nine Days' Wonder," 1600, for the Camden Society.

[2] It is a new fact that Kempe at any time quitted the company playing at the Blackfriars and Globe theatres: it is however indisputable, and we have it on the authority of Henslowe's Diary, where payments are recorded to Kempe, and where entries are also made for the expenses of dresses supplied to him in 1602. These memoranda Malone overlooked, when the MS., belonging to Dulwich College, was in his hands; but they may be very important with reference to the dates of some of Shakespeare's plays, and the particular actors engaged in them: they also account for the non-appearance of Kempe's name in the royal license granted in May, 1603, to the company to which he had belonged. Mr. Dyce attributes the omission of Kempe's name in that instrument to his death, because, in the register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, Chalmers found an entry, dated Nov. 2, 1603, of the burial of "William Kempe, *a man*." There were doubtless many men of the common names of William Kempe; and the William Kempe, who had acted Dogberry, Peter, &c., was certainly alive in 1605, and had by that date rejoined the Lord Chamberlain's servants, then called "the King's players." The following unnoticed memoranda relating to him are extracted from Henslowe's Diary:

"Lent unto Wm Kempe, the 10 of Marche. 1602, in redy mony, twentye shillinges for his necesary uses, the some of xx^s^.

"Lent unto Wm Kempe, the 22 of Auguste, 1602, to buye buckram to make a payer of gyentes hosse, the some of v^s^

"Pd unto the tyerman for mackynge of Wm Kempe's sewt, and the buyes, the 4 Septembr 1602, some of viij^s^. 8^d^."

verting he might certainly have had a convenient opportunity for doing so, in consequence of the temporary prohibition of dramatic performances in London.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Robert Greene in 1592, and publication of his "Groatsworth of Wit," by H. Chettle. Greene's address to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and his envious mention of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's offence at Chettle, and the apology of the latter in his "Kind-heart's Dream." The character of Shakespeare there given. Second allusion by Spenser to Shakespeare in "Colin Clout's come home again," 1594. The "gentle Shakespeare." Change in the character of his composition between 1591 and 1594: his "Richard II." and "Richard III."

During the prevalence of the infectious malady of 1592, although not in consequence of it, died one of the most notorious and distinguished of the literary men of the time,—Robert Greene. He expired on the 3d of September, 1592, and left behind him a work purporting to have been written during his last illness: it was published a few months afterwards by Henry Chettle, a fellow dramatist, under the title of "A Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance," bearing the date of 1592, and preceded by an address from Greene "To those Gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their wits in making Plays." Here we meet with the second notice of Shakespeare, not indeed by name, but with such a near approach to it, that nobody can entertain a moment's doubt that he was intended. It is necessary to quote the whole passage, and to observe, before we do so, that Greene is addressing himself particularly to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and urging them to break off all connexion with players[1]:—"Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those anticks garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I,

[1] We have some doubts of the authenticity of the "Groatsworth of Wit," as a work by Greene. Chettle was a needy dramatist, and possibly wrote it in order to avail himself of the high popularity of Greene, then just dead. Falling into some discredit, in consequence of the publication of it, Chettle re-asserted that it was by Greene, but he admitted that the manuscript from which it was printed was in his own hand-writing: this circumstance he explained by stating that Greene's copy was so illegible that he was obliged to transcribe it: "it was ill-written," says Chettle, "as Greene's hand was none of the best;" and therefore he re-wrote it.

to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast our blank-verse, as the best of you: and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

The chief and obvious purpose of this address is to induce Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele to cease to write for the stage; and, in the course of his exhortation, Greene bitterly inveighs against "an upstart crow," who had availed himself of the dramatic labours of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank-verse as any of his contemporaries, who was a *Johannes Fac-totum*, and who, in his own opinion, was "the only SHAKE-SCENE in a country." All this is clearly levelled at Shakespeare, under the purposely-perverted name of *Shake-scene*, and the words, "Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," are a parody upon a line in a historical play, (most likely by Greene) "O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide," from which Shakespeare had taken his "Henry VI." part iii.[1]

From hence it is evident that Shakespeare, near the end of 1592, had established such a reputation, and was so important a rival of the dramatists, who, until he came forward, had kept undisputed possession of the stage, as to excite the envy and enmity of Greene, even during his last and fatal illness. It also, we think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz. that our great poet possessed such variety of talent, that, for the purposes of the company of which he was a member, he could do anything that he might be called upon to perform: he was the *Johannes Fac-totum* of the association: he was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and improver of those already in existence, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches or passages on any temporary emergency. Having his ready assistance, the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists[2]: Shakespeare was the *Johan-*

[1] See this point more fully illustrated in the Introduction to "Henry VI." part iii.

[2] At this date Peele had relinquished his connection with the com

nes Fac-totum who could turn his hand to any thing connected with his profession, and who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade. In our view, therefore, the quotation we have made from the "Groatsworth of Wit" proves more than has been usually collected from it.

It was natural and proper that Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: that he did there is no doubt, for we are told so by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Groatsworth of Wit:" he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligibly that there is no room for dispute. Marlowe, also, and not without reason, complained of the manner in which Greene had spoken of him in the same work, but to him Chettle made no apology, while to Shakespeare he offered all the amends in his power.

His apology to Shakespeare is contained in a tract called "Kind-heart's Dream," which was published without date, but as Greene expired on 3d September, 1592, and Chettle tells us in "Kind-heart's Dream," that Greene died "about three months" before, it is certain that "Kind-heart's Dream" came out prior to the end of 1592, as we now calculate the year, and about three months before it expired, according to the reckoning of that period. The whole passage relating to Marlowe and Shakespeare is highly interesting, and we therefore extract it entire.—

"About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands: among others his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter, written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known: and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them, that take offence, was I acquainted; and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be: the other, [Shakespeare] whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent

pany occupying the Blackfriars theatre, to which as will be remembered, he was attached in 1589. How far the rising genius of Shakespeare, and his increased utility and importance, had contributed to the withdrawal of Peele, and to his junction with the rival association acting under the name of the Lord Admiral, it is impossible to determine. We have previously adverted to this point

in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. For the first, [Marlowe] whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

The accusation of Greene against Marlowe had reference to the freedom of his religious opinions, of which it is not necessary here to say more: the attack upon Shakespeare we have already inserted and observed upon. In Chettle's apology to the latter, one of the most noticeable points is the tribute he pays to our great dramatist's abilities as an actor, "his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes:" the word "quality" was applied, at that date, peculiarly and technically to acting, and the "quality" Shakespeare "professed" was that of an actor. "His facetious grace in writing[1]" is separately adverted to and admitted, while "his uprightness of dealing" is attested, not only by Chettle's own experience, but by the evidence of "divers of worship." Thus the amends made to Shakespeare for the envious assault of Greene shows most decisively the high opinion entertained of him, towards the close of 1592, as an actor, an author, and a man[2].

[1] There were not separate impressions of "Kind-heart's Dream" in 1592, but the only three copies known vary in some minute particulars: thus, with reference to these words, one impression at Oxford reads, "his *fatious* grace in writing," and the other, correctly, as we have given it. "Kind-heart's Dream" has been re-printed, by the Percy Society, from the third copy in the King's Library at the British Museum.

[2] More than ten years afterwards, Chettle paid another tribute to Shakespeare, under the name of Melicert, in his "England's Mourning Garment:" the author is reproaching the leading poets of the day, Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Jonson, Drayton, Sackville, Dekker, &c., for not writing in honour of Queen Elizabeth, who was just dead: he thus addresses Shakespeare:—

> "Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear,
> To mourn her death that graced his desert,
> And to his lays open'd her royal ear.
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin death."

This passage is important, with reference to the Royal encouragement given to Shakespeare, in consequence of the approbation of his plays at Court: Elizabeth had "graced his desert," and "open'd her royal ear" to "his lays." Chettle did not long survive the publication of "England's Mourning Garment" in 1603: he was dead in 1607, as he is spoken of in Dekker's "Knight's Conjuring," of that year, (there is an impression also without date, and possibly a few months earlier) as a very corpulent ghost in the Elysian Fields. He

We have already inserted Spenser's warm, but not less judicious and well-merited, eulogium of Shakespeare in 1591, when in his "Tears of the Muses" he addresses him as Willy, and designates him

> ——"that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe."

If we were to trust printed dates, it would seem that in the same year the author of "The Faerie Queene" gave another proof of his admiration of our great dramatist: we allude to a passage in "Colin Clout's come home again," which was published with a dedication dated 27th December, 1591; but Malone proved, beyond all cavil, that for 1591 we ought to read 1594, the printer having made an extraordinary blunder. In that poem (after the author has spoken of many living and dead poets, some by their names, as Alabaster and Daniel, and others by fictitious and fanciful appellations[1]) he inserts these lines:—

> "And there, though last not least, is Ætion;
> A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
> Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Malone takes unnecessary pains to establish that this passage applies to Shakespeare, although he pertinaciously denied that "our pleasant Willy" of "The Tears of the Muses" was intended for him. We have no doubt on either point; and it is singular, that it should never have struck Malone that the same epithet is given in both cases to the

had been originally a printer, then became a bookseller, and, finally, a pamphleteer and dramatist. He was, in various degrees, concerned in about forty plays.

[1] Malone, with a good deal of research and patience, goes over all the pseudo-names in "Colin Clout's come home again," applying each to poets of the time; but how uncertain and unsatisfactory any attempt of the kind must necessarily be may be illustrated in a single instance. Malone refers the following lines to Arthur Golding:

> "And there is old Palemon, free from spite,
> Whose careful pipe may make the hearers rue;
> Yet he himself may rued be more right,
> Who sung so long, until quite hoarse he grew."

The passage, in truth, applies to Thomas Churchyard, as he himself informs us in his "Pleasant Discourse of Court and Wars," 1596: he complains of neglect, and tells us that the Court is

> "The platform where all poets thrive,
> Save one *whose voice is hoarse*, they say;
> The stage, where time away we drive,
> As children in a pageant play."

In the same way we might show that Malone was mistaken as to other poets he supposes alluded to by Spenser; but it would lead us too far out of our way. No body has disputed, that by Ætion, the author of "Colin Clout" meant Shakespeare.

person addressed, and that epithet one which, at a subsequent date, almost constantly accompanied the name of Shakespeare. In "The Tears of the Muses" he is called a "*gentle* spirit," and in "Colin Clout's come home again" we are told that,

"A *gentler* shepherd may no where be found."

In the same feeling Ben Jonson calls him "my *gentle* Shakespeare," in the noble copy of verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, so that ere long the term became peculiarly applied to our great and amiable dramatist[1]. This coincidence of expression is another circumstance to establish that Spenser certainly had Shakespeare in his mind when he wrote his "Tears of the Muses" in 1591, and his "Colin Clout's come home again" in 1594. In the latter instance the whole description is nearly as appropriate as in the earlier, with the addition of a line, which has a clear and obvious reference to the patronymic of our poet: his Muse, says Spenser,

"Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

These words alone may be taken to show, that between 1591 and 1594 Shakespeare had somewhat changed the character of his compositions: Spenser having applauded him, in his "Tears of the Muses," for unrivalled talents in comedy, (a department of the drama to which Shakespeare had, perhaps, at that date especially, though not exclusively, devoted himself) in his "Colin Clout" spoke of the "high thought's invention," which then filled Shakespeare's muse, and made her sound as "heroically" as his name. Of his genius, in a loftier strain of poetry than belonged to comedy, our great dramatist, by the year 1594, must have given some remarkable and undeniable proofs. In 1591 he had perhaps written his "Love's Labour 's Lost" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" but in 1594 he had, no doubt, produced one or more of his great historical plays, his "Richard II." and "Richard III.," both of which, as before remarked, together with "Romeo and Juliet," came from the press in 1597, though the last in a very mangled, imperfect, and unauthentic state. One circumstance may be mentioned, as leading to the belief that "Richard III." was brought out in 1594, viz. that in that year an impression of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third," (an older play than that of Shakespeare) was published, that it might be bought under the notion that it was the new drama by the most popular poet of the day, then in a course of representation. It is most probable that "Richard II." had been

[1] In a passage we have already extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions;" but he is there perhaps rather referring to his style of composition.

composed before "Richard III," and to either or both of them the lines,

> "Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound,"

will abundantly apply. The difference in the character of Spenser's tributes to Shakespeare in 1591 and 1594 was occasioned by the difference in the character of his productions

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CHAPTER IX.

The dramas written by Shakespeare up to 1594. New documents relating to his father, under the authority of Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulk Greville, &c. Recusants in Stratford-upon-Avon. John Shakespeare employed to value the goods of H. Field. Publication of "Venus and Adonis" during the plague in 1593. Dedication of it, and of "Lucrece," 1594, to the Earl of Southampton. Bounty of the Earl to Shakespeare, and coincidence between the date of the gift and the building of the Globe theatre on the Bankside. Probability of the story that Lord Southampton presented Shakespeare with 1000*l*.

Having arrived at the year 1594, we may take this opportunity of stating which of Shakespeare's extant works, in our opinion, had by that date been produced. We have already mentioned the three parts of "Henry VI.," "Titus Andronicus," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Love's Labour's Lost," as in being in 1591; and in the interval between 1591 and 1594, we apprehend, he had added to them "Richard II." and "Richard III." Of these, the four last were entirely the work of our great dramatist: in the others he more or less availed himself of previous dramas, or possibly, of the assistance of contemporaries.

We must now return to Stratford-upon-Avon, in order to advert to a very different subject.

A document has been recently discovered in the State Paper Office, which is highly interesting with respect to the religious tenets, or worldly circumstances, of Shakespeare's father in 1592[1]. Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Henry Goodere, Sir John Harrington, and four others, having been appointed commissioners to make inquiries "touching all such persons" as were "jesuits, semi-

[1] We have to express our best thanks to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this manuscript, and for supplying us with an analysis of its contents.

nary priests, fugitives, or recusantes," in the county of Warwick, sent to the Privy Council what they call their "second certificate," on the 25th Sept. 1592[1]. It is divided into different heads, according to the respective hundreds, parishes, &c., and each page is signed by them. One of these divisions applies to Stratford-upon-Avon, and the return of names there is thus introduced:—

> "The names of all sutch Recusantes as have bene heartofore presented for not cominge monethlie to the church, according to her Majesties lawes, and yet are thought to forbeare the church for debt, and for feare of processe, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, or impotencie of bodie."

The names which are appended to this introduction are the following:—

"Mr. John Wheeler,
John Wheeler, his son,
Mr. John Shackspere,
Mr. Nicholas Barneshurste,
Thomas James, alias Gyles,
William Bainton,
Richard Harrington,
William Flullen,
George Bardolphe[2]:"

and opposite to them, separated by a bracket, we read these words:—

"It is sayd, that these last nine coome not to churche for feare of processe of debte."

Here we find the name of "Mr. John Shakespeare" either as a recusant, or as "forbearing the Church," on account of the fear of process for debt, or on account of "age, sickness, or impotency of body," mentioned in the introduction to the document. The question is, to which cause we are to attribute his absence; and with regard to process for debt, we are to recollect that it could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension of that kind need not have kept him away from church on the Sabbath. Neither was it likely that his son, who was at this date profitably employed in London as an actor and author, and who three years before was a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, would have allowed his father to continue so distressed for money, as not to be able to attend the usual place of divine worship[3]. There

[1] The *first* certificate has not been found in the State Paper Office, after the most diligent search.

[2] Hence we see that Shakespeare took two names in his "Henry V." from persons who bore them in his native town. Awdrey was also a female appellation known in Stratford, as appears elsewhere in the same document.

[3] By an account of rents received by Thomas Rogers, Chamberlain of Stratford, in 1589, it appears that "John Shakespeare" occupied a house in Bridge-street, at an annual rent of twelve shillings,

fore, although John Shakespeare was certainly in great pe cuniary difficulties at the time his son William quitted Stratford, we altogether reject the notion that that son had permitted his father to live in comparative want, while he himself possessed more than competence.

"Age, sickness, and impotency of body," may indeed have kept John Shakespeare from church, but upon this point we have no information beyond the fact, that if he were born, as Malone supposes, in 1530, he was at this date only sixty-two.

With regard to his religious opinions, it is certain that after he became alderman of Stratford, on 4th July 1565, he must have taken the usual oath required from all protestants; but, according to the records of the borough, it was not administered to him until the 12th September following his election. This trifling circumstance perhaps hardly deserves notice, as it may have been usual to choose the corporate officers at one court, and to swear them in at the next. So far John Shakespeare may have conformed to the requirements of the law, but it is still possible that he may not have adopted all the new protestant tenets, or that having adopted them, like various other conscientious men, he saw reason afterwards to return to the faith he had abandoned. We have no evidence on this point as regards him; but we have evidence, as regards a person of the name of Thomas Greene, (who, although it seems very unlikely, may have been the same man who was an actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and who was a co-sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, in 1589) who is described in the certificate of the commissioners as then of a different parish, and who, it is added, had confessed that he had been "reconciled to the Romish religion." The memorandum is in these terms:—

"It is here to be remembred that one Thomas Greene, of this parisshe, heretofore presented and indicted for a recusante, hath confessed to Mr. Robt. Burgoyn, one of the commissioners for this service, that an ould Preest reconciled him to the Romishe religion, while he was prisoner in Worcester goale. This Greene is not everie day to be founde."

On the same authority we learn that the wife of Thomas Greene was "a most wilful recusant;" and although we are

nine shillings of which had been paid. Perhaps (as Malone thought) this was John Shakespeare, the shoemaker; because the father of the poet, having been bailiff and head-alderman, was usually styled *Mr.* John Shakespeare, as we have before remarked. However, it is a coincidence to be noted, that the name of John Shakespeare immediately follows that of Henry Fylde or Field, whose goods *Mr.* John Shakespeare was subsequently employed to value: they were therefore in all probability neighbours

by no means warranted in forming even an opinion on the question, whether Mary Shakespeare adhered to the ancient faith, it is indisputable, if we may rely upon the representation of the commissioners, that some of her family continued Roman Catholics. In the document under consideration it is stated, that Mrs. Mary Arden and her servant John Browne had been presented to the commissioners as recusants, and that they had been so prior to the date of the former return by the same official persons.

In considering the subject of the faith of our poet's father we ought to put entirely out of view the paper upon which Dr. Drake lays some stress[1]; we mean the sort of religious will, or confession of faith, supposed to have been found, about the year 1770, concealed in the tiling of the house John Shakespeare is conjectured to have inhabited. It was printed by Malone in 1790, but it obviously merits no attention, and there are many reasons for believing it to be spurious. Malone once looked upon it as authentic, but he corrected his judgment respecting it afterwards.

Upon the new matter we have here been able to produce, we shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusion, and to decide for himself whether John Shakespeare forbore church in 1592, because he was in fear of arrest, because he was "aged, sick, and impotent of body," or because he did not accord in the doctrines of the protestant faith.

We ought not, however, to omit to add, that if John Shakespeare were infirm in 1592, or if he were harassed and threatened by creditors, neither the one circumstance nor the other prevented him from being employed in August 1592 (in what particular capacity, or for what precise purpose is not stated) to assist "Thomas Trussell, gentleman," and "Richard Sponer and others," in taking an inventory of the goods and chattels of Henry Feelde of Stratford, tanner, after his decease. A contemporary copy of the original document has recently been placed in the hands of the Shakespeare Society for publication, but the fact, and not the details, is all that seems of importance here[2].

[1] "Shakspeare and his Times," vol. i. p. 8. Dr. Drake seems to be of the opinion that John Shakespeare may have refrained from attending the corporation halls previous to 1586, on account of his religious opinions.

[2] It has the following title :—

"A true and perfect Inventory of the Goodes and Cattells, which were the Goodes and Cattells of Henry Feelde, late of Stretford-uppon-Avon in the County of Warwyke, tanner, now decessed, beynge in Stretford aforesayd, the 21st daye of Auguste, Anno Domini 1592. By Thomas Trussell, Gentleman, Mr. John Shaksper, Richard Sponer and others."

The items of the inventory consist of nothing but an enumeration of old bedsteads, painted cloths, andirons, &c. of no curiosity and of

In the heading of the paper our poet's father is called "Mr John Shakespeare," and at the end we find his name as "John Shakespeare senior:" this appears to be the only instance in which the addition of "senior" was made, and the object of it might be to distinguish him more effectually from John Shakespeare, the shoemaker in Stratford, with whom, of old perhaps, as in modern times, he was now and then confounded. The fact itself may be material in deciding whether John Shakespeare, at the age of sixty-two, was, or was not so "aged, sick, or impotent of body" as to be unable to attend protestant divine worship. It certainly does not seem likely that he would have been selected for the performance of such a duty, however trifling, if he had been so apprehensive of arrest as not to be able to leave his dwelling, or if he had been very infirm from sickness or old age.

Whether he were, or were not a member of the protestant reformed Church, it is not to be disputed that his children, all of whom were born between 1558 and 1580, were baptized at the ordinary and established place of worship in the parish. That his son William was educated, lived, and died a protestant we have no doubt[1].

We have already stated our distinct and deliberate opinion that "Venus and Adonis" was written before its author left his home in Warwickshire. He kept it by him for some

little value. It is to be observed that Thomas Trussel was an attorney of Stratford, and it seems likely that the valuation was made in relation to Field's will. The whole sum at which the goods were estimated was £11. 14*s*. 0*d*., and the total, with the names of the persons making the appraisement, is thus stated at the end of the account.

"Some totall—£14. 14*s*. 0*d*.
John Shaksper senior
By me Richard Sponer
Per me Thomas Trussel
Script. present."

Of course, unless, as does not appear in this coeval copy, John Shakespeare made his mark, the document must have been subscribed by some person on his behalf.

[1] Nearly all the passages in his works, of a religious or doctrinal character, have been brought into one view by Sir Frederick B. Watson, K. C. H., in a very elegant volume, printed in 1843, for the benefit of the theatrical funds of our two great theatres. The object of the very zealous and amiable compiler was to counteract a notion, formerly prevailing, that William Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, and he has done so very effectually, although we do not find among his extracts one which seems to us of great value upon this question: it forms part of the prophecy of Cranmer, at the christening of Queen Elizabeth in "Henry VIII." act v. sc. 4. It consists of but five expressive words, which we think clearly refer to the completion of the Reformation under our maiden queen.

"In her days * * * *
God shall be truly known."

years, and early in 1593 seems to have put it into the hands of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stratford, and might be the son of the Henry Feelde, or Field, whose goods John Shakespeare was employed to value in 1592. It is to be recollected that at the time "Venus and Adonis" was sent to the press, while it was printing, and when it was published, the plague prevailed in London to such an excess, that it was deemed expedient by the privy council to put a stop to all theatrical performances[1]. Shakespeare seems to have availed himself of this interval, in order to bring before the world a production of a different character to those which had been ordinarily seen from his pen. Until "Venus and Adonis" came out, the public at large could only have known him by the dramas he had written, or by those which, at an earlier date, he had altered, amended, and revived. The poem came from Field's press in the spring of 1593, preceded by a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. Its popularity was great and instantaneous, for a new edition of it was called for in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602[2]: there may have been, and probably were, intervening impressions, which have disappeared among the popular and destroyed literature of the time. We may conclude that this admirable and unequalled production first introduced its author to the notice of Lord Southampton; and it is evident from the opening of the dedication, that Shakespeare had not taken the precaution of ascertaining, in the first instance, the wishes of the young nobleman on the subject. Lord Southampton was more than nine years younger than Shakespeare, having been born on 6th Oct. 1573.

We may be sure that the dedication of "Venus and Adonis" was, on every account, acceptable, and Shakespeare followed it up by inscribing to the same peer, but in a much more assured and confident strain, his "Lucrece" in the

[1] By the following order, derived from the registers:—

"That for avoyding of great concourse of people, which causeth increase of the infection, it were convenient that all Playes, Bearbaytings, Cockpitts, common Bowling-alleyes, and such like unnecessarie assemblies, should be suppressed during the time of infection, for that infected people, after their long keeping in, and before they be cleared of their disease and infection, being desirous of recreation, use to resort to such assemblies, where, through heate and thronge, they infect many sound personnes."

In consequence of the virulence and extent of the disorder, Michaelmas term, 1593, was kept at St. Alban's. It was about this period that Nash's "Summer's Last Will and Testament" was acted as a private entertainment at Croydon.

[2] Malone knew nothing of any copy of 1594. The impression of 1602 was printed for W. Leake; only a single copy of the edition has come down to our day: it had been entered by him as early as 1596

succeeding year. He then "dedicated his love" to his juvenile patron, having "a warrant of his honourable disposition" towards his "pamphlet" and himself. "Lucrece" was not calculated, from its subject and the treatment of it, to be so popular as "Venus and Adonis," and the first edition having appeared from Field's press in 1594, a reprint of it does not seem to have been called for until after the lapse of four years, and the third edition bears the date of 1600.

It must have been about this period that the Earl of Southampton bestowed a most extraordinary proof of his high-minded munificence upon the author of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." It was not unusual, at that time and afterwards. for noblemen, and others to whom works were dedicated, to make presents of money to the writers of them; but there is certainly no instance upon record of such generous bounty, on an occasion of the kind, as that of which we are now to speak[1]: nevertheless, we have every reliance upon the authenticity of the anecdote, taking into account the unexampled merit of the poet, the known liberality of the nobleman, and the evidence upon which the story has been handed down. Rowe was the original narrator of it in print, and he doubtless had it, with other information, from Betterton, who probably received it directly from Sir William Davenant, and communicated it to Rowe. If it cannot be asserted that Davenant was strictly contemporary with Shakespeare, he was contemporary with Shakespeare's contemporaries, and from them he must have obtained the original information. Rowe gives the statement in these words:—

"There is one instance so singular in the munificence of this patron of Shakespeare's that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

No biographer of Shakespeare seems to have adverted to the period when it was likely that the gift was made, in combination with the nature of the purchase Lord Southampton had heard our great dramatist wished to complete, or, it seems to us, they would not have thought the tradition by any means so improbable as some have held it.

[1] The author of the present Life of Shakespeare is bound to make one exception, which has come particularly within his own knowledge, but of which he does not feel at liberty to say more.

The disposition to make a worthy return for the dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" would of course be produced in the mind of Lord Southampton by the publication of those poems; and we are to recollect that it was precisely at the same date that the Lord Chamberlain's servants entered upon the project of building the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, not very far to the west of the Southwark foot of London Bridge. "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593; and it was on the 22nd Dec. in that year that Richard Burbage, the great actor, and the leader of the company to which Shakespeare was attached, signed a bond to a carpenter of the name of Peter Street for the construction of the Globe. It is not too much to allow at least a year for its completion; and it was during 1594, while the work on the Bankside was in progress, that "Lucrece" came from the press. Thus we see that the building of the Globe, at the cost of the sharers in the Blackfriars theatre, was coincident in point of time with the appearance of the two poems dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. Is it, then, too much to believe that the young and bountiful nobleman, having heard of this enterprise from the peculiar interest he is known to have taken in all matters relating to the stage, and having been incited by warm admiration of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," in the fore-front of which he rejoiced to see his own name presented Shakespeare with 1000*l.*, to enable him to make good the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for the completion of the Globe?

We do not mean to say that our great dramatist stood in need of the money, or that he could not have deposited it as well as the other sharers in the Blackfriars[1]; but Lord Southampton may not have thought it necessary to inquire, whether he did or did not want it, nor to consider precisely what it had been customary to give ordinary versifiers, who sought the pay and patronage of the nobility. Although Shakespeare had not yet reached the climax of his excellence, Lord Southampton knew him to be the greatest dramatist this country had yet produced; he knew him also to be the writer of two poems, dedicated to himself, with which nothing else of the kind could bear comparison; and in the exercise of his bounty he measured the poet by his deserts, and "used him after his own honour and dignity," by bestowing upon him a sum worthy of his title and char-

[1] Neither are we to imagine that Shakespeare would have to contribute the whole sum of 1000*l.* as his contribution to the cost of the Globe: probably much less; but this was a consideration which, we may feel assured, never entered the mind of a man like Lord Southampton

acter, and which his wealth probably enabled him without difficulty to afford. We do not believe that there has been any exaggeration in the amount, (although that is more possible, than that the whole statement should have been a fiction) and Lord Southampton may thus have intended also to indicate his hearty good will to the new undertaking of the company, and his determination to support it[1].

CHAPTER X.

The opening of the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, in 1595. Union of Shakespeare's associates with the Lord Admiral's players. The theatre at Newington Butts. Projected repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: opposition by the inhabitants of the precinct. Shakespeare's rank in the company in 1596. Petition from him and seven others to the Privy Council, and its results. Repair of the Blackfriars theatre. Shakespeare a resident in Southwark in 1596: proof that he was so from the papers at Dulwich College.

We have concluded, as we think that we may do very fairly, that the construction of the new theatre on the Bankside, subsequently known as the Globe, having been commenced soon after the signature of the bond of Burbage to Street, on 22d Dec. 1593, was continued through the year 1594: we apprehend that it would be finished and ready for the reception of audiences early in the spring of 1595. It was a round wooden building, open to the sky, while the stage was protected from the weather by an overhanging roof of thatch. The number of persons it would contain we have no means of ascertaining, but it was certainly of larger dimensions than the Rose, the Hope or the Swan, three other edifices of the same kind and used for the same purpose, in the immediate vicinity. The Blackfriars was a private theatre, as it was called, entirely covered in, and of smaller size; and from thence the company, after the Globe had been completed, was in the habit of removing in the spring, perhaps as soon as there was any indication of the setting in of fine cheerful weather[2].

[1] After the Globe had been burned down in June, 1613, it was rebuilt very much by the contributions of the king and the nobility. Lord Southampton may have intended the 1000*l.*, in part, as a contribution to this enterprise, through the hands of an individual whom he had good reason to distinguish from the rest of the company.

[2] We know that they did so afterwards, and there is every reason to believe that such was their practice from the beginning. Dr. Forman records, in his Diary in the Ashmolean Museum, that he saw "Macbeth" at the Globe, on the 20th April, 1610; "Richard II." on

Before the building of the Globe, for the exclusive use of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain, there can be little doubt that they did not act all the year round at the Blackfriars: they appear to have performed sometimes at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and Richard Burbage, at the time of his death, still had shares in that playhouse[1]. Whether they occupied it in common with any other association is not so clear; but we learn from Henslowe's Diary, that in 1594, and perhaps at an earlier date, the company of which Shakespeare was a member had played at a theatre in Newington Butts, where the Lord Admiral's servants also exhibited. At this period of our stage-history the performances usually began at three o'clock in the afternoon; for the citizens transacted their business and dined early, and many of them afterwards walked out into the fields for recreation, often visiting such theatres as were open purposely for their reception. Henslowe's Diary shows that the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's servants had joint possession of the Newington theatre from 3d June 1594, to the 15th November, 1596; and during that period various pieces were performed, which in their titles resemble plays which unquestionably came from Shakespeare's pen. That none of these were productions by our great dramatist, it is, of course, impossible to affirm; but the strong probability seems to be, that they were older dramas, of which he subsequently, more or less, availed himself. Among these was a "Hamlet," acted on 11th of June, 1594: a "Taming of a Shrew," acted on 11th June, 1594; an "Andronicus," acted on 12th June, 1594; a "Venetian Comedy," acted on 12th Aug. 1594; a "Cæsar and Pompey," acted 8th Nov. 1594; a "Second Part of Cæsar," acted 26th June, 1595; a "Henry V.," acted on 28th Nov. 1595; and a "Troy," acted on the 22d June, 1596. To these we might

the 30th April, 1611, and "The Winter's Tale" on the 15th May, in the same year. See the Introductions to those several plays.

[1] The same was precisely the case with Pope, the celebrated comedian, who died in Feb. 1604. His will, dated 22d July, 1603, contains the following clause: "Item, I give and bequeath to the said Mary Clark, alias Wood, and to the said Thomas Bromley, as well all my part, right, title, and interest, which I have, or ought to have, In and to all that playnouse, with the appurtenances, called the Curtain, situate and being in Holywell, in the parish of St. Leonard's in Shoreditch, in the county of Middlesex; as also my part, estate, and interest, which I have, or ought to have, in and to all that playhouse, with the appurtenances, called the Globe, in the parish of St. Saviour's, in the county of Surrey."—Chalmers' Supplemental Apology, p. 165.

Richard Burbage lived and died (in 1619) in Holywell-street, near the Curtain theatre, as if his presence were necessary for the superintendence of the concern, although he had been an actor at the Blackfriars for many years, and at the Globe ever since its erection.

add a "Palamon and Arcite," (acted on 17th Sept. 1594) if we suppose Shakespeare to have had any hand in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen;" and an "Antony and Vallea," (acted on the 20th June, 1595) as it is called in the barbarous record, which may possibly have had some connexion with "Antony and Cleopatra." We have no reason to think that Shakespeare did not aid in these representations, although he was perhaps, too much engaged with the duties of authorship, at this date, to take a very busy or prominent part as an actor.

The fact that the Lord Chamberlain's players acted at Newington until November, 1596, may appear to militate against our notion that the Globe was finished and ready for performances in the spring of 1595; and it is very possible that the construction occupied more time than we have imagined. Malone was of opinion that the Globe might have been opened even in 1594[1]; but we postpone that event until the following year, because we think the time too short, and because, unless it were entirely completed early in 1594, it would not be required, inasmuch as the company for which it was built seem to have acted at the Blackfriars in the winter. Our notion is, that, even after the Globe was finished, the Lord Chamberlain's servants now and then performed at Newington in the summer, because audiences, having been accustomed to expect them there, assembled for the purpose, and the players did not think it prudent to relinquish the emolument thus to be obtained. The performances at Newington, we presume, did not however interfere with the representations at the Globe. If any members of the company had continued to play at Newington after November 1596, we should, no doubt, have found some trace of it in Henslowe's Diary.

Another reason for thinking that the Globe was opened in the spring of 1595 is, that very soon afterwards the sharers in that enterprise commenced the repair and enlargement of their theatre in the Blackfriars, which had been in constant use for twenty years. Of this proceeding we shall have occasion to say more presently.

We may feel assured that the important incident of the opening of a new theatre on the Bankside, larger than any that then stood in that or in other parts of the town, was celebrated by the production of a new play. Considering his station and duties in the company, and his popularity as a dramatist, we may be confident also that the new play was written by Shakespeare. In the imperfect state of our information, it would be vain to speculate which of his

[1] Inquiry into the Authenticity, &c. p. 87.

dramas was brought out on the occasion; but if the reader will refer to our several Introductions, he will see which of the plays according to such evidence as we are acquainted with, may appear in his view to have the best claim to the distinction. Many years ago we were strongly inclined to think that "Henry V." was the piece: the Globe was round, and the "wooden O" is most pointedly mentioned in that drama; so that at all events we are satisfied that it was acted in that theatre: there is also a nationality about the subject, and a popularity in the treatment of it, which would render it peculiarly appropriate; but on farther reflection and information, we are unwillingly convinced that "Henry V." was not written until some years afterwards. We frankly own, therefore, that we are not in a condition to offer an opinion upon the question, and we are disposed, where we can, to refrain even from conjecture, when we have no ground on which to rest a speculation.

Allowing about fifteen months for the erection and completion of the Globe, we may believe that it was in full operation in the spring, summer, and autumn of 1595. On the approach of cold weather, the company would of course return to their winter quarters in the Blackfriars, which was enclosed, lighted from within, and comparatively warm. This theatre, as we have stated, at this date had been in constant use for twenty years, and early in 1596 the sharers directed their attention to the extensive repair, enlargement, and, possibly, entire re-construction of the building. The evidence that they entertained such a design is very decisive; and we may perhaps infer, that the prosperity of their new experiment at the Globe encouraged them to this outlay. On the 9th Jan. 1596 (1595, according to the then mode of calculating the year) Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain at the time, but who died about six months afterwards, wrote to Sir William More, expressing a wish to take a house of him in the Blackfriars, and adding that he had heard that Sir William More had parted with a portion of his own residence "to some that mean to make a playhouse of it[1]."

The truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence of their increased popularity, owing, we may readily imagine, in a great degree to the success of the plays Shakespeare had produced, the company which had occupied the Blackfriars theatre found that their house was too small for their audiences, and wished to enlarge it; but it appears rather singular that Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, should

[1] See "The Loseley Manuscripts," by A. J. Kempe, Esq., 8vo 1835, p. 496; a very curious and interesting collection of original documents.

not be at all aware of the intention of the players acting under the sanction of his name and office, and should only have heard that some persons "meant to make a playhouse" of part of Sir William More's residence. We have not a copy of the whole of Lord Hunsdon's letter—only an abstract of it—which reads as if the Lord Chamberlain did not even know that there was any theatre at all in the Blackfriars. Two documents in the State Paper Office, and a third preserved at Dulwich College, enable us to state distinctly what was the object of the actors at the Blackfriars in 1596. The first of these is a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, then commenced, but against all farther performances in the theatre.

Of this paper it is not necessary for our purpose to say more; but the answer to it, on the part of the association of actors, is a very valuable relic, inasmuch as it gives the names of eight players who were the proprietors of the theatre or its appurtenances, that of Shakespeare being fifth in the list. It will not have been forgotten, that in 1589 no fewer than sixteen sharers were enumerated, and that then Shakespeare's name was the twelfth; but it did not by any means follow, that because there were sixteen sharers in the receipts, they were also proprietors of the building, properties, or wardrobe: in 1596 it is stated that Thomas Pope, (from whose will we have already given an extract) Richard Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Heminge) Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, (who withdrew from the company in 1601) William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were "owners" of the theatre as well as sharers in the profits arising out of the performances. The fact, however, seems to be that the sole owner of the edifice in which plays were represented, the proprietor of the freehold, was Richard Burbage, who inherited it from his father, and transmitted it to his sons; but as a body, the parties addressing the privy council (for the "petition" appears to have been sent thither) might in a certain sense call themselves owners of, as well as sharers in, the Blackfriars theatre. We insert the document in a note, observing merely, that like many others of a similar kind, it is without signatures[1].

[1] "To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honorable Privie Councell.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servaunts to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

"Sheweth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and

The date of the year when this petition of the actors was presented to the privy council is ascertained from that of the remonstrance of the inhabitants which had rendered it necessary, viz. 1596; but by another paper, among the theatrical relics of Alleyn and Henslowe at Dulwich College, we are enabled to show that both the remonstrance and the petition were anterior to May in that year. Henslowe (step-father to Alleyn's wife, and Alleyn's partner) seems always, very prudently, to have kept up a good understanding with the officers of the department of the revels; and on 3rd May, 1596, a person of the name of Veale, servant to Edmond Tylney, master of the revels, wrote to Henslowe, informing him (as of course he must take an interest in the result) that it had been decided by the privy council, that the Lord Chamberlain's servants should be allowed to complete their repairs, but not to enlarge their house in the Blackfriars; the note of Veale to Henslowe is on a small slip of paper, very clearly written; and as it is short, we here insert it:—

"Mr. Hinslowe. This is to enfourme you that my Mr., the Maister of the revelles, hath rec. from the Ll. of the counsell

players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, which hath beene for many yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, commedies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of its having beene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the reparation thereof, it hath beene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto. That to this end your Petitioners have all and eche of them put down sommes of money, according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players; but that certaine persons (some of them of honour) inhabitants of the said precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers have, as your Petitioners are informed, besought your honourable Lordshipps not to permitt the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your Petitioners are able to playe at their new built house on the Bankside calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriers; and if your honorable Lordshipps give consent unto that which is prayde against your Petitioners, thay will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the meanes whereby they now support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise themselves in anie playes or enterludes, when calde upon to performe for the recreation and solace of her Matie and her honorable Court, as they have beene heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honorable Lordshipps grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun; and as your Petitioners have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honorable Lordshipps will not inhibit them from acting at their above namde private house in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, and your Petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happiness of your honorable L^rdshipps."

order that the L. Chamberlen's servauntes shall not be distourbed at the Blackefryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto theym to make good the decaye of the saide House, butt not to make the same larger then in former tyme hath bene. From thoffice of the Revelles. this 3 of maie, 1596. "RICH. VEALE."

Thus the whole transaction is made clear: the company, soon after the opening of the Globe, contemplated the repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: the inhabitants of the precincts objected not only to the repair and enlargement, but to any dramatic representations in that part of the town: the company petitioned to be allowed to carry out their design, as regarded the restoration of the edifice, and the increase of its size; but the privy council consented only that the building should be repaired. We are to conclude, therefore, that after the repairs were finished, the theatre would hold no more spectators than formerly; but that the dilapidations of time were substantially remedied, we are sure from the fact, that the house continued long afterwards to be employed for the purpose for which it had been originally constructed[1].

What is of most importance in this proceeding, with reference to Shakespeare, is the circumstance upon which we have already remarked; that whereas his name, in 1589, stood twelfth in a list of sixteen sharers, in 1596 it was advanced to the fifth place in an enumeration of eight persons, who termed themselves "owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars." It is not difficult to suppose that the speculation at the Globe had been remarkably successful in its first season, and that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had thereby been induced to expend money upon the Blackfriars, in order to render it more commodious, as well as more capacious, under the calculation, that the receipts at the one house during the winter would be greater in consequence of their popularity at the other during the summer.

Where Shakespeare had resided from the time when he first came to London, until the period of which we are now speaking, we have no information; but in July, 1596, he was living in Southwark, perhaps to be close to the scene of action, and more effectually to superintend the performances at the Globe, which were continued through at least seven months of the year. We know not whether he removed there shortly before the opening of the Globe, or whether from the first it had been his usual place of abode; but Malone tells us, "From a paper now before me, which for-

[1] The ultimate fate of this playhouse, and of others existing at the same time, will be found stated in a subsequent part of our memoir

merly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596[1]." He gives us no farther insight into the contents of the paper; but he probably referred to a small slip, borrowed, with other relics of a like kind, from Dulwich College, many of which were returned after his death. Among those returned seems to have been the paper in question, which is valuable only because it proves distinctly, that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation, although it by no means establishes that he had not been resident there long before. We subjoin it exactly as it stands in the original: the hand-writing is ignorant, the spelling peculiar, and it was evidently merely a hasty and imperfect memorandum.—

"Inhabitantes of Sowtherk as have complaned, this — of Jully, 1596.

Mr Markis
Mr Tuppin
Mr Langorth
Wilsone the pyper
Mr Barett
Mr Shaksper
Phellipes
Tomson
Mother Golden the baude
Nagges
Fillpott and no more, and soe well ended."

This is the whole of the fragment, for such it appears to be, and without farther explanation, which we have not been able to find in any other document, in the depository where the above is preserved or elsewhere, it is impossible to understand more, than that Shakespeare and other inhabitants of Southwark had made some complaint in July 1596, which, we may guess, was hostile to the wishes of the writer, who congratulated himself that the matter was so well at an end. Some of the parties named, including our great dramatist, continued resident in Southwark long afterwards, as we shall have occasion in its proper place to show. The writer seems to have been desirous of speaking derogatorily of all the persons he enumerates, but still he designates some as "Mr. Markis, Mr. Tuppin, Mr. Langorth, Mr. Barett, and Mr. Shaksper;" but "Phellipes[2], Tomson

[1] "Inquiry into the Authenticity," &c. p. 215. He seems to have reserved particulars for his "Life of Shakespeare," which he did not live to complete, and which was imperfectly finished by Boswell.

[2] This may have been Augustine Phillippes, who belonged to the company of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and whose name stands fourth in the royal license of May 1603. He died as nearly as possible two years afterwards, his will being dated on the 4th May, and

Nagges, and Fillpott," he only mentions by their surnames, while he adds the words "the pyper" and "the baude" after "Wilsone[1]" and "Mother Golden," probably to indicate that any complaint from them ought to have but little weight. All that we certainly collect from the memorandum is what Malone gathered from it, that in July 1596, (Malone only gives the year, and adds "near the Bear-garden," which we do not find confirmed by the contents of the paper) in the middle of what we have considered the second season at the new theatre called the Globe, Shakespeare was an inhabitant of Southwark. That he had removed thither for the sake of convenience, and of being nearer to the spot, is not unlikely, but we have no evidence upon the point: as there is reason to believe that Burbage, the principal actor at the Globe, lived in Holywell Street, Shoreditch, near the Curtain playhouse[2], such an arrangement, as regards Shakespeare and the Globe, seems the more probable.

CHAPTER XI.

Chancery suit in 1597 by John Shakespeare and his wife to recover Asbyes: their bill; the answer of John Lambert; and the replication of John and Mary Shakespeare. Probable result of the suit. William Shakespeare's annual visit to Stratford. Death of his son Hamnet in 1596. General scarcity in England, and its effects at Stratford. The quantity of corn in the hands of William Shakespeare and his neighbours in February, 1598. Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," and probable instrumentality of Shakespeare in the original production of it on the stage. Henslowe's letter respecting the death of Gabriel Spenser.

We have already mentioned that in 1578 John Shakespeare and his wife, in order to relieve themselves from pecuniary embarrassment, mortgaged the small estate of the latter called Asbyes, at Wilmecote in the parish of Aston Cant-

proved on the 13th May, 1605. Among other bequests to his friends and "fellows," he gave "a thirty-shillings piece of gold" to William Shakespeare. He was a distinguished comic performer, and the earliest notice we have of him is prior to the death of Tarlton in 1588.

[1] It is just possible that by "Wilsone the pyper" the writer meant to point out "Jack Wilson," the singer of "Sigh no more, ladies," in "Much ado about Nothing," who, might be, and probably was, a player upon some wind instrument. See also the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (printed by the Shakespeare Society) p. 153, for a notice of "Mr. Wilson, the singer," when he dined on one occasion with the founder of Dulwich College.

[2] Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell. iii. p 182.

lowe, to Edmund Lambert, for the sum of 40*l.* As it consisted of nearly sixty acres of land, with a dwelling-house it must have been worth, perhaps, three times the sum advanced, and by the admission of all parties, the mortgagers were again to be put in possession, if they repaid the money borrowed on or before Michaelmas-day, 1580. According to the assertion of John and Mary Shakespeare, they tendered the 40*l.* on the day appointed, but it was refused, unless other moneys, which they owed to the mortgagee, were repaid at the same time. Edmund Lambert (perhaps the father of Edward Lambert, whom the eldest sister of Mary Shakespeare had married) died in 1586, in possession of Asbyes, and from him it descended to his eldest son, John Lambert, who continued to withhold it in 1597 from those who claimed to be its rightful owners.

In order to recover the property, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in chancery, on 24th Nov. 1597, against John Lambert of Barton-on-the-Heath, in which they alleged the fact of the tender and refusal of the 40*l.* by Edmund Lambert, who, wishing to keep the estate, no doubt coupled with the tender a condition not included in the deed. The advance of other moneys, the repayment of which was required by Edmund Lambert, was not denied by John and Mary Shakespeare, but they contended that they had done all the law required, to entitle them to the restoration of their estate of Asbyes: in their bill they also set forth, that John Lambert was "of great wealth and ability, and well friended and allied amongst gentlemen and freeholders of the country, in the county of Warwick," while, on the other hand, they were "of small wealth, and very few friends and alliance in the said county." The answer of John Lambert merely denied that the 40*l.* had been tendered, in consequence of which he alleged that his father became "lawfully and absolutely seised of the premises, in his demesne as of fee." To this answer John and Mary Shakespeare put in a replication, reiterating the assertion of the tender and refusal of the 40*l.* on Michaelmas-day, 1580, and praying Lord Keeper Egerton (afterwards Baron Ellesmere) to decree in their favour accordingly.

If any decree were pronounced, it is singular that no trace of it should have been preserved either in the records of the Court of Chancery, or among the papers of Lord Ellesmere; but such is the fact, and the inference is, that the suit was settled by the parties without proceeding to this extremity. We can have little doubt that the bill had been filed with the concurrence, and at the instance, of our great dramatist, who at this date was rapidly acquiring wealth, although his father and mother put forward in their

bill their own poverty and powerlessness, compared with the riches and influence of their opponent. William Shakespeare must have been aware, that during the last seventeen years his father and mother had been deprived of their right to Asbyes: in all probability his money was employed in order to commence and prosecute the suit in Chancery: and unless we suppose them to have stated and re-stated a deliberate falsehood, respecting the tender of the 40*l*., it is very clear that they had equity on their side. We think, therefore, we may conclude that John Lambert, finding he had no chance of success, relinquished his claim to Asbyes, perhaps on the payment of the 40*l*. and of the sums which his father had required from John and Mary Shakespeare in 1580, and which in 1597 they did not dispute to have been due.

Among other matters set forth by John Lambert in his answer is, that the Shakespeares were anxious to regain possession of Asbyes, because the current lease was near its expiration, and they hoped to be able to obtain an improved rent. Supposing it to have been restored to their hands, the fact may be that they did not let it again, but cultivated it themselves; and we have at this period some new documentary evidence to produce, leading to the belief that our poet was a land-owner, or at all events a land-occupier, to some extent in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Aubrey informs us, (and there is not only no reason for disbelieving his statement, but every ground for giving it credit) that William Shakespeare was "wout to go to his native country once a year." Without seeking for any evidence upon the question, nothing is more natural or probable; and when, therefore, he had acquired sufficient property, he might be anxious to settle his family comfortably and independently in Stratford. We must suppose that his father and mother were mainly dependent upon him, notwithstanding the recovery of the small estate of the latter at Wilmecote; and he may have employed his brother Gilbert, who was two years and a half younger than himself, and perhaps accustomed to agricultural pursuits, to look after his farming concerns in the country, while he himself was absent superintending his highly profitable theatrical undertakings in London. In 1595, 1596, and 1597, our poet must have been in the receipt of a considerable and an increasing income: he was part proprietor of the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres, both excellent speculations; he was an actor, doubtless earning a good salary, independently of the proceeds of his shares; and he was the most popular and applauded dramatic poet of the day. In

the summer he might find, or make, leisure to visit his native town, and we may be tolerably sure that he was there in August, 1596, when he had the misfortune to lose his only son Hamnet, one of the twins born early in the spring of 1585: the boy completed his eleventh year in February, 1596, so that his death in August following must have been a very severe trial for his parents[1].

Stow informs us, that in 1596 the price of provisions in England was so high, that the bushel of wheat was sold for six, seven, and eight shillings[2]: the dearth continued and increased through 1597, and in August of that year the price of the bushel of wheat had risen to thirteen shillings, fell to ten shillings, and rose again, in the words of the old faithful chronicler to "the late greatest price[3]." Malone found, and printed, a letter from Abraham Sturley, of Stratford-upon-Avon, dated 24th Jan., 1597–8, stating that his "neighbours groaned with the wants they felt through the dearness of corn[4]," and that malcontents in great numbers had gone to Sir Thoms Lucy and Sir Fulke Greville to complain of the maltsters for engrossing it. Connected with this dearth, the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of a document of much value as regards the biography of our poet, although, at first sight, it may not appear to deserve notice, it is sure in the end to attract. It is thus headed:—

> "The noate of corne and malte, taken the 4th of February 1597, in the 40th year of the raigne of our most gracious Soveraigne Ladie, Queen Elizabeth, &c."

and in the margin opposite the title are the words "Stratforde Burroughe, Warwicke." It was evidently prepared in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town; and it is divided into two columns, one showing the "Townsmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers' malt[5]." The names of the Townsmen and Strangers (when known) are all given, with the wards in which they

[1] The following is the form of the entry of the burial in the register of the church of Stratford:—
"1596. *August* 11. *Hamnet filius William Shakspere.*"

[2] *Annales*, edit. 1615, p. 1279. [3] Ibid. p. 1304.

[4] Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 566.

[5] In the indorsement of the document it is stated, that the Townsmen's malt amounted to 449 quarters and two "strike" or bushels, besides 9 quarters of barley—their peas, beans, and vetches to 15 quarters, and their oats to 12 quarters. The malt, the property of Strangers, amounted to 248 quarters and 5 strike, together with 3 quarters of peas. Besides malt, the Townsmen, it is said, were in possession of 43 quarters and a half of "wheat and mill-corn," and of 10 quarters and 6 strike of barley; but it seems to have been considerably more, even in Chapel-street Ward

resided, so that we are enabled by this document, among other things, to prove in what part of Stratford the family of our great poet then dwelt: it was in Chapel-street Ward, and it appears that at the date of the account William Shakespeare had ten quarters of corn in his possession. As some may be curious to see who were his immediate neighbours, and in what order the names are given, we copy the account, as far as it relates to Chapel-street Ward, exactly as it stands.—

CHAPPLE STREET WARD.

3 Frauncis Smythe, Junr., 3 quarters.
5 John Coxe, 5 quarters.
17½ M^{r}. Thomas Dyxon, 17½ quarters.
3 M^{r}. Thomas Barbor, 3 quarters.
5 Mychaell Hare, 5 quarters.
6 M^{r}. Bifielde, 6 quarters.
6 Hugh Aynger, 6 quarters.
6 Thomas Badsey, 6 quarters—barcley 1 quarter.
1. 2 str. John Rogers, 10 strikes.
8 W^{m}. Emmettes, 8 quarters.
11 M^{r}. Aspinall, aboute 11 quarters.
10 W^{m}. Shackespere, 10 quarters.
7 Jul. Shawe, 7 quarters."

We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer to this document upon another point, but in the mean time we may remark that the name of John Shakespeare is not found in any part of it. This fact gives additional probability to the belief that the two old people, possibly with some of their children, were living in the house of their son William, for such may be the reason why we do not find John Shakespeare mentioned in the account as the owner of any corn. It may likewise in part explain how it happened that William Shakespeare was in possession of so large a quantity: in proportion to the number of his family, in time of scarcity, he would be naturally desirous to be well provided with the main article of subsistence; or it is very possible that, as a grower of grain, he might keep some in store for sale to those who were in want of it. Ten quarters does not seem much more than would be needed for his own consumption; but it affords some proof of his means and substance at this date, that only two persons in Chapel-street Ward had a larger quantity in their hands. We are led to infer from this circumstance that our great dramatist may have been a cultivator of land, and it is not unlikely that the wheat in his granary had been grown on his mother's estate of Asbyes, at Wilmecote, of which we know that no fewer than fifty, out of about sixty, acres were arable[1].

[1] Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 25.

We must now return to London and to theatrical affairs there, and in the first place advert to a passage in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the real or supposed commencement of the connexion between our great dramatist and Ben Jonson[1]. Rowe tells us that "Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare, luckily, cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public." This anecdote is entirely disbelieved by Mr. Gifford, and he rests his incredulity upon the supposition, that Ben Jonson's earliest known production, "Every Man in his Humour," was originally acted in 1597 at a different theatre, and he produces as evidence Henslowe's Diary, which, he states, proves that the comedy came out at the Rose[2].

[1] For the materials of the following note, which sets right an important error relating to Ben Jonson's mother, we are indebted to Mr. Peter Cunningham.

Malone and Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 5) both came to the conclusion that the Mrs. Margaret Jonson, mentioned in the register of St. Martin's in the Fields as having been married, 17th November, 1575, to Mr. Thomas Fowler, was the mother of Ben Jonson, who then took a second husband. "There cannot be a reasonable doubt of it," says Gifford; but the fact is nevertheless certainly otherwise. It appears that Ben Jonson's mother was living after the comedy of "Eastward Ho!" which gave offence to King James, (and which was printed in 1605,) was brought out.—(Laing's edit. of "Ben Jonson's Conversations," p. 20.) It is incontestable that the Mrs. Margaret Fowler, who was married in 1575, was dead before 1595; for her husband, Mr. Thomas Fowler, was then buried, and in the inscription upon his tomb, in the old church of St. Martin's in the Fields, it was stated that he survived his three wives, Ellen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, who were buried in the same grave. The inscription (which we have seen in Strype's edit. of Stowe's Survey, 1720, b. vi. p. 69) informs us also, that Mr. Thomas Fowler was "born at Wicam, in the county of Lancaster," and that he had been "Comptroller and Paymaster of the Works" to Queen Mary, and for the first ten years of Queen Elizabeth. The date of his death is not stated in the inscription, but by the register of the church it appears that he was buried on the 29th May, 1595. The Mrs. Margaret Fowler, who died before 1595, could not have been the mother of Ben Jonson, who was living about 1604; and if Ben Jonson's mother married a second time, we have yet to ascertain who was her second husband.

[2] The precise form in which the entry stands in Henslowe's account book is this:—

"Maye 1597 II. It at the comodey of Vmers."

The truth, however, is, that the play supposed, on the authority of Henslowe, to be Ben Jonson's comedy, is only called by Henslowe "Humours" or "Umers," as he ignorantly spells it[1]. It is a mere speculation that this was Ben Jonson's play, for it may have been any other performance, by any other poet, in the title of which the word "Humours" occurred; and we have the indisputable and unequivocal testimony of Ben Jonson himself, in his own authorized edition of his works in 1616, that "Every Man in his Humour" was not acted until 1598: he was not satisfied with stating on the title-page, that it was "acted in the year 1598 by the then Lord Chamberlain his servants," which might have been considered sufficient; but in this instance (as in all others in the same volume) he informs us at the end that 1598 was the year in which it was *first* acted:—"This comedy was first acted in the year 1598." Are we prepared to disbelieve Ben Jonson's positive assertion (a man of the highest and purest notions, as regarded truth and integrity) for the sake of a theory founded upon the bare assumption, that Henslowe by "Umers" not only meant Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," but could mean nothing else?

Had it been brought out originally by the Lord Admiral's players at the Rose, and acted with so much success that it was repeated eleven times, as Henslowe's Diary shows was the case with "Umers," there can be no apparent reason why Ben Jonson should not have said so; and if he had afterwards withdrawn it on some pique, and carried it to the Lord Chamberlain's players, we can hardly conceive it possible that a man of Ben Jonson's temper and spirit would not have told us why in some other part of his works.

Mr. Gifford, passing over without notice the positive statement we have quoted, respecting the *first* acting of "Every Man in his Humour" by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598, proceeds to argue that Ben Jonson could stand in need of no such assistance, as Shakespeare is said to have afforded him, because he was "as well known, and perhaps better," than Shakespeare himself. Surely, with all deference for Mr. Gifford's undisputed acuteness and general accuracy, we may doubt how Ben Jonson could be better, or even as well known as Shakespeare, when the latter had been for twelve years connected with the stage as author and actor, and had written, at the lowest calculation, twelve dramas, while the former was only twenty-four years old, and had produced no known play but "Every Man in his

[1] Ben Jonson's Works, 8vo. 1816, vol. i. p 46

Humour." It is also to be observed, that Henslowe had no pecuniary transactions with Ben Jonson prior to the month of August, 1598; whereas, if "Umers" had been purchased from him, we could scarcely have failed to find some memorandum of payments, anterior to the production of the comedy on the stage in May, 1597.

Add to this, that nothing could be more consistent with the amiable and generous character of Shakespeare, than that he should thus have interested himself in favour of a writer who was ten years his junior, and who gave such undoubted proofs of genius as are displayed in "Every Man in his Humour." Our great dramatist, established in public favour by such comedies as "The Merchant of Venice" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by such a tragedy as "Romeo and Juliet," and by such histories as "King John," "Richard II.," and "Richard III.," must have felt himself above all rivalry, and could well afford this act of "humanity and good-nature," as Rowe terms it, (though Mr. Gifford, quoting Rowe's words, accidentally omits the two last,) on behalf of a young, needy, and meritorious author. It is to be recollected also that Rowe, the original narrator of the incident, does not, as in several other cases, give it as if he at all doubted its correctness, but unhesitatingly and distinctly, as if it were a matter well known, and entirely believed, at the time he wrote.

Another circumstance may be noticed as an incidental confirmation of Rowe's statement, with which Mr. Gifford could not be acquainted, because the fact has only been recently discovered. In 1598 Ben Jonson, being then only twenty-four years old, had a quarrel with Gabriel Spencer, one of Henslowe's principal actors, in consequence of which they met, fought, and Spencer was killed. Henslowe, writing to Alleyn on the subject on the 26th September, uses these words:—"Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly: that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer[1]." Now, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy called "Umers," and had it been his "Every Man in his Humour," which was acted by the Lord Admiral's players eleven times, it is not very likely that Henslowe would have been ignorant who Benjamin Jonson was, and have spoken of him, not as one of the dramatists in his pay, and the author of a very successful comedy, but merely as "bricklayer:" he was writing also to his step-daughter's husband, the leading member of his

[1] See "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 51. The author of that work has since seen reason to correct himself on this and several other points.

company, to whom he would have been ready to give the fullest information regarding the disastrous affair. We only adduce this additional matter to show the improbability of the assumption, that Ben Jonson had anything to do with the comedy of "Umers," acted by Henslowe's company in May, 1597; and the probability of the position that, as Ben Jonson himself states, it was originally brought out in 1598 by "the then Lord Chamberlain's servants." It may have been, and probably was, acted by them, because Shakespeare had kindly interposed with his associates on behalf of the deserving and unfriended author.

CHAPTER XII.

Restriction of dramatic performances in and near London in 1597. Thomas Nash and his play, "The Isle of Dogs:" imprisonment of Nash, and of some of the players of the Lord Admiral. Favour shown to the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral. Printing of Shakespeare's Plays in 1597. The list of his known dramas, published by F. Meres in 1598. Shakespeare authorized the printing of none of his plays, and never corrected the press. Carelessness of dramatic authors in this respect. "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. Shakespeare's reputation as a dramatist

In the summer of 1597 an event occurred which seems to have produced for a time a serious restriction upon dramatic performances. The celebrated Thomas Nash, early in the year, had written a comedy which he called "The Isle of Dogs:" that he had partners in the undertaking there is no doubt; and he tells us, in his tract called "Lenten Stuff," printed in 1599, that the players, when it was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in the beginning of August, 1597, had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his piece, by making large additions, for which he ought not to have been responsible. The exact nature of the performance is not known, but it was certainly satirical, no doubt personal, and it must have had reference also to some of the polemical and political questions of the day. The representation of it was forbidden by authority, and Nash, with others, was arrested under an order from the privy council, and sent to the Fleet prison[1]. Some of the offending actors had

[1] The circumstance was thus alluded to by Francis Meres in the next year:—"As Actæon was wooried of his owne hounds, so is Tom Nash of his *Ile of Dogs*. Dogges were the death of Euripides; but bee not disconsolate, gallant young Juvenall; Linus the sonne of

escaped for a time, and the privy council, not satisfied with what had been already done in the way of punishment, wrote from Greenwich on 15th August, 1597, to certain magistrates, requiring them strictly to examine all the parties in custody, with a view to the discovery of others not yet apprehended. This important official letter, which has hitherto been unmentioned, we have inserted in a note from the registers of the privy council of that date; and by it we learn, not only that Nash was the author of the "seditious and slanderous" comedy, but possibly himself an actor in it, and "the maker of part of the said play," especially pointed at, who was in custody[1].

Before the date of this incident the companies of various play-houses in the county of Middlesex, but particularly at the Curtain and Theatre in Shoreditch had attracted attention, and given offence, by the licentious character of their performances; and the registers of the privy council show that the magistrates had been written to on the 28th July, 1597, requiring that no plays should be acted during the

Apollo died the same death. Yet, God forbid, that so brave a witte should so basely perish: thine are but paper dogges; neither is thy banishment, like Ovid's, eternally to converse with the barbarous Getes: therefore, comfort thyselfe, sweete Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Aeneas gives to his sea-beaten soldiors, lib. i. Aeneid:—

'Pluck up thine heart, and drive from thence both feare and care away;
To thinke on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.'

"*Durato, et temet rebus servato secundis.*"—*Palladis Tamia*, 1598, fo. 286.

[1] The minute in the registers of the privy council (pointed out to us by Mr. Lemon) is this:—

"A letter to Richard Topclyfe, Thomas Fowler, and Ric. Skevington, Esquires, Doctour Fletcher, and Mr. Wilbraham.

"Upon information given us of a lewd plaie, that was plaied in one of the plaie howses on the Bancke side, containing very seditious and sclaunderous matters, wee caused some of the players to be apprehended and comytted to pryson, whereof one of them was not only an actor, but a maker of parte of the said plaie. For as much as yt ys thought meete that the rest of the players or actours in that matter shal be apprehended, to receave soche punyshment as there lewde and mutynous behavior doth deserve; these shall be, therefore, to require yow to exsmine these of the plaiers that are comytted, whose names are knowne to you, Mr Topclyfe, what is become of the rest of theire fellowes that either had their partes in the devysinge of that sedytious matter, or that were actours or plaiers in the same, what copies they have given forth of the said playe, and to whome, and such other pointes as you shall thinke meete to be demaunded of them; wherein you shall require of them to deale trulie, as they will looke to receave anie favour. Wee praie yow also to peruse soch papers as were fownde in Nash his lodgings, which Ferrys, a messenger of the Chamber, shall delyver unto yow, and to certyfie us the examynations yow take. So &c. Greenwich, 15. Aug. 1597."

From the Council Register.
Eliz. No. 13. p. 316.

summer, and directing, in order to put an effectual stop to such performances, because "lewd matters were handled on stages," that the two places above named should be "plucked down[1]." The magistrates were also enjoined to send for the owners of "any other common play-house" within their jurisdiction, and not only to forbid performances of every description, but "so to deface" all places erected for theatrical representations, "as they might not be employed again to such use." This command was given just anterior to the production of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," which was certainly not calculated to lessen the objections entertained by any persons in authority about the Court.

The Blackfriars, not being, according to the terms of the order of the privy council, "a common play-house," but what was called a private theatre, does not seem to have been included in the general ban; but as we know that similar directions had been conveyed to the magistrates of the county of Surrey, it is somewhat surprising that they seem to have produced no effect upon the performances at the Globe or the Rose upon the Bankside. We must attribute this circumstance, perhaps, to the exercise of private influence; and it is quite certain that the necessity of keeping some companies in practice, in order that they might be prepared to exhibit, when required, before the Queen, was made the first pretext for granting exclusive "licenses" to the actors of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Lord Admiral. We know that the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, about this date and shortly afterwards, were in the frequent habit of visiting the theatres[2]: the Earl of Nottingham also seems to have taken an unusual interest on various occasions in favour of the company acting under his name, and to the representations of these noblemen we are, perhaps, to attribute the exemption of the Globe and the Rose from the operation of the order "to deface" all buildings adapted to dramatic representations in Middlesex and Surrey, in a manner that would render them unfit for any such purpose in future. We have the authority of the

[1] We find evidence in a satirist of the time, that about this date the Theatre was abandoned, though not "plucked down."

> ——————"But see yonder
> One, like the unfrequented Theatre,
> Walkes in darke silence, and vast solitude."
> Edw. Guilpin's "Skialetheia," 8vo. 1598. Sign. D 6

The theatre, in all probability, was not used for plays afterwards.

[2] See Vol. ii. p. 132 of the "Sidney Papers," where Rowland White tells Sir Robert Sydney, "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland come not to the court: the one doth but very seldom. They pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." This letter is dated 11th October, 1599, and the Queen was then at Nonesuch

registers of the privy council, under date of 19th Feb. 1597–8, for stating that the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral obtained renewed permission "to use and practise stage-plays," in order that they might be duly qualified, if called upon to perform before the Queen.

This privilege, as regards the players of the Lord Admiral, seems the more extraordinary, because that was the very company which only in the August preceding had given such offence by the representation of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," that its farther performance was forbidden, the author and some of the players were arrested and sent to the Fleet, and vigorous steps taken to secure the persons of other parties who for a time had made their escape. It is very likely that Nash was the scape-goat on the occasion, and that the chief blame was thrown upon him, although, in his tract, before mentioned, he maintains that he was the most innocent party of all those who were concerned in the transaction. It seems evident, that in 1598 there was a strong disposition on the part of some members of the Queen's government to restrict dramatic performances, in and near London, to the servants of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral.

As far as we can judge, there was good reason for showing favour to the association with which Shakespeare was connected, because nothing has reached us to lend to the belief that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had incurred any displeasure: if the Lord Admiral's servants were to be permitted to continue their performances at the Rose, it would have been an act of the grossest injustice to have prevented the Lord Chamberlain's servants from acting at the Globe. Accordingly, we hear of no interruption, at this date, of the performances at either of the theatres in the receipts of which Shakespeare participated.

To the year 1598 inclusive, only five of his plays had been printed, although he had then been connected with the stage for about twelve years, viz. "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1597, and "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Henry IV." part i. in 1598[1]; but, as we learn from indisputable contemporaneous authority, he had written seven others, besides what he had done in the way of alteration, addition, and adaptation. The earliest enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas made its appearance in 1598, in a work by Francis Meres entitled "*Palladis Ta-*

[1] It is doubtful whether an edition of "Titus Andronicus" had not appeared as early as 1594; but no earlier copy than that of 1600, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, is known. It is necessary to bear in mind, that the impression of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1597 was only a mangled and mutilated representation of the state in which the tragedy came from the hand of its author.

mia, Wits Treasury." In a division of this small but thick volume (consisting of 666 8vo. pages, besides "The Table,") headed "A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine and Italian Poets," the author inserts the following paragraph, which we extract precisely as it stands in the original, because it has no where, that we recollect, been quoted quite correctly.

"As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so Shakespeare among y• English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Getleme of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the* 2. *Richard the* 3. *Henry the* 4. *King Iohn*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*[1]."

[1] The following passages, in the same division of the work of Meres, contain mention of the name or works of Shakespeare.

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to liue in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ouid liues in mellifluous and honytongued Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his priuate friends &c." fol. 281.

"As Epius Stolo said, the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English." fol 282.

"And as Horace saith of his, Exegi monumentu ære perennius, Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquilo impotens possit diruere, aut innumerabilis annorum series et fuga temporum; so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidneys, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners workes." fol. 282.

"As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greekes, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines, are the best lyrick poets; so in this faculty the best amog our poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds) Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretto." fol. 282.

"As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Æschylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achæus Erithriæus, Astydamas Atheniesis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus and Seneca; so these are our best for tragedie; the Lord Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Dr. Edes of Oxford, Maister Edward Ferris, the Authour of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Iohnson." fol. 283.

"The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these: Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis Alexis, Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxadrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniesis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Næuius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus; so the best for comedy amongst us bee Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley, once a rare scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes, one of her Maiesties Chappell, eloquent and wittie John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye. our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle." fol. 283.

"As these are famous among the Greeks for elegie, Melanthus, Mymnerus Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicæus, Phi-

Thus we see that twelve comedies, histories, and tragedies (for we have specimens in each department) were known as Shakespeare's in the Autumn of 1598, when the work of Meres came from the press[1]. It is a remarkable circumstance, evincing strikingly the manner in which the various companies of actors of that period were able to keep popular pieces from the press, that until Shakespeare had been a writer for the Lord Chamberlain's servants ten or eleven years not a single play by him was published; and then four of his first printed plays were without his name, as if the bookseller had been ignorant of the fact, or as if he considered that the omission would not affect the sale: one of them, "Romeo and Juliet," was never printed in any early quarto as the work of Shakespeare, as will be seen from our exact reprint of the title-pages of the editions of 1597, 1599, and 1609, (see Introduc.[2]) The reprints of "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1598, as before observed, have Shakespeare's name on the title-pages, and they were issued perhaps, after Meres had distinctly assigned those "histories" to him.

It is our conviction, after the most minute and patient examination of, we believe, every old impression, that Shakespeare in no instance authorized the publication of his plays[3]: we do not consider even "Hamlet" an exception, although the edition of 1604 was probably intended, by some parties connected with the theatre, to supersede the

letas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnasœus; and these among the Latines, Mecœnas, Ouid, Tibullus, Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Seuerus, and Clodius Sabinus; so these are the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of loue: Henrie Howard Earle of Surrey, sir Thomas Wyat the elder, sir Francis Brian, sir Philip Sidney, sir Walter Rawley, sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page sometime fellowe of *Corpus Christi* Colledge in Oxford, Churchyard, Bretton." fol. 283.

[1] It was entered for publication on the Stationers' Registers in September, 1598. Meres must have written something in verse which has not reached our day, because in 1601 he was addressed by C. Fitzgeoffrey, in his *Affaniæ*, as a poet and theologian: he was certainly well acquainted with the writings of all the poets of his time, whatever might be their department. Fitzgeoffrey mentions Meres in company with Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Sylvester, Chapman, Marston, &c.

[2] The same remark will apply to "Henry V." first printed in 4to, 1600, and again in 1602, and a third time in 1608, without the name of Shakespeare. However, this "history" never appeared in any thing like an authentic shape, such as we may suppose it came from Shakespeare's pen, until it was included in the folio of 1623.

[3] It will be observed that we confine this opinion to the plays, because with respect to the poems, especially "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," we feel quite as strongly convinced that Shakespeare, being instrumental in their publication, and more anxious about their correctness, did see at least the first editions through the press.

garbled and fraudulent edition of 1603: Shakespeare, in our opinion, had nothing to do with the one or with the other. He allowed most mangled and deformed copies of several of his greatest works to be circulated for many years, and did not think it worth his while to expose the fraud, which remained, in several cases, undetected, as far as the great body of the public was concerned, until the appearance of the folio of 1623. Our great dramatist's indifference upon this point seems to have been shared by many, if not by most, of his contemporaries; and if the quarto impression of any one of his plays be more accurate in typography than another, we feel satisfied that it arose out of the better state of the manuscript, or the greater pains and fidelity of the printer.

We may here point out a strong instance of the carelessness of dramatic authors of that period respecting the condition in which their productions came into the world: others might be adduced without much difficulty, but one will be sufficient. Before his "Rape of Lucrece," a drama first printed in 1608, Thomas Heywood inserted an address to the reader, informing him (for it was an exception to the general rule) that he had given his consent to the publication; but those who have examined that impression, and its repetition in 1609, will be aware that it is full of the very grossest blunders, which the commonest corrector of the press, much less the author, if he had seen the sheets, could not have allowed to pass. Nearly all plays of that time were most defectively printed, but Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," as it originally came from the press with the author's *imprimatur*, is, we think, the worst specimen of typography that ever met our observation[1].

Returning to the important list of twelve plays furnished by Meres, we may add, that although he does not mention them, there can be no doubt that the three parts of "Henry VI." had been repeatedly acted before 1598: we may possibly infer, that they were not inserted because they were then well known not to be the sole work of Shakespeare.

[1] We cannot wonder at the errors in plays surreptitiously procured and hastily printed, which was the case with many impressions of that day. Upon this point Heywood is an unexceptionable witness, and he tells us of one of his dramas,

——"that some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true."

Other dramatists make the same complaint; and there can be no doubt that it was the practice so to defraud authors and actors, and to palm wretchedly disfigured pieces upon the public as genuine and authentic works. It was, we are satisfied, in this way that Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry V.," and "Hamlet," first got out into the world.

By "Henry IV." it is most probable that Meres intended both parts of that "history." "Love's Labour 's Won" has been supposed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be "All 's Well that ends Well," under a different title: our notion is (see Introduction) that the original name given to the play was "Love's Labour 's Won;" and that, when it was revived with additions and alterations, in 1605 or 1606, it received also a new appellation.

In connexion with the question regarding the interest taken by Shakespeare in the publication of his works, we may notice the impudent fraud practised in the year after the appearance of the list furnished by Meres. In 1599 came out a collection of short miscellaneous poems, under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim:" they were all of them imputed, by W. Jaggard the printer, or by W. Leake the bookseller, to Shakespeare, although some of them were notoriously by other poets. In the Introduction to our reprint of this little work we have stated all the known particulars regarding it; but Shakespeare, as far as appears from any evidence that has descended to us, took no notice of the trick played upon him: possibly he never heard of it, or if he heard of it, left it to its own detection, not thinking it worth while to interfere[1]. It serves to establish, what certainly could not otherwise be doubted, the popularity of Shakespeare in 1599, and the manner in which a scheming printer and stationer endeavoured to take advantage of that popularity.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was about this period known and admired for his plays. Richard Barnfield published his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," in 1598, (the year in which the list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays was printed by Meres) and from a copy of verses entitled "Remembrance of some English Poets," we quote the following notice of Shakespeare:

> "And Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein,
> Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain,
> Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,
> Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath plac'd;
> Live ever you, at least in fame live ever:
> Well may the body die, but fame die never."

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the

[1] When "The Passionate Pilgrim" was reprinted in 1612, with some additional pieces by Thomas Heywood, that dramatist pointed out the imposition, and procured the cancelling of the title-page in which the authorship of the whole was assigned to Shakespeare.

stage, where his dramas were in daily performance before crowded audiences, but from the success of his "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," which had gone through various editions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still stronger instance, we may refer to a play in which both Burbage and Kempe are introduced as characters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity in the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shakespeare's dramas: we allude to "The Return from Parnassus," which was indisputably acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth. In a scene where two young students are discussing the merits of particular poets, one of them speaks thus of Shakespeare:

> "Who loves *Adonis* love or *Lucrece* rape,
> His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

Not the most distant allusion is made to any of his dramatic productions, although the poet criticised by the young students immediately before Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be "the wittiest fellow, of a bricklayer, in England," but "a slow inventor." Hence we might be led to imagine that, even down to as late a period as the commencement of the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespeare depended rather upon his poems than upon his plays; almost as if productions for the stage were not looked upon, at that date, as part of the recognized literature of the country

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CHAPTER XIII.

New Place, or, "the great house," in Stratford, bought by Shakespeare in 1597. Removal of the Lord Admiral's players from the Bankside to the Fortune theatre in Cripplegate. Rivalry of the Lord Chamberlain's and Lord Admiral's company. Order in 1600 confining the acting of plays to the Globe and Fortune: the influence of the two associations occupying those theatres. Disobedience of various companies to the order of 1600. Plays by Shakespeare published in 1600. The "First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600, falsely imputed to Shakespeare, and cancelling of the title-page.

It will have been observed, that in the document we have produced, relating to the quantity of corn and malt in Stratford, it is stated that William Shakespeare's residence was in that division of the borough called Chapel-street ward

This is an important circumstance, because we think it may be said to settle decisively the disputed question, whether our great dramatist purchased what was known as "the great house," or "New Place," before, in, or after 1597. It was situated in Chapel-street ward, close to the chapel of the Holy Trinity. We are now certain that he had a house in the ward in February, 1597–8, and that he had ten quarters of corn there; and we need not doubt that it was the dwelling which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII.: the Cloptons subsequently sold it to a person of the name of Botte[1], and he to Hercules Underhill, who disposed of it to Shakespeare. We therefore find him, in the beginning of 1598, occupying one of the best houses, in one of the best parts of Stratford. He who had quitted his native town about twelve years before, poor and comparatively friendless, was able, by the profits of his own exertions, and the exercise of his own talents, to return to it, and to establish his family in more comfort and opulence than, as far as is known, they had ever before enjoyed.[2]

[1] Botte probably lived in it in 1564, when he contributed 4*s.* to the poor who were afflicted with the plague: this was the highest amount subscribed, the bailiff only giving 3*s* 4*d.*, and the head alderman 2*s.* 8*d.*

[2] That Shakespeare was considered a man who was in a condition to lend a considerable sum, in the autumn of 1598, we have upon the evidence of Richard Quyney, (father to Thomas Quyney, who subsequently married Shakespeare's youngest daughter Judith) who then applied to him for a loan of 30*l.*, equal to about 150*l.* of our present money, and in terms which do not indicate any doubt that our poet would be able to make the advance. This application is contained in a letter which must have been sent by hand, as it unluckily contains no direction: it is the only letter yet discovered addressed to Shakespeare, and it was first printed by Boswell from Malone's papers, vol. ii. p. 585.

"Loving Contryman, I am bolde of yo^w^, as of a frende, craveing yo^wr^ helpe wth xxx^lb^, uppon Mr Bushell & my securytee, or Mr Myttens with me. Mr Rosswell is not come to London as yeate, & I have especiall cawse. Yo^w^ shall frende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debeits I owe in London, I thanck god, and muche quiet to my mynde wch wolde not be indebited. I am now towards the Cowrte, in hope y^r^ answer for the dispatche of my Buysenes. Yo^w^ shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde willinge; & nowe butt pswade yo^ur^ selfe soe as I hope & yo^w^ shall nett need to feare; but with all hartie thanckfullness I wyll holde my tyme & content yo^wr^ frend, & yf we Bargaine farther, yo^w^ shall be the pa.ie m^r^ yo^ur^ selfe. My tyme bidds me to hasten to an ende, & soe I comitt thys [to] yo^wr^ care & hope of yo^wr^ helpe. I feare I shall nett be backe this night from the Cowrte. haste. the Lorde be wth yo^w^ & wth us all. amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 october 1598.

"Yo^wrs^ in all kyndenes,

"Ryc. Quyney.

"To my Leveing good frend
& contryman M^r^ W^m^
Shackespe thees."

The deficiency as regards the direction of the letter, lamented by Malone, is not of so much impertance, because we have proved that

We consider the point that Shakespeare had become owner of New Place in or before 1597 as completely made out, as, at such a distance of time, and with such imperfect information upon nearly all matters connected with his history could be at all expected[1].

We apprehend likewise, as we have already remarked (p. lx), that the confirmation of arms in 1596, obtained as we believe by William Shakespeare, had reference to the permanent and substantial settlement of his family in Stratford, and to the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered circumstances of that family—altered by its increased wealth and consequence, owing to the success of our great poet both as an actor and a dramatist.

The removal of the Lord Admiral's players, under Henslowe and Alleyn, from the Rose theatre on the Bank side, to the new house called the Fortune, in Golding-lane, Cripplegate, soon after the date to which we are now referring, may lead to the opinion that that company did not find itself equal to sustain the rivalship with the Lord Chamberlain's servants, under Shakespeare and Burbage, at the Globe. That theatre was opened, as we have adduced reasons to believe, in the spring of 1595: the Rose was a considerably older building, and the necessity for repairing it might enter into the calculation, when Henslowe and

Shakespeare was resident in Southwark in 1596; and he probably was so in 1598, because the reasons which, we have supposed, induced him to take up his abode there would still be in operation, in as much force as ever.

[1] In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakespeare planted a mulberry tree, about the year 1609: such is the tradition, and we are disposed to think that it is founded in truth. In 1609, King James was anxious to introduce the mulberry (which had been imported about half a century earlier) into general cultivation, and the records in the State Paper Office show that in that year letters were written upon the subject to most of the justices of peace and deputy lieutenants in the kingdom: the plants were sold by the State at 6*s* the hundred. On the 25th November, 1609, 935*l*. were paid out of the public purse for the planting of mulberry trees "near the palace of Westminster." The mulberry tree, said to have been planted by Shakespeare, was in existence up to about the year 1755; and in the spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane the actor (not Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift, as Mr. Dyce, in his compendious Memoir. p. lix., states,) were entertained under it by Sir Hugh Clopton. New Place remained in possession of Shakespeare's successors until the Restoration; it was then repurchased by the Clopton family: about 1752 it was sold by the executor of Sir Hugh Clopton to a clergyman of the name of Gastrell, who, on some offence taken at the authorities of the borough of Stratford on the subject of rating the house, pulled it down, and cut down the mulberry tree. According to a letter in the Annual Register of 1760, the wood was bought by a silversmith, who "made many odd things of it for the curious." In our time we have seen as many relics, said to have been formed from this one mulberry tree, as could hardly have been furnished by all the mulberry trees in the county of Warwick.

Alleyn thought of trying the experiment in a different part of the town, and on the Middlesex side of the water. Theatres being at this date merely wooden structures, and much frequented, they would soon fall into decay, especially in a marshy situation like that of the Bankside: so damp was the soil in the neighbourhood, that the Globe was surrounded by a moat to keep it dry; and, although we do not find the fact any where stated, it is most likely that the Rose was similarly drained. The Rose was in the first instance, and as far back as the reign of Edward VI., a house of entertainment with that sign, and it was converted into a theatre by Henslowe and a grocer of the name of Cholmley about the year 1584; but it seems to have early required considerable reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to 1599, when Henslowe and Alleyn resolved to abandon Southwark. However, it may be doubted whether they would not have continued where they were, recollecting the convenient proximity of Paris Garden, (where bears, bulls, &c. were baited, and in which they were also jointly interested) but for the success of the Lord Chamberlain's players at the Globe, which had been in use four or five years[1]

[1] We may be disposed to assign the following lines to about this period, or a little earlier: they relate to some theatrical wager in which Alleyn, of the Lord Admiral's players, was, for a part not named, to be matched against Kempe, of the Lord Chamberlain's servants. By the words "Will's new play," there can be little doubt that some work by Shakespeare was intended; and we know from Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," 1635, that Shakespeare was constantly familiarly called "Will." The document is preserved at Dulwich, and it was first printed in the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 13.

"Sweet Nedde, nowe wynne an other wager
For thine old frende. and fellow stager.
Tarlton himselfe thou doest excell,
And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,
And now shall Kempe orecome as well.
The moneyes downe. the place the Hope,
Phillippes shall hide his head and Pope.
Feare not, the victorie is thine;
Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.
If Roscius Richard foames and fumes,
The Globe shall have but emptie roomes,
If thou doest act; and Willes newe playe
Shall be rehearst some other daye.
Consent, then, Nedde; do us this grace:
Thou cannot faile in anie case;
For in the triall, come what maye,
All sides shall brave Ned Allin eaye."

By "Roscius Richard" the writer of these lines, who was the backer of Alleyn against Kempe, could have meant nobody but Richard Burbage. It will be recollected, that not very long afterwards Kempe became a member of the association of which Alleyn was the leader, and quitted that to which Shakespeare and Burbage were attached. It is possible that this wager, and Kempe's success

Henslowe and Alleyn seem to have found, that neither their plays nor their players could stand the competition of their rivals, and they accordingly removed to a vicinity where no play-house had previously existed.

The Fortune theatre was commenced in Golding Lane, Cripplegate, in the year 1599, and finished in 1600, and thither without delay Henslowe and Alleyn transported their whole dramatic establishment, strengthened in the spring of 1602 by the addition of that great and popular comic performer, William Kempe[1]. The association at the Globe was then left in almost undisputed possession of the Bankside. There were, indeed, occasional, and perhaps not unfrequent, performances at the Rose, (although it had been stipulated with the public authorities that it should be pulled down, if leave were given for the construction of the Fortune) as well as at the Hope and the Swan, but not by the regular associations which had previously occupied them; and after the Fortune was opened, the speculation there was so profitable, that the Lord Admiral's players had no motive for returning to their old quarters[2].

The members of the two companies belonging to the Lord Chamberlain and to the Lord Admiral appear to have possessed so much influence in the summer of 1600, that (backed perhaps by the puritanical zeal of those who were unfriendly to all theatrical performances) they obtained an order from the privy council, dated 22d June, that no other public play-houses should be permitted but the Globe in Surrey, and the Fortune in Middlesex. Nevertheless, the privy council registers, where this order is inserted, also contain distinct evidence that it was not obeyed, even in May 1601; for on the 10th of that month the Lords wrote to certain magistrates of Middlesex requiring them to put a stop to the performance of a play at the Curtain, in which were introduced "some gentlemen of good desert and quality, that are yet alive," but saying nothing about the

in it, led Alleyn and Henslowe to hold out inducements to him to join them in their undertaking at the Fortune. Upon this point, however, we have no other evidence, than the mere fact that Kempe went over to the enemy.

[1] After his return from Rome, where he was seen in the autumn of 1601.

[2] It was at the Fortune that Alleyn seems to have realized so much money in the few first years of the undertaking, that he was able in Nov. 1604 to purchase the manor of Kennington for £1065, and in the next year the manor of Lewisham and Dulwich for £5000. These two sums, in money of the present day, would be equal to at least £25,000; but it is to be observed that for Dulwich, Alleyn only paid £2000 down, while the remaining sum was left upon mortgage. In the commencement of the seventeenth century theatrical speculations generally seem to have been highly lucrative. See "The Alleyn Papers," (printed by the Shakespeare Society,) p. xiv.

closing of the house, although it was open in defiance of the imperative command of the preceding year. We know also upon other testimony, that not only the Curtain, but theatres on the Bankside, besides the Globe, (where performances were allowed) were then in occasional use. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the order of the 22d June, 1600, was never strictly enforced, and one of the most remarkable circumstances of the times is, the little attention, as regards theatricals, that appears to have been paid to the absolute authority of the court. It seems exactly as if restrictive measures had been adopted in order to satisfy the importunity of particular individuals, but that there was no disposition on the part of persons in authority to carry them into execution. Such was probably the fact; for a year and a half after the order of the 22d June had been issued it was renewed, but, as far as we can learn, with just as little effect as before.[1]

Besides the second edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1599, (which was most likely printed from a play-house manuscript, being very different from the mutilated and manufactured copy of 1597) five plays by our great dramatist found their way to the press in 1600, viz. "Titus Andronicus," (which as we have before remarked had probably been originally published in 1594) "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream[2]," "Henry IV." part

[1] See "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. i. p. 316, where the particulars, which are here necessarily briefly and summarily dismissed, are given in detail.

[2] The clothing of Snug the joiner in a "lion's fell" in this play, Act v. sc. 1, seems to have suggested the humorous speech to King James at Linlithgow, on 30th June 1617, eight lines of which only are given in Nichols's "Progresses" of that monarch, Vol. iii. p. 326. The whole address, of twenty-two lines, exists in the State Paper office, where it was discovered by Mr. Lemon. It seems to have been the original MS. which was placed at the time in the hands of the king, and as it is a curiosity, we subjoin it.

"A moveing engine, representing a fountaine, and running wine, came to the gate of the towne, in the midst of which was a lyon and in the lyon a man, who delivered this learned speech to his majestie.

"Most royall sir, heere I doe you beseech,
Who are a lyon, to hear a lyon's speech;
A miracle; for since the dayes of Æsop,
Till ours, noe lyon yet his voice did hois-up
To such a Majestie. Then, King of Men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his denn,
A fountaine nowe. That lyon, which was ledd
By Androdus through Rome, had not a head
More rationall then this, bredd in this nation,
Whoe in thy presence warbleth this oration.
For though he heer inclosed bee in plaister,
When he was free he was this townes school-maste
This Well you see, is not that Arethusa,

ii., and "Much Ado about Nothing." The last only was not mentioned by Meres in 1598; and as to the periods when we may suppose the others to have been written, we must refer the reader to our several Introductions, where we have given the existing information upon the subject. "The Chronicle History of Henry V." also came out in the same year, but without the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page, and it is, if possible, a more imperfect and garbled representation of the play, as it proceeded from the author's pen, than the "Romeo and Juliet" of 1597. Whether any of the managers of theatres at this date might not sometimes be concerned in selling impressions of dramas, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we do not believe it, and we are satisfied that dramatic authors in general were content with disposing of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no emolument to be derived from publication[1]. We are not without something like proof that actors now and then sold their parts in plays to booksellers, and thus, by the combination of them and other assistance, editions of popular plays were surreptitiously printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a circumstance which happened in 1600, and is connected with the question of the authorized or unauthorized publication of Shakespeare's plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called "The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," came out, on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare appeared at length. We find by Henslowe's Diary that this drama was in fact the authorship of four poets, Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Richard Hathway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick by the bookseller, T[homas] P[avier], in the hope that it would be bought as his work.

> The Nymph of Sicile: Noe, men may carous a
> Health of the plump Lyæus, noblest grapes,
> From these faire conduits, and turne drunk like apes.
> This second spring I keep, as did that dragon
> Hesperian apples. And nowe, sir, a plague on
> This your poore towne, if to 't you bee not welcome!
> But whoe can doubt of this, when, loe! a Well come
> Is nowe unto the gate? I would say more,
> But words now failing, dare not, least I roare.

The eight lines in Nichols's "Progresses of James I." are from Drummond's Poem, and there can be little doubt that the whole speech was from his pen.

[1] It was a charge against Robert Greene, that, driven by the pressure of necessity, he had on one occasion raised money by making "a double sale" of his play called "Orlando Furioso," 1594, first to the players and afterwards to the press. Such may have been the fact, but it was unquestionably an exception to the ordinary rule.

Malone remarked upon this fraud, but he was not aware, when he wrote, that it had been detected and corrected at the time, for since his day more than one copy of the "First Part, &c. of Sir John Oldcastle" has come to light, upon the title-page of which no name is to be found, the bookseller apparently having been compelled to cancel the leaf containing it. From the indifference Shakespeare seems uniformly to have displayed on matters of the kind, we may, possibly, conclude that the cancel was made at the instance of one of the four poets who were the real authors of the play; but we have no means of speaking decisively upon the point, and the step may have been in some way connected with the objection taken by living members of the Oldcastle family to the name, which had been assigned by Shakespeare in the first instance to Falstaff[1].

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of John Shakespeare in 1601. Performance of "Twelfth Night" in February, 1602. Anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage: Manningham's Diary in the British Museum the authority for it. "Othello," acted by Burbage and others at the Lord Keeper's in August, 1602. Death of Elizabeth, and Arrival of James I. at Theobalds. English actors in Scotland in 1589, and again in 1599, 1600, and 1601: large rewards to them. The freedom of Aberdeen conferred in 1601 upon Laurence Fletcher, the leader of the English company in Scotland. Probability that Shakespeare never was in Scotland.

The father of our great poet died in the autumn of 1601, and he was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon[2]. He seems to have left no will, and if he possessed any property, in land or houses, not made over to his family, we know not how it was divided. Of the eight children which his wife, Mary Arden, had brought him, the following were then alive, and might be present at the funeral:—William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund. The latter years of John Shakespeare (who, if born in 1530 as Malone supposed, was in his seventy-first year) were doubtless easy and comfortable, and the prosperity of his eldest son must have placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties.

Early in the spring of 1602, we meet with one of those

[1] See the Introduction to "Henry IV." Part I.

[2] On the 8th September, as we find by the subsequent entry in the parish register:—

"1601. *Septembr.* 8. *Mr. Johanes Shakspeare.*"

rare facts which distinctly show how uncertain all conjecture must be respecting the date when Shakespeare's dramas were originally written and produced. Malone and Tyrwhitt, in 1790, conjectured that "Twelfth Night" had been written in 1614: in his second edition Malone altered it to 1607, and Chalmers, weighing the evidence in favour of one date and of the other, thought neither correct, and fixed upon 1613[1], an opinion in which Dr. Drake fully concurred[2]. The truth is, that we have irrefragable evidence, from an eye-witness, of its existence on 2nd February, 1602, when it was played at the Reader's Feast in the Middle Temple. This eye-witness was a barrister of the name of Manningham, who left a Diary behind him, which has been preserved in the British Museum; but as we have inserted his account of the plot in our introduction to the comedy, (Vol. iii. p. 317) no more is required here, than a mere mention of the circumstance. However, in another part of the same manuscript[3], he gives an anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage, which we quote, without farther remark than that it has been supposed to depend upon the authority of Nicholas Tooley[4], but on looking at the original record again, we doubt whether it came from any such source. A "Mr. Towse" is repeatedly introduced as a person from whom Manningham derived information, and that name, though blotted, seems to be placed at the end of the paragraph, certainly without the addition of any Christian name. This circumstance may make some difference as regards the authenticity of the story, because we know not who Mr Towse might be, while we are sure that Nicholas Tooley was a fellow-actor in the same company as both the individuals to whom the story relates. At the same time it was, very possibly, a mere invention of the "roguish players," originating, as was often the case, in some older joke, and applied to Shakespeare and Burbage, because their Christian names happened to be William and Richard[5].

[1] Supplemental Apology, &c. p. 467.
[2] Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 262.
[3] MS. Harl. No. 5353.
[4] Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. i. p. 331. The Christian name is wanting in the Harl. MS.
[5] See "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 331. The writer of that work thus introduces the anecdote:—"If in the course of my inquiries, I have been unlucky enough (I may perhaps say) to find anything which represents our great dramatist in a less favourable light, as a human being with human infirmities, I may lament it, but I do not therefore feel myself at liberty to conceal and suppress the fact" The anecdote is this.

Upon a tyme when Burbage played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grew so farre in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto her, by the name of Rich. the 3 Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went be-

Elizabeth, from the commencement of her reign, seems to have extended her personal patronage, as well as her public countenance, to the drama; and scarcely a Christmas or a Shrovetide can be pointed out during the forty-five years she occupied the throne, when there were not dramatic entertainments, either at Whitehall, Greenwich, Nonesuch, Richmond, or Windsor. The latest visit she paid to any of her nobility in the country was to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, at Harefield, only nine or ten months before her death, and it was upon this occasion, in the very beginning of August, 1602, that "Othello[1]" (having been got up for her amusement, and the Lord Chamberlain's players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hertfordshire for the purpose) was represented before her. In this case, as in the preceding one respecting "Twelfth Night," all that we positively learn is that such drama was performed, and we are left to infer that it was a new play from other circumstances, as well as from the fact that it was customary on such festivities to exhibit some drama that, as a novelty, was then attracting public attention. Hence we are led to believe, that "Twelfth Night" (not printed until it formed part of the folio of 1623) was written at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601; and that "Othello" (first published in 4to, 1622,) came from the author's pen about a year afterwards.

In the memorandum ascertaining the performance of "Othello" at Harefield, the company by which it was represented is called "Burbages Players," that designation arising out of the fact, that he was looked upon as the leader of the association: he was certainly its most celebrated actor, and we find from other sources that he was the representative of "the Moor of Venice[2]." Whether

fore, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. Then, message being brought, that Rich. the 3. was at the dore, Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3. Shakespeare's name Willm."

This story may be a piece of scandal, but there is no doubt that Burbage was the original Richard III. As to the custom of ladies inviting players home to supper, see Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," Act v. sc. 2, in "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edit. The players, in turn, sometimes invited the ladies, as we find by Field's "Amends for Ladies," Act iii. sc. 4, in the supplementary volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays," published in 1829.

[1] See the "Introduction" to "Othello." Also "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, 1840, p. 343.

[2] In a former note we have inserted the names of some of the principal characters, in plays of the time sustained by Burbage, as they are given in the Epitaph upon his death, in 1619. Our readers may like to see the manner in which these characters are spoken of by the contemporaneous versifier. The production opens with this couplet:-

"Some skilful limner help me, if not so,
Some sad tragedian to express my woe;"

Shakespeare had any and what part in the tragedy, either then or upon other occasions, is not known; but we do not think any argument, one way or the other, is to be drawn from the fact that the company, when at Harefield, does not seem to have been under his immediate government. Whether he was or was not one of the "players" in "Othello," in August 1602, there can be little doubt that as an actor, and moreover as one "excellent in his quality," he must have been often seen and applauded by Elizabeth. Chettle informs us after her death, in a passage already quoted, that she had "opened her royal ear to his lays;" but this was obviously in his capacity of dramatist, and we have no direct evidence to establish that Shakespeare had ever performed at Court[1].

which certainly does not promise much in the way of excellence, but the enumeration of parts is all that is valuable, and it is this:

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath
Shall cry, Revenge! for his dear father's death·
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love. and cruel Capulet:
Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince,
They died with thee, dear Dick,—
Not to revive again. Jeronimo
Shall cease to mourn his son Horatio.
They cannot call thee from thy naked bed
By horrid outcry; and Antonio's dead.
Edward shall lack a representative;
And Crookback, as befits, shall cease to live.
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwash'd bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand.
Brutus and Marcius henceforth must be dumb,
For ne'er thy like upon our stage shall come,
To charm the faculty of ears and eyes,
Unless we could command the dead to rise.
Vindex is gone, and what a loss was he!
Frankford, Brachiano, and Malevole.
Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever, with the red-hair'd Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt Merchant's pound of flesh
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh. * * *
And his whole action he would change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.
But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein. beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
All these, and many more, with him are dead," &c.

The MS. from which the above lines are copied seems, at least in one place, defective, but it might be cured by the addition of the words "and not long since."

[1] A ballad was published on the death of Elizabeth, in the commencement of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Thomas Greene," author of "A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glorie," 4to, 1603, were called upon to contribute some verses in honour of the late Queen:

"You poets all, brave Shakespeare, Johnson, Greene,
Bestow your time to write for England's Queene," &c.

James I. reached Theobalds, in his journey from Edinburgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. Before he quitted his own capital he had had various opportunities of witnessing the performances of English actors; and it is an interesting, but at the same time a difficult question, whether Shakespeare had ever appeared before him, or, in other words, whether our great dramatist had ever visited Scotland? We have certainly no affirmative testimony upon the point, beyond what may be derived from some passages in "Macbeth," descriptive of particular localities, with which passages our readers must be familiar: there is, however, ample room for conjecture; and although, on the whole, we are inclined to think that he was never north of the Tweed, it is indisputable that the company to which he belonged, or a part of it, had performed in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and doubtless in some intermediate places. We will briefly state the existing proofs of this fact.

The year 1599 has been commonly supposed the earliest date at which an association of English actors was in Scotland; but it can be shown beyond contradiction that "her Majesty's players," meaning those of Queen Elizabeth, were in Edinburgh ten years earlier[1]. In 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary from England to James VI. of Scotland, thus writes to Lord Burghley, under date of the 22d October:—

"My Lord Bothw[ell] begins to shew himself willing and ready to do her Majesty any service, and desires hereafter to be thought of as he shall deserve: he sheweth great kindness to our nation, using *her Majesties Players* and Canoniers with all courtesie[2]."

In 1589, the date of Ashby's dispatch, Shakespeare had quitted Stratford about three years, and the question is, what company was intended to be designated as "her Majesty's players." It is an admitted fact, that in 1583 the Queen selected twelve leading performers from the theat-

Excepting for this notice of "brave Shakespeare," the production is utterly contemptible, and must have been the work of some of the "goblins and underelves" of poetry, who, according to a poem in H. Chettle's "England's Mourning Garment," had put forth upon the occasion "rude rhimes, and metres reasonless"

[1] Between September, 1589, and September, 1590, Queen Elizabeth had sent, as a present to the young King of Scotland on his marriage, a splendid mask, with all the necessary appurtenances, and we find it charged for in the accounts of the department of the revels for that period. See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 270. It is most likely that the actors from London accompanied this gift.

[2] From MS. Harl. 4647, being copies of despatches from Mr. Ashby to different members of the Council in London. We are indebted to Mr. N. Hill for directing our attention to this curious notice.

rical servants of some of her nobility, and they were afterwards called "her Majesty's players;" and we also now know, that in 1590 the Queen had two companies acting under her name[1]: in the autumn of the preceding year, it is likely that one of these associations had been sent to the Scottish capital for the amusement of the young king, and the company formed in 1583 may have been divided into two bodies for this express purpose. Sir John Sinclair, in his "Statistical Account of Scotland," established that a body of comedians was in Perth in June, 1589; and although we are without evidence that they were English players, we may fairly enough assume that they were the same company spoken of by Ashby, as having been used courteously by Lord Bothwell in the October following. We have no means of ascertaining the names of any of the players, nor indeed, excepting the leaders Laneham and Dutton, can we state who were the members of the Queen's two companies in 1590. Shakespeare might be one of them; but if he were, he might not belong to that division of the company which was dispatched to Scotland.

It is not at all improbable that English actors, having found their way north of the Tweed in 1589, would speedily repeat their visit; but the next we hear of them is, not until after a long interval, in the autumn of 1599. The public records of Scotland show that in October, 1599, (exactly the same season as that in which, ten years earlier, they are spoken of by Ashby) 43*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* were delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians:" in the next month they were paid 41*l.* 12*s.* at various times. In December they received no less than 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; in April, 1600, 10*l.*; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to 400*l.*[2]

Thus we see, that English players were in Scotland from October, 1599, to December, 1601, a period of more than two years; but still we are without a particle of proof that Shakespeare was one of the association. We cannot, however, entertain a doubt that Laurence Fletcher, (whose name, we shall see presently, stands first in the patent granted by King James on his arrival in London) was the leader of the association which performed in Edinburgh and elsewhere, because it appears from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that on the 9th October, 1601, the

[1] See Mr P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," (printed for the Shakespeare Society,) p. xxxii.

[2] For these particulars of payments, and some other points connected with them, we are indebted to Mr. Laing, of Edinburgh, who has made extensive and valuable collections for a history of the Stage in Scotland.

English players received 32 marks as a gratuity, and that on 22d October the freedom of the city was conferred upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "comedian to his Majesty." The company had arrived in Aberdeen, and had been received by the public authorities, under the sanction of a special letter from James VI.; and, although they were in fact the players of the Queen of England, they might on this account be deemed and treated as the players of the King of Scotland.

Our chief reason for thinking it unlikely that Shakespeare would have accompanied his fellows to Scotland, at all events between October, 1599, and December, 1601, is that, as the principal writer for the company to which he was attached, he could not well have been spared, and because we have good ground for believing that about that period he must have been unusually busy in the composition of plays. No fewer than five dramas seem, as far as evidence, positive or conjectural, can be obtained, to belong to the interval between 1598 and 1602; and the proof appears to us tolerably conclusive, that "Henry V.," "Twelfth Night," and "Hamlet," were written respectively in 1599, 1600, and 1601. Besides, as far as we are able to decide such a point, the company to which our great dramatist belonged continued to perform in London; for although a detachment under Laurence Fletcher may have been sent to Scotland, the main body of the association called the Lord Chamberlain's players exhibited at court at the usual seasons in 1599, 1600, and 1601[1]. Therefore, if Shakespeare visited Scotland at all, we think it must have been at an earlier period, and there was undoubtedly ample time between the years 1589 and 1599 for him to have done so. Nevertheless, we have no tidings that any English actors were in any part of Scotland during those ten years.

[1] The accounts of the revels' department at this period are not so complete as usual, and in Mr. P. Cunningham's book we find no details of any kind between 1587 and 1604. The interval was a period of the greatest possible interest, as regards the performance of the productions of Shakespeare, and we earnestly hope that the missing accounts may yet be recovered.

CHAPTER XV.

Proclamation by James I. against plays on Sunday. Renewal of theatrical performances in London. Patent of May 17th, 1603, to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others. Royal patronage of three companies of actors. Shakespeare's additional purchases in Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare in London in the autumn of 1603: and a candidate for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels. Characters Shakespeare is known to have performed. His retirement from the stage, as an actor, after April 9th, 1604.

Before he even set foot in London, James I. thought it necessary to put a stop to dramatic performances on Sunday This fact has never been mentioned, because the proclamation he issued at Theobalds on 7th May, containing the paragraph for this purpose, has only recently come to light. There had been a long pending struggle between the Puritans and the players upon this point, and each party seemed by turns to gain the victory; for various orders were, from time to time, issued from authority, forbidding exhibitions of the kind on the Sabbath, and those orders had been uniformly more or less contravened. We may suppose, that strong remonstrances having been made to the King by some of those who attended him from Scotland, a clause with this special object was appended to a proclamation directed against monopolies and legal extortions. The mere circumstance of the company in which this paragraph, against dramatic performances on Sunday, is found, seems to prove that it was an after-thought, and that it was inserted, because his courtiers had urged that James ought not even to enter his new capital, until public steps had been taken to put an end to the profanation[1].

The King, having issued this command, arrived at the Charter-house on the same day, and all the theatrical companies, which had temporarily suspended their performances, began to act again on the 9th May[2]. Permission to this

[1] The paragraph is in these terms, and we quote them because they have not been noticed by any historian of our stage.

"And for that we are informed, that there hath been heretofore great neglect in this kingdome of keeping the Sabbath day; for the better observing of the same and avoyding all impious prophanation, We do straightly charge and commaund that no Beare-bayting, Bull-bayting, Enterludes, common Playes, or other like disordered or unlawful exercises, or pastimes, be frequented, kept, or used at any time hereafter upon the Sabbath day.

Given at our Court at Theobalds, the 7 day of May, in the first yeare of our Reigne."

[2] This fact we have upon the authority of Henslowe's Diary. See the Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. i. p. 346.

effect was given by James I., and communicated through the ordinary channel to the players, who soon found reason to rejoice in the accession of the new sovereign; for ten days after he reached London he took the Lord Chamberlain's players into his pay and patronage, calling them "the King's servants," a title they always afterwards enjoyed. For this purpose he issued a warrant, under the privy seal, for making out a patent under the great seal[1], authorizing the nine following actors, and others, to perform in his name, not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom; viz. Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, and Richard Cowley.

[1] It runs verbatim et literatim thus:—

By The King.

"Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and commaund you, that under our privie Seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate Seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith. &c. To all Justices, Maiors, Sheriffs, Constables, Headboroughes, and other our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use & exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such other like, as that thei have already studied or hereafter shall use or studie, aswell for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such like, to shew & exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties & freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them, yf any wrong be to them offered. And to allowe them such former courtesies, as hathe bene given to men of their place and qualitie: and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our Signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seaventeenth day of May in the first yere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, & of Scotland the six & thirtieth. Ex per Lake"

The patent under the great seal, made out in consequence of this warrant, bears date two days afterwards.

We miss from this list the names of Thomas Pope, William Kempe, and Nicholas Tooley, who had belonged to the company in 1596; and instead of them we have Laurence Fletcher, Henry Condell, and Robert Armyn, with the addition of Richard Cowley. Pope had been an actor in 1589, and perhaps in May, 1603, was an old man, for he died in the February following. Kempe had joined the Lord Admiral's players soon after the opening of the Fortune, on his return from the Continent, for we find him in Henslowe's pay in 1602. Nicholas Tooley had also perhaps withdrawn from the association at this date, or his name would hardly have been omitted in the patent, as an established actor, and a man of some property and influence; but he, as well as Kempe, not long subsequently rejoined the association with which they had been so long connected.

We may assume, perhaps, in the absence of any direct testimony, that Laurence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company by any remarkable excellence as an actor. He had been in Scotland, and had performed with his associates before James in 1599, 1600, and 1601, and in the latter year he had been registered as "his Majesty's Comedian" at Aberdeen. He might, therefore, have been a favourite with the King, and being also a considerable sharer in the association, he perhaps owed his place in the patent of May, 1603, to that circumstance[1]. The name of Shake-

[1] Nothing seems to be known of the birth or origin of Laurence Fletcher, (who died in September, 1608,) but we may suspect that he was an elder brother of John Fletcher, the dramatist. Bishop Fletcher, the father, died on 15 June, 1596, having made his will in October, 1594, before he was translated fr m Worcester to London. This document seems never to have been examined, but it appears from it, as Mr. P. Cunningham informs us, that he had no fewer than nine children, although he only mentions his sons Nathaniel and John by name. He died poor, and among the Lansdowne MSS. is one, entitled "Reasons to move her Majesty to some commiseration towards the orphans of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Fletcher:" this is printed in Birch's "Memoirs." He incurred the lasting displeasure of Queen Elizabeth by marrying, for his second wife, Lady Baker of Kent, a woman of more than questionable character, if we may believe general report, and a satirical poem of the time, handed down only in manuscript, which begins thus:—

"The pride of prelacy, which now long since
Was banish'd with the Pope, is sayd of late
To have arriv'd at Bristowe, and from thence
By Worcester into London brought his state.

It afterwards goes on thus:—

"The Romsine Tarquin, in his folly blind,
Of faire chaste Lucrece did a Lais make;
But owr proud Tarquin beares a braver mind,
And of a Lais doth a Lucrece make."

We cannot venture to quote the coarse epithets liberally bestowed upon Lady Baker, but the poem ends with these lines:—

speare comes next, and as author, actor, and sharer, we cannot be surprised at the situation he occupies. His progress upward, in connexion with the profession, had been gradual and uniform: in 1589 he was twelfth in a company of sixteen members: in 1596 he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603 he was second in a company of nine members.

The degree of encouragement and favour extended to actors by James I. in the very commencement of his reign is remarkable. Not only did he take the Lord Chamberlain's players unto his own service, but the Queen adopted the company which had acted under the name of the Earl of Worcester, of which the celebrated dramatist, Thomas Heywood, was then one; and the Prince of Wales that of the Lord Admiral, at the head of which was Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. These three royal associations, as they may be termed, were independent of others under the patronage of individual noblemen[1].

The policy of this course at such a time is evident, and James I. seems to have been impressed with the truth of the passage in "Hamlet," (brought out, as we apprehend, very shortly before he came to the throne) where it is said of these "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," that it is "better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." James made himself sure of their good report; and an epigram, attributed to Shakespeare, has descended to us, which doubtless was intended in some sort as a grateful return for the royal countenance bestowed upon the stage, and upon those who were connected with it. We

> "But yet, if any will the reason find,
> Why he that look'd as lofty as a steeple
> Should be so base as for to come behind,
> And take the leavings of the common people,
> 'T is playne; for in processions, you know,
> The priest must after all the people goe."

We ought to have mentioned that the poem is headed "Bishop Fletcher and my Lady Baker." The Bishop had buried his first wife, Elizabeth, at Chelsea Church in December, 1592. Nathaniel Fletcher, mentioned above as included with his brother John in his father's will, is spoken of on a preceding page as "servant" to Mrs. White; but who Mrs. White might be, or what was the precise nature of "Nat. Fletcher's" servitude, we have no information.

[1] However, an Act of Parliament was very soon passed (1 Jac. I. c. 7,) to expose strolling actors, although protected by the authority of a peer, to the penalties of 39 Eliz. c. 4. It seems to have been found that the evil had increased to an excess which required this degree of correction; and Sir Edward Coke in his Charge to the Grand Jury at Norwich in 1607, (when at was printed) observes, "The abuse of stage-players, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may easily be reformed, they having no commission to play in any place without leave; and therefore by your willingness if they be not entertained you may soon be rid of them."

copy it from a coeval manuscript in our possession, which seems to have belonged to a curious accumulator of matters of the kind, and which also contains an unknown production by Dekker, as well as various other pieces by dramatists and poets of the time. The lines are entitled,

"SHAKESPEARE ON THE KING.

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tomb, felicity her fate:
Of nought but earth can earth make us partaker,
But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."

We have seen these lines in more than one other old manuscript, and as they were constantly attributed to Shakespeare, and in the form in which we have given them above, are in no respect unworthy of his pen, we have little doubt of their authenticity[1].

Having established his family in "the great house" called "New Place" in his native town in 1597, by the purchase of it from Hercules Underhill, Shakespeare seems to have contemplated considerable additions to his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £320 upon 107 acres of land, which he bought of William and John Combe[2], and attached

[1] Boswell appears to have had a manuscript copy of this epigram, but the general position in the last line was made to have a particular application by the change of "a" to *the*. See Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 481. There were other variations for the worse in Boswell's copy, but that which we have noticed completely altered the character of the production, and reduced it from a great general truth to a mere piece of personal flattery—"But knowledge makes *the* king most like his Maker."

[2] Much has been said in all the Lives of our poet, from the time of Aubrey (who first gives the story) to our own, respecting a satirical epitaph upon a person of the name of John a Combe, supposed to have been made extempore by Shakespeare: Aubrey words it thus:—

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Combe will have twelve, he swears and he vows.
If any one ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

Rowe changes the terms a little, but the point is the same, and in Brathwaite's "Remains," 1618, we have another version of the lines, where they are given as having been written by that author "upon one John Combe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, a notable usurer." We are by no means satisfied that they were originally penned by Brathwaite, from being imputed to him in that volume, and by a passage in "Marocous Extaticus," a tract printed as early as 1595, it is very evident that the connexion between the Devil and John a Combe, or John of Comber (as he is there called) was much older:—"So hee had had his rent at the daie, the devill and John of Comber should not have fetcht Kate L. to Bridewell." There is no ground for supposing that Shakespeare was ever on bad terms with any of the Combes, and in his will he expressly left his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe. In a MS. of that time, now before us, we find the following given as an epitaph upon Sir William Stone:—

"Heer ten in the hundred lies dead and ingraved:
But a hundred to ten his soul is not saved."

And the couplet is printed in no very different form in "The More the Merrier," by H. P. 1608, as well as in Camden's "Remains."

it to his dwelling. The original indenture and its counterpart are in existence, bearing date 1st May, 1602, but to neither of them is the signature of the poet affixed; and it seems that he being absent, his brother Gilbert was his immediate agent in the transaction, and to Gilbert Shakespeare the property was delivered to the use of William Shakespeare. In the autumn of the same year he became the owner of a copyhold tenement (called a *cotagium* in the instrument) in Walker's Street, alias Dead Lane, Stratford, surrendered to him by Walter Getley[1]. In November of the next year he gave Hercules Underhill £60 for a messuage, barn, granary, garden, and orchard close to or in Stratford; but in the original fine, preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, the precise situation is not mentioned. In 1603, therefore, Shakespeare's property, in or near Stratford-upon-Avon, besides what he might have bought of, or inherited from, his father, consisted of New Place, with 107 acres of land attached to it, a tenement in Walker's Street, and the additional messuage, which he had recently purchased from Underhill.

Whether our great dramatist was in London at the period when the new king ascended the throne, we have no means of knowing, but that he was so in the following autumn we have positive proof; for in a letter written by Mrs. Alleyn, (the wife of Edward Alleyn, the actor) to her husband, then in the country, dated 20th October, 1603, she tells him that she had seen "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe" in Southwark[2]. At this date, according to the same authority, most of the companies of players who had left London for the provinces, on account of the prevalence of the plague, and the consequent cessation of dramatic performances, had returned to the metropolis; and it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was one of those who had returned, having taken the opportunity of visiting his family at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Under Elizabeth the Children of the Chapel (originally the choir-boys of the royal establishment) had become an acknowledged company of players, and these, besides her association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty's Revels, requiring that the pieces they proposed to represent should first be submitted to, and have the approval of, the celebrated poet Samuel Daniel. The

[1] A coeval copy of the court-roll is in the hands of the Shakespeare Society. Malone had seen it, and put his initials upon it. No doubt it was his intention to have used it in his unfinished Life of Shakespeare.

[2] See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 63.

instrument of their appointment bears date 30th January, 1603–4; and from a letter from Daniel to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, preserved among his papers, we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of master of the Queen's revels: he says in it, "I cannot but know, that I am lesse deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility unto her Majestie for this roome;" and, after introducing the name of "his good friend," Drayton, he adds the following, which, we apprehend, refers with sufficient distinctness to Shakespeare:—"It seemeth to myne humble judgement that one who is the authour of playes, now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an actor in the Kinges companie of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queene's Majesties Revells, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings."

This objection would have applied with equal force to Drayton, had we not every reason to believe that before this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author. He had been a writer for Henslowe and Alleyn's company during several years, first at the Rose, and afterwards at the Fortune; but he seems to have relinquished that species of composition about a year prior to the demise of Elizabeth, the last piece in which he was concerned, of which we have any intelligence, being noticed by Henslowe under date of May, 1502: this play was called "The Harpies," and he was assisted in it by Dekker, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a suitor for this offiee, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as an actor. We have already spoken of the presumed excellence of his personations on the stage, and to the tradition that he was the original player of the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet." Another character he is said to have sustained is Adam, in "As you like it;" and his brother Gilbert, (who in 1602 had received, on behalf William Shakespeare, the 107 acres of land purchased from William and John Combe) who probably survived the Restoration, is supposed to have been the author of this tradition[1]. He had acted also in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," in 1598, after (as we believe) introducing it to the company; and he is supposed to have written part of, as well as known to have performed in, the same author's "Sejanus," in 1603[2]. This is

[1] See the Introduction to "As you like it."

[2] From lines preceding it in the 4to, 1605, we know that it was brought out at the Globe, and Ben Jonson admits that it was ill received by the audience.

the last we hear of him upon the stage, but that he continued a member of the company until April 9, 1604, we have the evidence of a document preserved at Dulwich College, where the names of the King's players are enumerated in the following order:—Burbage, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Armyn, Sly, Cowley, Ostler, and Day. If Shakespeare had not then actually ceased to perform, we need not hesitate in deciding that he quitted that department of the profession very shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI.

Immediate consequences of Shakespeare's retirement. Offences given by the company to the court, and to private individuals. "Gowry's Conspiracy:" "Biron's Conspiracy" and "Tragedy." Suspension of theatrical performances. Purchase of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, &c., by Shakespeare. "Hamlet" printed in 1603 and 1604. "Henry VIII." "Macbeth." Supposed autograph letter of King James to Shakespeare. Susanna Shakespeare and John Hall married in 1607. Death of Edmund Shakespeare in the same year. Death of Mary Shakespeare in 1608. Shakespeare's great popularity: rated to the poor of Southwark.

No sooner had our great dramatist ceased to take part in the public performances of the King's players, than the company appears to have thrown off the restraint by which it had been usually controlled ever since its formation, and to have produced plays which were objectionable to the court, as well as offensive to private persons. Shakespeare, from his abilities, station, and experience, must have possessed great influence with the body at large, and due deference, we may readily believe, was shown to his knowledge and judgment in the selection and acceptance of plays sent in for approbation by authors of the time. The contrast between the conduct of the association immediately before, and immediately after his retirement, would lead us to conclude, not only that he was a man of prudence and discretion, but that the exercise of these qualities had in many instances kept his fellows from incurring the displeasure of persons in power, and from exciting the animosity of particular individuals. We suppose Shakespeare to have ceased to act in the summer of 1604, and in the winter of that very year we find the King's players giving offence to "some great counsellors" by performing a play upon the subject of Gowry's conspiracy. This fact we have upon

the evidence of one of Sir R. Winwood's correspondents, John Chamberlaine, who, in a letter dated 18th December, 1604, uses these expressions:—"The tragedy of Gowry, with all action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people; but whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great counsellors are much displeased with it, and so, it is thought, it shall be forbidden." Whether it was so forbidden we do not hear upon the same or any other authority, but no such drama has come down to us.

In the next year (at what particular part of it is not stated) Sir Leonard Haliday, then Lord Mayor of London, backed no doubt by his brethren of the corporation, made a complaint against the same company, "that Kempe, (who at this date had rejoined the association) Armyn, and others, players at the Blackfriars, have again not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipful aldermen of the city of London, to their great scandal and the lessening of their authority;" and the interposition of the privy council to prevent the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done in consequence, if anything were done, does not appear in any extant document.

In the spring of the next year a still graver charge was brought against the body of actors of whom Shakespeare, until very recently, had been one; and it originated in no less a person than the French ambassador. George Chapman[1] had written two plays upon the history and execution

[1] We may here notice two productions by this great and various author, one of which is mentioned by Ant. Wood (Ath. Oxon. edit. Bliss. vol. ii. p. 575), and the other by Warton (Hist. Engl. Poetr. vol. iv. p. 276, edit. 8vo), on the authority merely of the stationers' registers; but none of our literary antiquaries seem to have been able to meet with them. They are both in existence. The first is a defence of his "Andromeda Liberata," 1614, which he wrote in celebration of the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and the Countess of Essex, which Chapman tells us had been "most maliciously misinterpreted:" it is called "A free and offenceless Justification" of his poem, and it was printed in 1614. It is chiefly in prose, but at the end is a dialogue in rhyme, between Pheme and Theodines, the last being meant for Chapman: Wood only supposes that Chapman wrote it, but if he could have read it he would have entertained no doubt. It appears that Somerset himself had conceived that "Andromeda Liberata" was a covert attack upon him, and from this notion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. The poetical dialogue is thus opened by Pheme, and sufficiently explains the object of the writer.

> "Ho, you! Theodines! you must not dreame
> Y'are thus dismist in peace: seas too extreame
> Your song hath stir'd up to be calm'd so soone:
> Nay, in your haven you shipwracke: y'are undone

of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage, such matter that M Beaumont, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the re petition, and the performance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the players were arrested, (their names are not given) but the author made his escape. These two dramas were printed in 1608, and again in 1625; and looking through them, we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence; but the truth certainly is, that all the objectionable portions were omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on the authority of the despatch from the French ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving the latter a box on the ear.

This information was conveyed to Paris under the date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French ambassador, apparently in order to make his court acquainted with the lawless character of dramatic performances at that date in England, adds a very singular paragraph, proving that the King's players, only a few days before they had brought the Queen of France upon the stage, had not hesitated to introduce upon the same boards their own reigning sovereign in a most unseemly manner, making him swear violently, and beat a gentleman for interfering with his known propensity for the chase. This course indicates a most extraordinary degree of boldness on the part of the players; but, nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until M. Beaumont had directed the attention of the public authori-

> Your Perseus is displeas'd, and sleighteth now
> Your work as idle, and as servile yow.
> The peoples god-voice hath exclaim'd away
> Your mistie clouds; and he sees, cleare as day,
> Y'ave made him scandal'd for anothers wrong,
> Wishing unpublisht your unpopular song."

The other production, of which our knowledge has also hitherto been derived from the stationers' registers, is called "Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalms, paraphrastically translated," with other poems of a miscellaneous kind at the end: it was printed in small 8vo, in 1612, dedicated to Sir Edward Phillips, Master of the Rolls, where Chapman speaks of his yet unfinished translation of Homer, which, he adds, the Prince of Wales had commanded him to complete. The editor of the present work has a copy of Chapman's "Memorable Masque" on the marriage of the Palsgrave and Princess Elizabeth, corrected by Chapman in his own hand; but the errors are few, and not very important. It shows the patient accuracy of the accomplished writer.

ties to the insult offered to the Queen of France: then, an order was issued putting a stop to the acting of all plays in London; but, according to the same authority, the companies had clubbed their money, and, attacking James I. on his weak side, had offered a large sum to be allowed to continue their performances. The French ambassador himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's pecuniary wants would be effectual, and that permission, under certain restrictions, would not long be withheld[1].

Whatever emoluments Shakespeare had derived from the Blackfriars or the Globe theatres, as an actor merely, we may be tolerably certain he relinquished when he ceased to perform. He would thus be able to devote more of his time to dramatic composition, and, as he continued a sharer in the two undertakings, perhaps his income on the whole was not much lessened. Certain it is, that in 1605 he was in possession of a considerable sum, which he was anxious to invest advantageously in property in or near the place of his birth. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which he quitted Stratford, he always seems to have contemplated a permanent return thither, and kept his eyes constantly turned in the direction of his birth-place. As long before as January, 1598, he had been advised "to deal in the matter of tithes" of Stratford[2]; but perhaps at that

[1] We derive these very curious and novel particulars from M. Von Raumer's "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," translated by Lord Francis Egerton, vol. ii. p. 219. The terms are worth quoting.

"April 5, 1606. I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the History of the Duke of Biron: when, however, they saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. The former, having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped.

"One or two days before, they had brought forward their own King and all his favorites in a very strange fashion: they made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a-day, &c.

"He has upon this made order, that no play shall be henceforth acted in London; for the repeal of which order they have already offered 100,000 livres. Perhaps the permission will be again granted, but upon condition that they represent no recent history, nor speak of the present time."

[2] In a letter from a resident in Stratford of the name of Abraham Sturley. It was originally published by Boswell (vol. ii. p. 566) at length, but the only part which relates to Shakespeare runs thus: we have not thought it necessary to preserve the uncouth abbreviations of the original.

"This is one special remembrance of your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countriman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to

date, having recently purchased New Place, he was not in sufficient funds for the purpose, or possibly the party in possession of the lease of the tithes, though not unwilling to dispose of it, required more than it was deemed worth At all events, nothing was done on the subject for more than six years; but on the 24th July, 1605, we find William Shakespeare, who is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," executing an indenture for the purchase of the unexpired term of a long lease of the great tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and of the small tithes of "wool, lamb, and other small and privy tithes, herbage, oblations," &c., in Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, in the county of Warwick. The vendor was Raphe Huband, of Ippesley, Esquire; and from the draft of the deed, now before us[1], we learn that the original lease, dated as far back as 1539, was "for four score and twelve years;" so that in 1605 it had still twenty-six years to run, and for this our great dramatist agreed to pay 440*l*: by the receipt, contained in the same deed, it appears that he paid the whole of the money before it was executed by the parties. He might very fitly be described as of Stratford-upon Avon, because he had there not only a substantial, settled residence for his family, but he was the owner of considerable property, both in land and houses, in the town and neighbourhood; and he had been before so described in 1602, when he bought the 107 acres of William and John Combe, which he annexed to his dwelling of New Place.

A spurious edition of "Hamlet" having been published in 1603[2], a more authentic copy came out in the next year, containing much that had been omitted, and more that had been grossly disfigured and misrepresented. We do not believe that Shakespeare, individually, had anything to do with this second and more correct impression, and we doubt much whether it was authorized by the company, which seems at all times to have done its utmost to prevent the

disburse some money upon some od yardeland or other at Shottery, or near about us: he thinketh it a very fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him theareof, and by the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote at, and not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, and would do us much good." The terms of this letter prove that Shakespeare's townsmen were of opinion that he was desirous of advancing himself among the inhabitants of Stratford.

[1] It is about to be printed entire by the Shakespeare Society, to the council of which it has been handed over by the owner for the purpose.

[2] The only copy of this impression is in the library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and we have employed it to a certain extent in settling and explaining the text of the tragedy. See the Introduction to "Hamlet."

appearance of plays in print, lest to a certain extent the public curiosity should thereby be satisfied.

The point is, of course, liable to dispute, but we have little doubt that "Henry VIII." was represented very soon after the accession of James I., to whom and to whose family it contains a highly complimentary allusion; and "Macbeth," having been written in 1605, we suppose to have been produced at the Globe in the spring of 1606. Although it related to Scottish annals, it was not like the play of Gowry's Conspiracy" (mentioned by Chamberlaine at the close of 1603), founded, to use Von Raumer's words, upon "recent history;" and instead of running the slightest risk of giving offence, many of the sentiments and allusions it contained, especially that to the "two-fold balls and treble sceptres," in Act iv. scene 1, must have been highly acceptable to the King. It has been supposed, upon the authority of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, that King James with his own hand wrote a letter to Shakespeare in return for the compliment paid to him in "Macbeth:" the Duke of Buckingham is said to have had Davenant's evidence for this anecdote, which was first told in print in the advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1710[1]. Rowe says nothing of it in his "Life," either in 1709 or 1714, so that, at all events, he did not adopt it; and it seems very improbable that James I. should have so far condescended, and very probable that the writer of Lintot's advertisement should not have been very scrupulous. We may conjecture, that a privy seal under the sign manual, (then the usual form of proceeding) granting to the King's players some extraordinary reward on the occasion, has been misrepresented as a private letter from the King to the dramatist.

Malone speculated that "Macbeth" had been played before King James and the King of Denmark, (who arrived in England on 6th July, 1606) but we have not a particle of testimony to establish that a tragedy relating to the assassination of a monarch by an ambitious vassal was ever represented at court: we should be surprised to discover any proof of the kind, because such incidents seem usually to have been carefully avoided.

[1] That the story came through the Duke of Buckingham, from Davenant, seems to have been a conjectural addition by Oldys: the words in Lintot's advertisement are these:—"That most learned Prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer was the first to give currency to the notion, that the compliment to the Stuart family in "Macbeth" was the occasion of the letter

The eldest daughter of William and Anne Shakespeare, Susanna, having been born in May, 1583, was rather more than twenty-four years old when she was married, on 5th June, 1607, to Mr. John Hall, of Stratford, who is styled "gentleman" in the register[1], but he was a professor of medicine, and subsequently practised as a physician. There appears to have been no reason on any side for opposing the match, and we may conjecture that the ceremony was performed in the presence of our great dramatist, during one of his summer excursions to his native town. About six months afterwards he lost his brother Edmund[2], and his mother in the autumn of the succeeding year.

There is no doubt that Edmund Shakespeare, who was not twenty-eight at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of a player, having perhaps followed the fortunes of his brother William, and attached himself to the same company. We, however, never meet with his name in any list of the associations of the time, nor is he mentioned as an actor among the characters of any old play with which we are acquainted. We may presume, therefore, that he attained no eminence; perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical concerns, while he only took inferior parts when the assistance of a larger number of performers than usual was necessary.

Mary Shakespeare survived her son Edmund about eight months, and was buried at Stratford on the 9th Sept. 1608[3]. There are few points of his life which can be stated with more confidence than that our great dramatist attended the funeral of his mother: filial piety and duty would of course impel him to visit Stratford on the occasion, and in proof that he did so, we may mention that on the 16th of the next month he stood godfather there to a boy of the name of William Walker. Shakespeare's mother had probably resided at New Place, the house of her son; from whence, we may presume also, the body of her husband had been carried to the grave seven years before. If she were of full age when she was married to John Shakespeare in 1557, she was about 72 years old at the time of her decease.

The reputation of our poet as a dramatist seems at this period to have been at its height. His "King Lear" was

[1] The terms are these:—

"1607. Junii 5. John Hall gentlema & Susanna Shaxspere

[2] He was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the immediate vicinity of the Globe theatre; the registration being in the following form, specifying, rather unusually, the occupation of the deceased,

"1607, Dec. 31. Edmund Shakespeare, a player."

[3] The following is a copy of the register.

"1608, Septemb. 9, Mayry Shaxspere, Wydowe."

printed three times for the same bookseller in 1608; and in order perhaps to increase its sale, (as well as to secure the purchaser against the old "King Leir," a play upon the same story, being given to him instead) the name of "M. William Shake-speare" was placed very conspicuously, and most unusually, at the top of the title-page. The same observation will in part apply to "Pericles," which came out in 1609, with the name of the author rendered particularly obvious, although in the ordinary place. "Troilus and Cressida," which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very distinctly legible, but in a somewhat smaller type. In both the latter cases, it would likewise seem, that there were plays by older or rival dramatists upon the same incidents. The most noticeable proof of the advantage which a bookseller conceived he should derive from the announcement that the work he published was by our poet, is afforded by the title-page of the collection of his dispersed sonnets, which was ushered into the world as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in very large capitals, as if that mere fact would be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir (p. lxx.) we have alluded to the circumstance, that in 1609 Shakespeare was rated to the poor of the Liberty of the Clink in a sum which might possibly indicate that he was the occupant of a commodious dwelling-house in Southwark. The fact that our great dramatist paid six-pence a week to the poor there, (as high a sum as anybody in that immediate vicinity was assessed at) is stated in the account of the Life of Edward Alleyn, printed by the Shakespeare Society, (p. 90) and there it is too hastily inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is very possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that he paid the rate not for any habitation, good or bad, large or small, but in respect of his theatrical property in the Globe, which was situated in the same district[1]. The parish reg-

[1] The account (preserved at Dulwich College) does not state that the parties enumerated (consisting of 57 persons) were rated to the poor for dwelling-houses, but merely that they were rated and assessed to a weekly payment towards the relief of the poor, some for dwelling-houses, and others perhaps in respect to different kinds of property: it is thus entitled:—

"A breif noat taken out of the poores booke, contayning the names of all thenhabitantes of this Liberty, which are rated and assessed to a weekely paiment towardes the relief of the poore. As it standes now encreased, this 6th day of Aprill, 1609. Delivered up to Phillip Henslowe, Esquior, churchwarden, by Francis Carter, one of the ovreseers of the same Liberty." It commences with these names:—

Phillip Henslowe, esquior, assessed at weekely . . vj^{d}
Ed. Alleyn, assessed at weekely . . . . vj^{d}
The Ladye Buckley weekly . . . . iiij^{d}

ister of St. Saviour's establishes, that in 1601 the church wardens had been instructed by the vestry "to talk with the players" respecting the payment of tithes and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not very unlikely that some arrangement was made under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed. As a confirmatory circumstance we may add, that when Henslowe and Alleyn were about to build the Fortune play-house, in 1599–1600, the inhabitants of the Lordship of Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, petitioned the privy council in favour of the undertaking, one of their reasons being, that "the erectors were contented to give a very liberal portion of money weekly towards the relief of the poor." Perhaps the parties interested in the Globe were contented to come to similar terms, and the parish to accept the money weekly from the various individuals. Henslowe, Alleyn, Lowin, Town, Juby, &c., who were either sharers, or actors and sharers, in that or other theatres in the same neighbourhood, contributed in different proportions for the same purpose, the largest amount being six-pence per week, which was paid by Shakespeare, Henslowe, and Alleyn[1].

The ordinary inhabitants included in the same list, doubt-

The account is in three divisions; and in the first, besides the above, we find the names of

Mr. Langworthe	iij^{d}
Mr. Benfield	iij^{d}
Mr. Griffin	ij^{d}
Mr. Toppin	ij^{d}
Mr. Louens [*i. e.* Lowin]	ij^{d}
Francis Carter	ij^{d}
Gilbert Catherens	ij^{d}

and twenty-one others. The next division includes a list of nineteen names, and at the head of it we find,

Mr. Shakespeare	vj^{d}
Mr. Edw. Collins	vj^{d}
John Burret	vj^{d}

and all the rest pay a rate of either 2½^{d} or 1½^{d}, including the following actors:

Mr. Toune	ij^{d} ob.
Mr. Jubye	j^{d} ob.
Richard Hunt	j^{d} ob.
Simon Bird	j^{d} ob.

The third division consists of seven persons who only paid one penny per week, and among them we perceive the name of no individual who, according to other evidence, appears to have been in any way concerned with theatres: Malone (see his "Inquiry," p. 215,) had seen this document, but he mis-states that it belongs to the year 1603, and not 1609.

[1] John Northbrooke, in his Treatise against Plays, Players, &c., (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 126,) informs us that in 1577 people contributed weekly to the support of the poor "according to their ability, some a penny, some-two-pence, another four-pence, and the best commonly giveth but six-pence."

less, paid for their dwellings, according to their several rents, and such may have been the case with Shakespeare. all we contend for is, that we ought not to conclude at once, that Shakespeare was the tenant of a house in the Liberty of the Clink, merely from the circumstance that he was rated to the poor. It is not unlikely that he was the occupier of a substantial dwelling-house in the immediate neighbourhood of the Globe, where his presence and assistance would often be required; and the amount of his income at this period would warrant such an expenditure, although we have no reason for thinking that such a house would be needed for his wife and family, because the existing evidence is opposed to the notion that they ever resided with him in London.

CHAPTER XVII.

Attempt of the Lord Mayor and aldermen in 1608 to expel the King's players from the Blackfriars, and its failure. Negotiation by the corporation to purchase the theatre and its appurtenances: interest and property of Shakespeare and other sharers. The income of Richard Burbage at his death. Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, and his statement regarding Shakespeare's expenditure. Copy of a letter from Lord Southampton on behalf of Shakespeare and Burbage. Probable decision of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in favour of the company at the Blackfriars theatre.

We have referred to the probable amount of the income of our great dramatist in 1609, and within the last ten years a document has been discovered, which enables us to form some judgment, though not perhaps an accurate estimate, of the sum he annually derived from the private theatre in the Blackfriars.

From the outset of the undertaking, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London had been hostile to the establishment of players within this precinct, so near to the boundaries, but beyond the jurisdiction of the corporation; and, as we have already shown, they had made several fruitless efforts to dislodge them. The attempt was renewed in 1608, when Sir Henry Montagu, the Attorney General of the day, gave an opinion in favour of the claim of the citizens to exercise their municipal powers within the precinct of the late dissolved monastery of the Blackfriars. The question seems in some shape to have been brought before Baron Ellesmere, then Lord Chancellor of England, who required from the Lord Mayor and his brethren proofs that they had exercised any authority in the disputed liberty. The distinguished lawyers of the day retained by the city were imme-

diately employed in searching for records applicable to the point at issue; but as far as we can judge, no such proofs, as were thought necessary by the highest legal authority of the time, and applicable to any recent period, were forthcoming. Lord Ellesmere, therefore, we may conclude, was opposed to the claim of the city.

Failing in this endeavour to expel the King's players from their hold by force of law, the corporation appears to have taken a milder course, and negotiated with the players for the purchase of the Blackfriars theatre, with all its properties and appurtenances. To this negotiation we are probably indebted for a paper, which shows with great exactness and particularity the amount of interest then claimed by each sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbage, Laurence Fletcher[1], William Shakespeare, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and John Lowin, with four other persons not named, each the owner of half a share.

We have inserted the document entire in a note[2], and hence we find that Richard Burbage was the owner of the freehold or fee, (which he no doubt inherited from his father) as well as the owner of four shares, the value of all which, taken together, he rated at 1933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Laurence Fletcher (if it be he, for the Christian name is written

[1] These transactions most probably occurred before September, 1608, because Laurence Fletcher died in that month. However, it is not quite certain that the "Laz. Fletcher," mentioned in the document, was Laurence Fletcher: we know of no person named Lazarus Fletcher, though he may have been the personal representative of Laurence Fletcher.

[2] It is thus headed—

"For avoiding of the Playhouse in the Precinct of the Blacke Friers.

	£.	*s.*	*d.*
Imp. Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000*l.* for the Fee, and for his foure shares in the summe of 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*	1933	6	8
Item. Laz. Fletcher oweth three shares, which he rateth at 700*l.*, that is, at seven yeares purchase for each share, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, one yeare with another . .	700	0	0
Item. W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*l.*, and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes, Burbidge and Fletcher; viz. 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*	1433	6	8
Item Heminge and Condell eche 2 shares . . .	933	6	8
Item. Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe . . .	350	0	0
Item. Lowing also one share and an halfe . . .	350	0	0
Item. Foure more playeres with one halfe share to eche of them	466	13	4
Summa totalis .	6166	13	4

Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demaund some recompence for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Players, who are paide by the Sharers at divers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will cost the Lo Mayor and the Citizens at least 7000*l.*"

"Laz,") was proprietor of three shares, for which he claimed 700*l.* Shakespeare was proprietor of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, estimated at 500*l.*, as well as of four shares, valued, like those of Burbage and Fletcher, at 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each, or 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, at seven years' purchase his whole demand was 1433*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, or 500*l.* less than that of Burbage, in as much as the fee was considered worth 1000*l.*, while Shakespeare's wardrobe and properties were valued at 500*l.* According to the same calculation, Heminge and Condell each required 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for their two shares, and Taylor 350*l.* for his share and a half, while the four unnamed half-sharers put in their claim to be compensated at the same rate, 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* This mode of estimating the Blackfriars theatre made the value of it 6166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and to this sum was to be added remuneration to the hired men of the company, who were not sharers, as well as to the widows and orphans of deceased actors: the purchase money of the whole property was thus raised to at least 7000*l.*

Each share, out of the twenty into which the receipts of the theatre were divided, yielded, as was alleged, an annual profit of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and Shakespeare, owning four of these shares, his annual income, from them only, was 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*: he was besides proprietor of the wardrobe and properties, stated to be worth 500*l.*: these, we may conclude, he lent to the company for a certain consideration, and, reckoning wear and tear, ten per cent. seems a very low rate of payment; we will take it, however, at that sum, which would add 50*l.* a year to the 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* already mentioned, making together 183*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides what our great dramatist must have gained by the profits of his pen, upon which we have no data for forming any thing like an accurate estimate. Without including any thing on this account, and supposing only that the Globe was as profitable for a summer theatre as the Blackfriars was for a winter theatre, it is evident that Shakespeare's income could hardly have been less than 366*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Taking every known source of emolument into view, we consider 400*l.* a year the very lowest amount at which his income can be reckoned in 1608.

The document upon which this calculation is founded is preserved among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, but a remarkable incidental confirmation of it has still more recently been brought to light in the State-paper office. Sir Dudley Carlton was ambassador at the Hague in 1619, and John Chamberlaine, writing to him on 19th of March in that year, and mentioning the death of Queen Anne, states that "the funeral is put off to the 29th of the next month, to the great hinderance of our players, which are forbidden to play

so long as her body is above ground: one speciall man among them, Burbage, is lately dead, and hath left, they say, better than 300*l.* land."[1]

Burbage was interred at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on 16th March, 1619, three days anterior to the date of Chamberlaine's letter[2], having made his nuncupative will four days before his burial: in it he said nothing about the amount of his property, but merely left his wife Winifred his sole executrix. There can be no doubt, however, that the correspondent of Sir Dudley Carlton was correct in his information, and that Burbage died worth "better than" 300*l.* a year in land, besides his "goods and chattels:" 300*l.* a year at that date was about 1500*l.* of our present money, and we have every reason to suppose that Shakespeare was quite in as good, if not in better circumstances. Until the letter of Chamberlaine was found, we had not the slightest knowledge of the amount of property Burbage had accumulated, he having been during his whole life merely an actor, and not combining in his own person the profits of a most successful dramatic author with those of a performer. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, that although Shakespeare continued a large sharer with the leading members of the company in 1608, he had retired from the stage about four years before; and having ceased to act, but still retaining his shares in the profits of the theatres with which he was connected, it is impossible to say what arrangement he may have made with the rest of the company for the regular contribution of dramas, in lieu perhaps of his own personal exertions.

In a work published a few years ago, containing extracts from the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose memoranda extend from 1648 to 1679[3], it is stated that Shakespeare "in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that

[1] This new and valuable piece of information was pointed out to us by Mr. Lemon, who has been as indefatigable in his researches as liberal in the communication of the results of them.

[2] The passage above quoted renders Middleton's epigram on the death of Burbage (Works by Dyce, vol. v. p. 503) quite clear:—

> "Astronomers and star-gazers this year
> Write but of four eclipses; five appear.
> Death interposing Burbage, and their staying,
> Hath made a visible eclipse of playing."

It has been conjectured that "their staying" referred to a temporary suspension of plays in consequence of the death of Burbage; but the *stay* was the prohibition of acting until after the funeral of Queen Anne.

[3] Diary of the Rev. John Ward, &c. Arranged by Charles Severn. M. J. London, 8vo, 1839.

he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, as I have heard." We only adduce this passage to show what the opinion was as to Shakespeare's circumstances shortly after the Restoration[1]. We take it for granted that the sum of 1000*l.* (equal to nearly 5000*l.* now) is a considerable exaggeration, but it may warrant the belief that Shakespeare lived in good style and port, late in life, in his native town. It is very possible, too, though we think not probable, that after he retired to Stratford he continued to write, but it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." He might not be able at once to relinquish his old and confirmed habits of composition; but such other evidence as we possess is opposed to Ward's statement, to which he himself appends the cautionary words, "as I have heard." Of course he could have known nothing but by hearsay forty-six years after our poet's decease. He might, however, easily have known inhabitants of Stratford who well recollected Shakespeare, and, considering the opportunities he possessed, it strikes us as very singular that he collected so little information.

We have already adverted to the bounty of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare, which we have supposed to have been consequent upon the dedication of "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," to that nobleman, and coincident in point of date with the building of the Globe Theatre. Another document has been handed down to us among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, which proves the strong interest Lord Southampton still took, about fifteen years afterwards, in Shakespeare's affairs, and in the prosperity of the company to which he was attached: it has distinct reference also to the pending and unequal struggle between the corporation of London and the players at the Blackfriars, of which we have already spoken. It is the copy of a letter subscribed H. S. (the initials of the Earl) to some nobleman in favour of our great dramatist, and of the chief performer in many of his plays, Richard Burbage; and recollecting what Lord Southampton had before done for Shakespeare, and the manner in which from the first he had patronized our stage and drama, it seems to us the most natural thing in the world for him to write a letter personally on behalf of parties who had so many public and private claims. We may conclude that the original was not addressed to Lord Ellesmere, or it would have been found in the depository of his papers, and not merely a transcript of it; but a copy of it may have been furnished to the Lord Chancellor, in order to give him some information respecting the charac-

[1] Mr. Ward was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford-upon-Avon in 1662

ters of the parties upon whose cause he was called upon to decide. Lord Ellesmere stood high in the confidence of his sovereign: he had many important public duties to discharge besides those belonging to his great office; and notwithstanding he had shown himself at all times a liberal patron of letters, and had had many works of value dedicated to him, we may readily imagine, that although he must have heard of Shakespeare and Burbage, he was in some degree of ignorance as to their individual deserts, which this communication was intended to remove. That it was not sent to him by Lord Southampton, who probably was acquainted with him, may afford a proof of the delicacy of the Earl's mind, who would not seem directly to interpose while a question of the sort was pending before a judge, (though possibly not in his judicial capacity) the history of whose life establishes that where the exercise of his high functions was involved he was equally deaf to public and to private influence.

We have introduced an exact copy of the document in a note[1], and it will be observed that it is without date; but

[1] The copy was made upon half a sheet of paper, and without address: it runs as follows:—

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue receiued at your Lordship's hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selves by authoritie the servaunts of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most gracious Maister and Sovereigne in this the tyme of their troble. They are threatened by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the distruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a priuate theatre, and hath neuer giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordship's kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitye, industry, and good behaviour, he hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father, now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the companie was called uppon to performe before her Maiestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide His most gracious Maiestie King James alsoe, sence his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royal favour to the compania in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualitves, though it longeth not of your Lo. grauitie and wisedome to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the

the subject of it shows beyond dispute that it belongs to this period, while the lord mayor and aldermen were endeavouring to expel the players from a situation where they had been uninterruptedly established for more than thirty years. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was attained, because we know that the lord mayor and his brethren were not allowed, until many years afterwards, to exercise any authority within the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars, and that the King's servants continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XVIII

Warrant to Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, for the Children of the Queen's Revels, in Jan. 1610. Popularity of juvenile companies of actors. Stay of Daborne's warrant, and the reasons for it. Plays intended to be acted by the Children of the Queen's Revels. Shakespeare's dramas between 1609 and 1612. His retirement to Stratford, and disposal of his property in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres. Alleyn's purchases in Blackfriars in 1612. Shakespeare's purchase of a house in Blackfriars from Henry Walker in 1613, and the possible cause of it explained. Shakespeare described as of Stratford-upon-Avon.

THERE is reason for believing that the important question of jurisdiction had been decided in favour of the King's players before January, 1609–10, because we have an instrument of that date authorizing a juvenile company to exhibit at Blackfriars, as well as the association which had been in possession of the theatre ever since its original construction. One circumstance connected with this document, to which we shall presently advert, may however appear to cast a doubt upon the point, whether it had yet been finally determined that the corporation of London was by law excluded from the precinct of the Blackfriars.

It is a fact, of which it may be said we have conclusive proof, that almost from the first, if not from the first, the Blackfriars theatre had been in the joint possession of the

publique eare Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molested in their way of life, whereby they maintaine them selves and their wives and families, (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widows and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo most bounden at com.

"Copia vera." "H. S."

Lord Southampton was clearly mistaken when he stated that the Blackfriars theatre had been built nearly fifty years: in 1608 it had been built about thirty-three years.

Lord Chamberlain's servants and of a juvenile company called the Children of the Chapel: they were also known as "her Majesty's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars;" and it is not to be supposed that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars.[1] After the opening of the Globe in 1595, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to be occupied by the Children of the Chapel during the seven months from April to October.

The success of the juvenile companies in the commencement of the reign of James I., and even at the latter end of that of Elizabeth, was great; and we find Shakespeare alluding to it in very pointed terms in a well-known passage in "Hamlet," which we suppose to have been written in the winter of 1601, or in the spring of 1602. They seem to have gone on increasing in popularity, and very soon after James I. ascended the throne, Queen Anne took a company, called "the Children of the Queen's Revels," under her immediate patronage. There is no reason to doubt that they continued to perform at Blackfriars, and in the very commencement of the year 1610 we find that Shakespeare either was, or intended to be, connected with them. At this period he probably contemplated an early retirement from the metropolis, and might wish to avail himself, for a short period, of this new opportunity of profitable employment.

Robert Daborne, the author of two dramas that have been printed, and of several others that have been lost,[2] seems to have been a man of good family, and of some interest at court;

[1] See Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii. p. 275, where such is conjectured to have been the arrangement.

[2] "The Christian turned Turk." 1612, and "The Poor Man's Comfort," 1655. In "The Alleyn Papers," (printed by the Shakespeare Society,) may be seen much correspondence between Daborne and Henslowe respecting plays he was then writing for the Fortune theatre. By a letter from him, dated 2nd August, 1614, it appears that Lord Willoughby had sent for him, and it is most likely that Daborne went to Ireland under this nobleman's patronage. It is certain that, having been regularly educated, he went into the Church, and had a living at or near Waterford, where, in 1618, he preached a sermon which is extant. While writing for Henslowe he was in great poverty, having sold most of the property he had with his wife. We have no information as to the precise time of his death, but his "Poor Man's Comfort" was certainly a posthumous production: he had sold it to one of the companies of the day before he took holy orders, and, like various other plays, after long remaining in manuscript, it was published. His lost plays, some of which he wrote in conjunction with other dramatists, appear from "The Alleyn Papers" to have been—1. Machiavel and the Devil; 2. The Arraignment of London; 3. The Bellman of London; 4. The Owl; 5. The She Saint; besides others the titles of which are not given.

and in January 1609–10, he was able to procure a royal grant, authorizing him and others to provide and educate a number of young actors, to be called "the Children of the Queen's Revels." As we have observed, this was not a new association, because it had existed under that appellation, and under those of "the Children of the Chapel" and "the Children of the Blackfriars," from near the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. Daborne, in 1609–10, was placed at the head of it, and not, perhaps, having sufficient means or funds of his own, he had, as was not unusual, partners in the undertaking: those partners were William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, (the celebrated actor, and very clever author) and Edward Kirkham, who had previously enjoyed a privilege of the same kind[1]. A memorandum of the warrant to "Daborne and others," not there named, is inserted in the "Entry Book of Patents and Warrants for Patents," kept by a person of the name of Tuthill, who was employed by Lord Ellesmere for the purpose, and which book is preserved among the papers handed down by his lordship to his successors. In the same depository we also find a draft of the warrant itself, under which Daborne and his partners, therein named, viz. Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, were to proceed[2]; and it is a circumstance deserving notice, that

[1] He was one of the masters of the Children of the Queen's Revels in 1603–4. See Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. i. p. 352.

[2] It runs thus:—

"Right trusty and welbeloved, &c., James, &c. To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, &c. Whereas the Queene, our dearest wife, hath for her pleasure and recreation appointed her servaunts Robert Daiborne, &c. to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, who shall be called the Children of her Majesties Revells, knowe ye that we have appointed and authorized, and by these presents doe appoint and authorize the said Robert Daiborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and Edward Kirkham, from time to time to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing Tragedies, Comedies, &c., by the name of the Children of the Revells to the Queene, within the Blackfryers, in our Citie of London, or els where within our realm of England. Wherefore we will and command you, and everie of you, to permitt her said servaunts to keepe a convenient nomber of children, by the name of the Children of the Revells to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing according to her royal pleasure. Provided alwaies, that no playes, &c. shall be by them presented, but such playes, &c. as have received the approbation and allowance of our Maister of the Revells for the tyme being. And these our lres. shall be your suffioient warrant in this behalfe. In witnesse whereof, &c., 4° die Janij. 1609.

"Proud Povertie.	Engl. Tragedie.
Widow's Mite.	False Friends.
Antonio.	Hate and Love.
Kinsmen.	Taming of S.
Triumph of Truth.	K. Edw. 2.
Touchstone.	Mirror of Life
Grisell.	

&c. saved."

"the Children of the Queen's Revels" were thereby licensed not only to act "tragedies, comedies," &c. in the Blackfriars theatre, but "elsewhere within the realm of England;" so that even places where the city authorities had indisputably a right to exercise jurisdiction were not exempted.

It will be recollected that this had been a point in dispute in 1574, and that the words "as well within our city of London" were on this account excluded from the patent granted by Elizabeth to the players of Lord Leicester, though found in the privy seal dated three days earlier.[1] For the same reason, probably, they are not contained in the patent of James I. to Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others, in 1603. We may be satisfied that the warrant of 1609–10 to Daborne and his partners was not carried into effect, and possibly on that account: although it may have been decided at this date that the lord mayor and aldermen had no power forcibly to exclude the actors from the Blackfriars, it may have been held inexpedient to go the length of authorizing a young company to act within the very boundaries of the city. So far the corporation may have prevailed, and this may be the cause why we never hear of any steps having been taken under the warrant of 1609–10. The word "stayed" is added at the conclusion of the draft, as if some good ground had been discovered for delaying, if not for entirely withholding it. Perhaps even the question of jurisdiction had not been completely settled, and it may have been thought useless to concede a privilege which, after all, by the operation of the law in favour of the claim of the city, might turn out to be of no value, because it could not be acted upon. Certain it is, that the new scheme seems to have been entirely abandoned; and whatever Shakespeare may have intended when he became connected with it, he continued, as long as he remained in London, and as far as any evidence enables us to judge, to write only for the company of the King's players, who persevered in their performances at the Blackfriars in the winter, and at the Globe in the summer.

It will be seen that to the draft in favour of "Daborne and others," as directors of the performances of the Children of the Queen's Revels, a list is appended, apparently of dramatic performances in representing which the juvenile company was to be employed. Some of these may be considered, known and established performances, such as "Antonio," which perhaps was intended for the "Antonio and Mellida" of Marston, printed in 1602; "Grisell," for the "Patient Grisell" of Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, printed

[1] See Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. i p 212.

in 1603; and "K. Edw. 2.," for Marlowe's "Edward II.," printed in 1598. Of others we have no information from any quarter, and only two remind us at all of Shakespeare: "Kinsmen," may mean "The two Noble Kinsmen," in writing which, some suppose our great dramatist to have been concerned; and "Taming of S," is possibly to be taken for "The Taming of the Shrew," or for the older play, with nearly the same title, upon which it was founded.

"Troilus and Cressida" and "Pericles" were printed in 1609, and to our mind there seems but little doubt that they had been written and prepared for the stage only a short time before they came from the press. With the single exception of "Othello," which came out in 4to in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1609 and the date of the publication of the folio in 1623[1]. We need not here discuss what plays, first found in that volume, were penned by our great dramatist after 1609, because we have separately considered the claims of each in our preliminary Introductions. "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," seem to belong to a late period of our poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition.

Between January 1609–10, when Shakespeare was one of the parties to whom the warrant for the Children of the Queen's Revels was conceded, and the year 1612, when it has been reasonably supposed that he quitted London to take up his permanent residence at Stratford, we are in possession of no facts connected with his personal history[2]. It would seem both natural and prudent that, before he withdrew from the metropolis, he should dispose of his theatrical property, which must necessarily be of fluctuating and uncertain value, depending much upon the presence and activity of the owner for its profitable management. In his will (unlike some of his contemporaries who expired in London) he says nothing of any such property, and we

[1] One copy of the folio is known with the date of 1622 upon the title-page. The volume was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th Nov. 1623, as if it had not been published until late in that year, unless we suppose the entry made by Blount and Jaggard some time after publication, in order to secure their right to the plays first printed there, which they thought might be invaded.

[2] We ought, perhaps to except a writ issued by the borough court in June 1610, at the suit of Shakespeare, for the recovery of a small sum. A similar occurrence had taken place in 1604, when our poet sought to recover 1*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* from a person of the name of Rogers, for corn sold to him. These facts are ascertained from the existing records of Stratford

are left to infer that he did not die in possession of it, having disposed of it before he finally retired to Stratford.

It is to be recollected also that the species of interest he had in the Blackfriars theatre, independently of his shares in the receipts, was peculiarly perishable: it consisted of the wardrobe and properties, which in 1608, when the city authorities contemplated the purchase of the whole establishment, were valued at 500*l.*; and we may feel assured that he would sell them to the company which had had the constant use of them, and doubtless had paid an annual consideration to the owner. The fee, or freehold, of the house and ground was in the hands of Richard Burbage, and from him it descended to his two sons: that was a permanent and substantial possession, very different in its character and durability from the dresses and machinery which belonged to Shakespeare. The mere circumstance of the nature of Shakespeare's property in the Blackfriars seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth, where he meant to spend the rest of his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five and twenty years. Supposing him to have begun his theatrical career at the end of 1586, as we have imagined, the quarter of a century would be completed by the close of 1612, and for aught we know, that might be the period Shakespeare had in his mind fixed upon for the termination of his toils and anxieties.

It has been ascertained that Edward Alleyn, the actor-founder of the college of "God's Gift" at Dulwich, purchased property in the Blackfriars in April 1612[1], and although it may possibly have been theatrical, there seems sufficient reason to believe that it was not, but that it consisted of certain leasehold houses, for which according to his own account-book, he paid a quarterly rent of 40*l.* The brief memorandum upon this point, preserved at Dulwich, certainly relates to any thing rather than to the species of interest which Shakespeare indisputably had in the wardrobe and properties of the Blackfriars theatre[2]: the terms

[1] See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 105, where a conjecture is hastily hazarded that it might be Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre. Upon this question we agree with Mr. Knight in "Shakspere, a Biography," prefixed to his pictorial edition of the Poet's works.

[2] It is in the following form, upon a small damp-injured piece of paper, and obviously a mere memorandum.

"April 1612,

"Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfryers .	160li
More for the Blackfryers	126li
More again for the Leasse	310li
The writinges for the same and other small charges	3li 6s 8d

If this paper had any relation at all to the theatre in the Blackfriars, it is very evident that Shakespeare could neither grant nor sell a

Alleyn uses would apply only to tenements or ground, and as Burbage valued his freehold of the theatre at 1000*l.*, we need not hesitate in deciding that the lease Alleyn purchased for 599*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was not a lease of the play-house. We shall see presently that Shakespeare himself, though under some peculiar circumstances, became the owner of a dwelling-house in the Blackfriars, unconnected with the theatre, very soon after he had taken up his abode at Stratford, and Alleyn probably had made a similar, but a larger investment in the same neighbourhood in 1612. Whatever, in fact, became of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre, both as a sharer and as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, we need not hesitate in concluding that, in the then prosperous state of theatrical affairs in the metropolis, he was easily able to procure a purchaser.

He must also have had a considerable stake in the Globe, but whether he was also the owner of the same species of property there, as at the Blackfriars, we can only speculate. We should think it highly probable that, as far as the mere wardrobe was concerned, the same dresses were made to serve for both theatres, and that when the summer season commenced on the Bankside, the necessary apparel was conveyed across the water from the Blackfriars, and remained there until the company returned to their winter quarters. There is no hint in any existing document what became of our great dramatist's interest in the Globe; but here again we need not doubt, from the profit that had always attended the undertaking, that he could have had no difficulty in finding parties to take it off his hands. Burbage we know was rich, for he died in 1619[1] worth 300*l.* a year

lease; and it is quite clear that Burbage did not, because he remained in possession of the playhouse at the time of his death: his sons enjoyed it afterwards: and Alleyn continued to pay 40*l.* a quarter for the property he held until his decease in 1626.

[1] We have already inserted an extract from an epitaph upon Burbage, in which the writer enumerates many of the characters he sustained. The following lines in Sloane MS. No. 1786, (pointed out to us by Mr. Bruce) are just worth preserving on account of the eminence of the man to whom they relate.

"An Epitaph on Mr. RICHARD BURBAGE, the Player.

"This life's a play, scean'd out by nature's art,
Where every man has his allotted parte.
This man hath now, as many men can tell,
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
Th play now ended, thinke his grave to bee
Thè retiring house of his sad tragedie;
Where to give his fame this be not afraid:—
Here lies the best Tragedian ever play'd."

From hence we might infer, against other authorities, that what was called the "tiring room" in theatres, was so called because the actors *retired* to it, and not *attired* in it. It most likely answered both purposes, but we sometimes find it called "the attiring room" by authors of the time.

in land, besides his personal property, and he and others would have been glad to add to their capital, so advantageously employed, by purchasing Shakespeare's interest.

It is possible, as we have said, that Shakespeare continued to employ his pen for the stage after his retirement to Stratford, and the buyers of his shares might even make it a condition that he should do so for a time; but we much doubt whether, with his long experience of the necessity of personal superintendence, he would have continued a shareholder in any concern of the kind over which he had no control. During the whole of his life in connexion with the stage, even after he quitted it as an actor, he seems to have been obliged to reside in London, apart from his family, for the purpose of watching over his interests in the two theatres to which he belonged: had he been merely an author, after he ceased to be an actor, he might have composed his dramas as well at Stratford as in London, visiting the metropolis only while a new play was in rehearsal and preparation; but such was clearly not the case, and we may be confident that when he retired to a place so distant from the scene of his triumphs, he did not allow his mind to be encumbered by the continuance of professional anxieties.

It may seem difficult to reconcile with this consideration the undoubted fact, that in the spring of 1613 Shakespeare purchased a house, and a small piece of ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfriars theatre, in which we believe him to have disposed of his concern in the preceding year. The documents relating to this transaction have come down to us, and the indenture assigning the property from Henry Walker, "citizen of London and minstrel of London," to William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," bears date 10th March, 1612-13[1]: the consideration money was 140*l.*; the house was situated "within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Blackfriars," and we are farther informed that it stood "right against his Majesty's Wardrobe." It appears to have been merely a dwelling-house with a small yard, and not in any way connected with the theatre, which was

[1] It was sold by auction by Messrs. Evans, of Pall Mall, in 1841, for 162*l.* 15*s.* The autograph of our poet was appended to it, in the usual manner. In the next year the instrument was again brought to the hammer of the same parties, when it produced nearly the sum for which it had been sold in 1841. The autograph of Shakespeare, on the fly-leaf of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, folio, 1603, (which we feel satisfied is genuine) had been previously sold by auction for 100*l.*, and it is now deposited in the British Museum. We have a copy of the same book, but it has only upon the title-page the comparatively worthless signature of the reigning monarch.

at some distance from the royal wardrobe, although John Heminge, the actor, was, with Shakespeare, a party to the deed, as well as William Johnson, vintner, and John Jackson, gentleman.

Shakespeare may have made this purchase as an accommodation in some way to his "friend and fellow" Heminge, and the two other persons named; and it is to be remarked that, on the day after the date of the conveyance, Shakespeare mortgaged the house to Henry Walker, the vendor, for 60*l.*, having paid down only 80*l.* on the 10th March. It is very possible that our poet advanced the 80*l.* to Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson, expecting that they would repay him. and furnish the remaining 60*l.* before the 29th September, 1613, the time stipulated in the mortgage deed; but as they did not do so, but left it to him, the house of course continued the property of Shakespeare, and after his death it was necessarily surrendered to the uses of his will by Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson[1].

Such may have been the nature of the transaction; and if it were, it will account for the apparent (and, we have no doubt, only apparent) want of means on the part of Shakespear to pay down the whole of the purchase-money in the first instance: he only agreed to lend 80*l.*, leaving the parties whom he assisted to provide the rest, and by repaying him what he had advanced (if they had done so) to entitle themselves to the house in question.

Shakespeare must have been in London when he put his signature to the conveyance; but we are to recollect, that the circumstance of his being described in it as "of Stratford-upon-Avon" is by no means decisive of the fact, that his usual place of abode in the spring of 1613 was his native town: he had a similar description in the deeds by which he purchased 107 acres of land from John and William Combe in 1602, and a lease of a moiety of the tithes from Raphe Huband in 1605, although it is indisputable that at those periods he was generally resident in London. From these facts it seems likely that our great dramatist preferred to be called "of Stratford-upon-Avon," contemplating, as he probably did through the whole of his theatrical life, a return thither as soon as his circumstances would enable him to do so with comfort and independence. We are thoroughly convinced, however, that, anterior to March, 1613, Shakespeare had taken up his permanent residence with his family at Stratford.

[1] By his will he left this house, occupied by a person of the name of John Robinson, to his daughter Susanna.

CHAPTER XIX.

Members of the Shakespeare family at Stratford in 1612. Joan Shakespeare and William Hart: their marriage and family. William Shakespeare's chancery suit respecting the tithes of Stratford; and the income he derived from the lease. The Globe burnt in 1613: its reconstruction. Destructive fire at Stratford in 1614. Shakespeare's visit to London afterwards. Proposed inclosure of Welcombe fields. Allusion to Shakespeare in the historical poem of "The Ghost of Richard the Third," published in 1614.

The immediate members of the Shakespeare family resident at this date in Stratford were comparatively few. Richard Shakespeare had died at the age of forty[1], only about a month before William Shakespeare signed the deed for the purchase of the house in Blackfriars. Since the death of Edmund, Richard had been our poet's youngest brother, but regarding his way of life at Stratford we have no information. Gilbert Shakespeare, born two years and a half after William, was also probably at this time an inhabitant of the borough, or its immediate neighbourhood, and perhaps married, for in the register, under date of 3rd February, 1611–12, we read an account of the burial of "*Gilbertus Shakspeare, adolescens*," who might be his son. Joan Shakespeare, who was five years younger than her brother William, had been married at about the age of thirty to William Hart, a hatter, in Stratford; but as the ceremony was not performed in that parish, it does not appear in the register. Their first child, William, was baptized on 28th August, 1600, and they had afterwards children of the names of Mary, Thomas, and Michael, born respectively in 1603[2], 1605, and 1608[3]. Our poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, who, as we have elsewhere stated, was married to Mr. John, afterwards Dr. Hall, in June, 1607, produced a daughter who was baptized Elizabeth on 21st

[1] The register of Stratford merely contains the following among the deaths in the parish:—

"1612. Feb. 4 Rich. Shakspeare."

[2] It appears by the register that Mary Hart died in 1607. When Shakespeare made his will, a blank was left for the name of his nephew Thomas Hart, as if he had not recollected it; but perhaps it was merely the omission of the scrivener. The Harts lived in a house belonging to Shakespeare.

[3] It has been generally stated that Charles Hart, the celebrated actor after the Restoration, was the grand-nephew of Shakespeare, son to the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, but we are without positive evidence upon the point. In 1622 a person of the name of Hart kept a house of entertainment close to the Fortune theatre, and he may have been the son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and the father of Charles Hart the actor, who died about 1679.

February, 1607–8; so that Shakespeare was a grandfather before he had reached his forty-fifth year; but Mrs. Hall had no farther increase of family.

By whom New Place, otherwise called "the great house," was inhabited at this period, we can only conjecture. That Shakespeare's wife and his youngest daughter Judith (who completed her twenty-eighth year in February, 1612,) resided in it, we cannot doubt; but as it would be much more than they would require, even after they were permanently joined by our great dramatist on his retirement from London, we may perhaps conclude that Mr. and Mrs Hall were joint occupiers of it, and aided in keeping up the vivacity of the family circle. Shakespeare himself only completed his forty-eighth year in April, 1612, and every tradition and circumstance of his life tends to establish not only the gentleness and kindness, but the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition.

Nevertheless, although we suppose him to have separated himself from the labours and anxieties attendant upon his theatrical concerns, he was not without his annoyances, though of a different kind. We refer to a chancery suit in which he seems to have been involved by the purchase, in 1605, of the remaining term of a lease of part of the tithes of Stratford. It appears that a rent of 27*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* had been reserved, which was to be paid by certain lessees under peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disregarding the consequences, had refused to contribute their proportions; and Richard Lane, of Awston, Esquire, Thomas Greene, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire, and William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," were under the necessity of filing a bill before Lord Ellesmere, to compel all the persons deriving estates under the dissolved college of Stratford to pay their shares. What was the issue of the suit is not any where stated; and the only important point in the draft of the bill, in the hands of the Shakespeare Society, is, that our great dramatist therein stated the value of his "moiety" of the tithes to be 60*l.* per annum.

In the summer of 1613 a calamity happened which we do not believe affected our author's immediate interests, on account of the strong probability that he had taken care to divest himself of all theatrical property before he finally took up his residence in his birth-place. The Globe, which had been in use for about eighteen years, was burned down on 29th June, 1613, in consequence of the thatch, with which it was partially cover d, catching fire from the dis-

charge of some theatrical artillery[1]. It is doubtful what play was then in a course of representation: Sir Henry Wotton gives it the title of "All is True," and calls it "a new play;" while Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Annales*, distinctly states that it was "Henry the Eighth[2]." It is very possible that both may be right, and that Shakespeare's historical drama was that night revived under a new name, and therefore mistakenly called "a new play" by Sir Henry Wotton, although it had been nearly ten years on the stage. The Globe was rebuilt in the next year, as we are told on what may be considered good authority, at the cost of King James and of many noblemen and gentlemen, who seem to have contributed sums of money for the purpose. If James I. lent any pecuniary aid on the occasion, it affords another out of many proofs of his disposition to encourage the drama, and to assist the players who acted under the royal name[3]. Although Shakespeare

[1] John Taylor, the water-poet, was a spectator of the calamity, (perhaps in his own wherry) and thus celebrated it in an epigram, which he printed in 1614 in his "Nipping and Snipping of Abuses," &c. 4to.

"Upon the Burning of the Globe.

"Aspiring Phaeton, with pride inspirde,
Misguiding Phœbus carre, the worlde he firde;
But Ovid did with fiction serve his turne,
And I in action saw the Globe to burne."

[2] See "Hist of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p 386, and vol. iii. p. 298.

[3] This fact, with several other new and curious particulars respecting the fate of the Blackfriars theatre, the Whitefriars (called the Salisbury Court) theatre, the Phœnix, the Fortune. and the Hope (which was also at times used for bear-baiting) is contained in some manuscript notes to a copy of Stowe's *Annales*, by Howes, folio, 1631, in the possession of Mr. Pickering: they appear to have been made just after the last event mentioned in them. The burning of the Globe is there erroneously fixed in 1612. When, too, it is said that the Hope was built in 1610, the meaning must be that it was then reconstructed, so as to be adapted to both purposes, stage-plays and bear-baiting. The memoranda are thus headed: "A note of such passages as have beene omitted, and as I have seene, since the printing of Stowe's Survey of London in 4to, 1618, and this Chronicle at large, 1631."

"Play Houses.—The Globe play house, on the Bank side in Southwarke. was burnt downe to the ground in the yeare 1612. And new built up againe in the yeare 1613, at the great charge of King James, and many noble men. and others. And now pulled downe to the ground by Sir Mathew Brand on Munday, the 15 of April, 1644, to make tenements in the rome of it.

"The Black Friers play house, in Black Friers London, which had stood many yeares, was pulled down to the ground on Munday, the 6 day of August, 1655, and tenements built in the roome.

"The play house in Salisbury Court, in Fleete streete, was pulled down by a company of souldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649.

"The Phenix. in Druery Lane, was pulled down also this day being Saturday the 24th of March, 1649, by the same souldiers.

might not be in any way pecuniarily affected by the event, we may be sure that he would not be backward in using his influence, and perhaps in rendering assistance by a gift of money, for the reconstruction of a playhouse in which he had often acted, from which he had derived so much profit, and in the continuance of the performances at which so many of his friends and fellows were deeply interested.

He must himself have had an escape from a similar disaster at Stratford in the very next year. Fires had broken out in the borough in 1594 and 1595, which had destroyed many of the houses, then built of wood, or of materials not calculated to resist combustion; but that which occurred on the 9th July, 1614, seems to have done more damage than both its predecessors. At the instance of various gentlemen in the neighbourhood, including Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Richard Verney, and Sir Thomas Lucy, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favour of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorizing the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the restoration of the town; and alleging that within two hours the fire had consumed "fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fair houses, besides barns, stables, and other houses of office, together also with great store of corn, hay, straw, wood, and timber." The amount of loss is stated, on the same authority, to be "eight thousand pounds and upwards[1]." What was the issue of this charitable appeal to the whole kingdom, we know not.

It is very certain that the dwelling of our great dramatist, called New Place, escaped the conflagration, and his property, as far as we can judge, seems to have been situated in a part of the town which fortunately did not suffer from the ravages of the fire.

The name of Shakespeare is not found among those of

"The Fortune play house, between White Crosse streete and Golding Lane, was burned down to the ground in the year 1618. And built againe, with bricke worke on the outside, in the year 1622; and now pulld downe on the inside by these souldiers, this 1649.

"The Hope, on the Banke side in Southwarke, commonly called the Beare Garden: a play house for stage playes on Mundays, Wednesdayes, Fridayes, and Saterdayes; and for the baiting of the beares on Tuesdays and Thursdayes—the stage being made to take up and downe when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pulled downe to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a peticoate maker in Cannon Streete, on Tuesday the 25 day of March, 1656. Seven of Mr. Godfries beares, by the command of Thomas Pride, then hie Sherefe of Surry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9 day of February, 1655, by a company of souldiers."

[1] We take these particulars from a copy of the document "printed by Thomas Purfoot," who then had a patent for all proclamations, &c. It has the royal arms, and the initials I. R. at the top of it as usual. It is in the possession of the Shakespeare Society.

inhabitants whose certificate was stated to be the immediate ground for issuing the royal brief[1], but it is not at all unlikely that he was instrumental in obtaining it. We are sure that he was in London in November following the fire[2], and possibly was taking some steps in favour of his fellow-townsmen. However, his principal business seems to have related to the projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighbourhood of Stratford in which he had an interest. Some inquiries as to the rights of various parties were instituted in September, 1614, as we gather from a document yet preserved, and which is now before us. The individuals whose claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare," Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopton." All that it is necessary to quote is the following, which refers to Shakespeare, and which, like the rest, is placed under the head of "Auncient Freeholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

"Mr. Shakspeare, 4 yard lands[3]: noe common, nor ground beyond Gospell bushe: noe ground in Sandfield, nor none in Slow Hill field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton."

The date of this paper is 5th September, 1614, and, as we have said, we may presume that it was chiefly upon this business that Shakespeare came to London on the 16th November. It should appear that Thomas Greene, of Stratford, was officially opposing the inclosure on the part of the corporation; and it is probable that Shakespeare's wishes were accordant with those of the majority of the inhabitants: however this might be, (and it is liable to dispute which party Shakespeare favoured) the members of the municipal body of the borough were nearly unanimous, and, as far as we can learn from the imperfect particulars remaining upon this subject, they wished our poet to use his influence to resist the project, which seems to have been supported by Mr. Arthur Mainwaring, then resident in the family of Lord Ellesmere as auditor of his domestic expenditure.

[1] The name of his friend William Combe is found among the "esquires" enumerated in the body of the instrument.

[2] This fact appears in a letter, written by Thomas Greene, on 17th November, 1614, in which he tells some person in Stratford that he had been to see "his cousin Shakespeare," who had reached town the day before.

[3] Malone informs us, without mentioning his authority, that "in the fields of Old Stratford, where our poet's estate lay, a yard land contained only about twenty-seven acres," but that it varied much in different places: he derives the term from the Saxon *gyrd land, virgata terræ*.—Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 25. According to the same authority, a yard land in Wilmecote consisted of more than fifty acres.

It is very likely that Shakespeare saw Mainwaring; and, as it was only five or six years since his name had been especially brought under the notice of the Lord Chancellor in relation to the claim of the city authorities to jurisdiction in the Blackfriars, it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have had an interview with Lord Ellesmere, who seems at all times to have been of a very accessible and kindly disposition. Greene was in London on the 17th November, and sent to Stratford a short account of his proceedings on the question of the inclosure, in which he mentioned that he had seen Shakespeare and Mr. Hall (probably meaning Shakespeare's son-in-law) on the preceding day, who told him that they thought nothing would be done[1]. Greene returned to Stratford soon afterwards, and having left our poet in London, at the instance of the corporation, he subsequently wrote two letters, one to Shakespeare, and the other to Mainwaring, (the latter only has been preserved) setting forth in strong terms the injury the inclosure would do to Stratford, and the heavy loss the inhabitants had not long before sustained from the fire. A petition was also prepared and presented to the privy council, and we may gather that the opposition was effectual, because nothing was done in the business: the common fields of Welcombe, which it had been intended to inclose, remained open for pasture as before.

How soon after the matter relating to the inclosure had been settled Shakespeare returned to Stratford,—how long he remained there, or whether he ever came to London again,—we are without information. He was very possibly in the metropolis at the time when a narrative poem, founded in part upon his historical play of "Richard III.," was published, and which until now has escaped observation, although it contains the clearest allusion, not indeed by name, to our author and to his tragedy. It is called "The Ghost of Richard the Third," and it bears date in 1614;

[1] The memorandum of the contents of his letter (to which we have already referred on p lxii.) is in these terms, avoiding abbreviations :—

"Jovis, 17 No. My cosen Shakespeare comyng yesterday, I went to see him, how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospel bush, and so upp straight (leaving out part of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburys peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaction, and not before: and he and Mr Hall say they think there will be nothyng done at all."

In what way, or in what degree, Shakespeare and Greene were related, so that the latter should call the former his "cousin," must remain a matter of speculation; but it will be recollected that the parish register of Stratford shows that "Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare," was buried on 6th March, 1589-90. Whether Thomas Greene, the solicitor, was any relation to Thomas Greene, the actor, we have no means of ascertaining.

but the writer, C. B., only gives his initials[1]. We know of no poet of that day to whom they would apply, excepting Charles Best, who has several pieces in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602, but he has left nothing behind him to indicate that he would be capable of a work of such power and variety. It is divided into three portions, the "Character," the "Legend," and the "Tragedy" of Richard III.; and the second part opens with the following stanzas, which show the high estimate the writer had formed of the genius of Shakespeare: they are extremely interesting as a contemporaneous tribute. Richard, narrating his own history, thus speaks:—

"To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
Whose magick rais'd me from Oblivion's den.
That writ my storie on the Muses hill,
And with my actions dignified his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;
Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

"Yet if his scœnes have not engrost all grace,
The much fam'd action could extend on stage;
If Time or Memory have left a place
For me to fill, t'enforme this ignorant age,
To that intent I shew my horrid face,
Imprest with feare and characters of rage:
Nor wits nor chronicles could ere containe
The hell-deepe reaches of my soundlesse braine[2]."

[1] And these not on the title-page, but at the end of the prefatory matter: the whole title runs thus:—

"The Ghost of Richard the Third. Expressing himselfe in these three Parts. 1. His Character. 2 His Legend. 3. His Tragedie. Containing more of him than hath been heretofore shewed, either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems. *Laurea Desidiæ præbetur nulla.* Printed by G. Eld: for L. Lisle: and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard. at the signe of the Tygers head. 1614" 4to.

It is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, and on every account it well merits the distinction.

[2] We may suspect, in the last line but one, that the word "wits" has been misprinted for *acts*. The stanza which follows the above refers to another play, founded on a distinct portion of the same history, and relating especially to Jane Shore:—

"And what a peece of justice did I shew
On mistresse Shore, when (with a fained hate
To unchast life) I forced her to goe
Barefoote on pennance, with dejected state.
But now her fame by a vile play doth grow,
Whose fate the women do commisserate," &c.

The allusion may here be to Heywood's historical drama of "Edward IV." (reprinted by the Shakespeare Society), in which Shore's wife is introduced; or it may be to a different drama upon the events of her life, which, it is known on various authorities, had been brought upon the stage.

The above is the last extant panegyric upon Shakespeare during his lifetime, and it exceeds, in point of fervour and zeal, if not in judicious criticism, any that had gone before it; for Richard tells the reader, that the writer of the scenes in which he had figured on the stage had imped his fame with the quill of the historic muse, and that, by the magic of verse, he who had written so much and so finely, had raised him from oblivion. That C. B. was an author of distinction, and well known to some of the greatest poets of the day, we have upon their own evidence, from the terms they use in their commendatory poems, subscribed by no less names than those of Ben Jonson[1], George Chapman, William Browne, Robert Daborne, and George Wither. The author professes to follow no particular original, whether in prose or verse, narrative or dramatic, in "chronicles, plays, or poems," but to adopt the incidents as they had been handed down on various authorities. As we have stated, his work is one of great excellence, but it would be going too much out of our way to enter here into any farther examination of it.

CHAPTER XX.

Shakespeare's return to Stratford. Marriage of his daughter Judith to Thomas Quiney in February, 1616. Shakespeare's will prepared in January, but dated March, 1616. His last illness: attended by Dr. Hall, his son-in-law. Uncertainty as to the nature of Shakespeare's fatal malady. His birth-day and death-day the same. Entry of his burial in the register at Stratford. His will, and circumstances to prove that it was prepared two months before it was executed. His bequest to his wife, and provision for her by dower.

The autumn seems to have been a very usual time for publishing new books, and Shakespeare having been in London in the middle of November, 1614, as we have remarked, he was perhaps there when "The Ghost of Richard the Third" came out, and, like Ben Jonson, Chapman, and others, might be acquainted with the author. He probably returned home before the winter, and passed the

[1] It appears from Henslowe's Diary, that in June, 1602, Ben Jonson was himself writing a historical play, called "Richard Crookback," for the Lord Admiral's players at the Fortune. We have no evidence that it was ever completed or represented. Ben Jonson's testimony in favour of the poem of C. B. is compressed into a few lines.

rest of his days in tranquil retirement, and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, whether residing in the country, or occasionally visiting him from the metropolis. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the society of his friends;" and he adds what cannot be doubted, that "his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." He must have been of a lively and companionable disposition; and his long residence in London, amid the bustling and varied scenes connected with his public life, independently of his natural powers of conversation, could not fail to render his society most agreeable and desirable. We can readily believe that when any of his old associates of the stage, whether authors or actors, came to Stratford, they found a hearty welcome and free entertainment at his house: and that he would be the last man, in his prosperity, to treat with slight or indifference those with whom, in the earlier part of his career, he had been on terms of familiar intercourse. It could not be in Shakespeare's nature to disregard the claims of ancient friendship, especially if it approached him in a garb of comparative poverty.

One of the very latest acts of his life was bestowing the hand of his daughter Judith upon Thomas Quiney, a vintner and wine-merchant of Stratford, the son of Richard Quiney. She must have been four years older than her husband, having, as already stated, been born on 2nd February, 1585, while he was not born until 26th February, 1589: he was consequently twenty-seven years old, and she thirty-one, at the time of their marriage in February, 1616[1]; and Shakespeare thus became father-in-law to the son of the friend who, eighteen years before, had borrowed of him 30*l*., and who had died on 31st May, 1602, while he was bailiff of Stratford. As there was a difference of four years in the ages of Judith Shakespeare and her husband, we ought perhaps to receive that fact as some testimony, that our great dramatist did not see sufficient evil in such disproportion to induce him to oppose the union.

[1] The registration in the books of Stratford church is this:
"1615-16 Feabruary 10. Tho Queeny tow Judith Shakspere."
The fruits of this marriage were three sons; viz. Shakespeare, baptized 23rd November, 1616, and buried May 8th, 1617; Richard, baptized 9th February, 1617-18, and buried 26th February, 1638-9, and Thomas, baptized 23rd January, 1619-20, and buried 28th January, 1638-9. Judith Quiney, their mother, did not die until after the Restoration, and was buried 9th February, 1661-2. The Stratford registers contain no entry of the burial of Thomas Quiney, her husband, and it is very possible, therefore, that he died and was buried in London.

His will had been prepared as long before its actual date as 25th January, 1615–16, and this fact is apparent on the face of it: it originally began "*Vicesimo quinto die Januarij*," (not *Februarij*, as Malone erroneously read it) but the word *Januarij* was subsequently struck through with a pen, and *Martij* substituted by interlineation. Possibly it was not thought necessary to alter *vicesimo quinto*, or the 25th March might be the very day the will was executed: if it were, the signatures of the testator, upon each of the three sheets of paper of which the will consists, bear evidence (from the want of firmness in the writing) that he was at that time suffering under sickness. It opens, it is true, by stating that he was "in perfect health and memory," and such was doubtless the case when the instrument was prepared in January, but the execution of it might be deferred until he was attacked by serious indisposition, and then the date of the month only might be altered, leaving the assertion as to health and memory as it had originally stood. What was the nature of Shakespeare's fatal illness we have no satisfactory means of knowing[1], but it was probably not of long duration; and if when he subscribed his will he had really been in health, we are persuaded that at the age of only fifty-two he would have signed his name with greater steadiness and distinctness. All three signatures are more or less infirm and illegible, especially the two first, but he seems to have made an effort to write his best when he affixed both his names at length at the end, "By me William Shakspeare."

We hardly need entertain a doubt that he was attended in his last illness by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who had then been married to Susanna Shakespeare more than eight years: we have expressed our opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Hall lived in the same house with our poet, and it is to be recollected that in his will he leaves New Place to his daughter Susanna. Hall must have been a man of considerable science for

[1] The Rev. John Ward's Diary, to which we have before referred, contains the following undated paragraph:—

"Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and, itt seems, drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a fevour there contracted."

What credit may be due to this statement, preceded as it is by the words "it seems," implying a doubt on the subject in the writer's mind, we must leave the reader to determine. That Shakespeare was of sober, though of companionable habits, we are thoroughly convinced: he could not have written seven-and-thirty plays (not reckoning alterations and additions now lost) in five-and-twenty years had he been otherwise; and we are sure also, that if Drayton and Ben Jonson visited him at Stratford, he would give them a free and hearty welcome. We have no reason to think that Drayton was at all given to intoxication, although it is certain that Ben Jonson was a bountiful liver.

the time at which he practised, and he has left behind him proofs of his knowledge and skill in a number of cases which had come under his own eye, and which he described in Latin: these were afterwards translated from his manuscript, and published in 1657 by Jonas Cooke, with the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies[1]," but the case of Dr. Hall's father-in-law is not found there, because, unfortunately the "observations" only begin in 1617. One of the earliest of them shows that an epidemic, called the "new fever," then prevailed in Stratford and "invaded many." Possibly Shakespeare was one of these; though, had such been the fact, it is not unlikely that, when speaking of "the Lady Beaufou" who suffered under it on July 1st, 1617, Dr. Hall would have referred back to the earlier instance of his father-in-law[2]. He does advert to a tertian ague of which, at a period not mentioned, he had cured Michael Drayton, ("an excellent poet," as Hall terms him) when he was, perhaps, on a visit to Shakespeare. However, Drayton, as formerly remarked, was a native of Warwickshire, and Dr. Hall may have been called in to attend him elsewhere.

We are left, therefore, in utter uncertainty as to the immediate cause of the death of Shakespeare at an age when he would be in full possession of his faculties, and when in the ordinary course of nature he might have lived many years in the enjoyment of the society of his family and friends, in that grateful and easy retirement, which had been earned by his genius and industry, and to obtain which had apparently been the main object of many years of toil, anxiety, and deprivation.

Whatever doubt may prevail as to the day of the birth of Shakespeare, none can well exist as to the day of his death. The inscription on his monument in Stratford church tells us,

"*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53. *die* 23 *Apr.*"

[1] For a copy of this curious and interesting work, we gladly express our obligations to Mr. William Fricker, of Hyde, near Manchester.

[2] He several times speaks of sicknesses in his own family, and of the manner in which he had removed them: a case of his own, in which he mentions his age, accords with the statement in his inscription, and ascertains that he was thirty-two when he married Susanna Shakespeare in 1607. "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford, my wife," is more than once introduced in the course of the volume, as well as "Elizabeth Hall, my only daughter." Mrs. Susanna Hall died in 1649, aged 66, and was buried at Stratford. Elizabeth Hall, her daughter by Dr. Hall, (baptized on the 21st Feb. 1607-8,) and grand-daughter to our poet, was married on the 22d April, 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, (who died in 1647) and on 5th June, 1649, to Mr. John Bernard, of Abingdon, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Bernard died childless in 1679, and was buried, not at Stratford with her own family, but at Abingdon with that of her second husband. She was the last of the lineal descendants of William Shakespeare.

And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same day of the same month, supposing him, as we have every reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 23d April, 1564. It was most usual about that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tomb-stones, tablets, and monuments; and such was the case with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of Augu. 1623[1]:" Dr. Hall "deceased Nove. 25. A° 1635[2]:" Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died April 4, A. 1647[3]:" Susanna Hall "deceased the 11th of July, A°. 1649[4]." Therefore, although the Latin inscription

[1] The inscription, upon a brass plate, let into a stone, is in these terms:—We have to thank Mr. Bruce for the use of his copies of them, with which we have compared our own.

"Heere lyeth interred the Body of Anne, Wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Augu. 1623. being of the age of 67 yeares.

Ubera, tu mater, tu lac, vitamq; dedisti,
Væ mihi: pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angel' ore'
Exeat ut Christi corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Christe resurget
Clausa licet tumulo mater, et astra petit."

[2] The following is the inscription commemorating him.

"Heere lyeth the Body of Iohn Hall, Gent: Hee marr: Susanna ye daughter and coheire of Will: Shakespeare, Gent. Hee deceased Nove. 25. A°. 1635, aged 60.

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis, qui Nestora vinceret annis,
In terris omnes, sed rapit æqua dies.
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,
Et vitæ comitem nuno quoq; mortis habet."

[3] His inscription, in several places difficult to be deciphered, is this:—

"Heere resteth ye Body of Thomas Nashe, Esq. He mar. Elizabeth the daug. and heire of John Halle, Gent. He died Aprill 4. A. 1647, Aged 53.

Fata manent omnes hunc non virtute carentem,
Ut neque divitiis abstulit atra dies;
Abstulit, at referet lux ultima: siste, viator,
Si peritura paras per male parta peris."

[4] The inscription to her runs thus:

"Heere lyeth ye body of Susanna, Wife to Iohn Hall, Gent: ye daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. Shee deceased ye 11th of July, A°. 1649. aged 66."

Dugdale has handed down the following verses upon her, which were originally engraved on the stone, but are not now to be found, half of it having been cut away to make room for an inscription to Richard Watts, who died in 1707.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.

on the monument of our great dramatist may, from its form and punctuation, appear not so decisive as those we have quoted in English, there is in fact no ground for disputing that he died on 23d April, 1616. It is quite certain from the register of Stratford that he was interred on the 25th April, and the record of that event is placed among the burials in the following manner:

"1616. April 25. Will' Shakspere, Gent."

Whether from the frequent prevalence of infectious disorders, or from any other cause, the custom of keeping the bodies of relatives unburied, for a week or more after death, seems comparatively of modern origin; and we may illustrate this point also by reference to facts regarding some of the members of the Shakespeare family. Anne Shakespeare was buried two days after she died, viz. on the 8th Aug., 1623[1]: Dr. Hall and Thomas Nash were buried on the day after they died[2]; and although it is true that there was an interval of five days between the death and burial of Mrs. Hall, in 1649, it is very possible that her corpse was conveyed from some distance, to be interred among her relations at Stratford[3]. Nothing would be easier than to accumulate instances to prove that in the time of Shakespeare, as well as before and afterwards, the custom was to bury persons very shortly subsequent to their decease. In the case of our poet, concluding that he expired on the 23d April, there was, as in the instance of his wife, an interval of two days before his interment.

Into the particular provisions of his will we need not enter at all at large, because we have printed it at the end of the present memoir from the original, as it was filed in the Prerogative Court[4], probate having been granted on the 22d

Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare
To weepe with her that wept for all?
That wept, yet set her selfe to cheere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

The register informs us that she was buried on the 16th July, 1649.

[1] The following is copied from the register:—

"1623, August 8. Mrs. Shakspeare."

[2] Their registrations of burial are in these terms:—

"1635. *Nov.* 26. *Johannes Hall, medicus peritissimus.*"
"1647. Aprill 5. Thomas Nash, Gent."

[3] The register contains as follows:—

"1649. July 16. Mrs. Susanna Hall, widow."

[4] We are indebted to Sir F. Madden, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, for the use of a most exact collation of Shakespeare's will; in addition to which we have several times gone over every line and word of it. We have printed it as nearly as possible as it appears in the original.

June following the date of it. His daughter Judith is there only called by her Christian name, although she had been married to Thomas Quiney considerably more than a month anterior to the actual date of the will, and although his eldest daughter Susanna is mentioned by her husband's patronymic. It seems evident, from the tenor of the whole instrument, that when it was prepared Judith was not married[1], although her speedy union with Thomas Quiney was contemplated: the attorney or scrivener, who drew it, had first written "son and daughter," (meaning Judith and her intended husband) but erased the words "son and" afterwards, as the parties were not yet married, and were not "son and daughter" to the testator. It is true that Thomas Quiney would not have been Shakespeare's son, only his son-in-law; but the degrees of consanguinity were not at that time strictly marked and attended to, and in the same will Elizabeth Hall is called the testator's "niece," when she was, in fact, his granddaughter.

The bequest which has attracted most attention is an interlineation in the following words, "Itm I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture." Upon this passage has been founded, by Malone and others, a charge against Shakespeare, that he only remembered his wife as an afterthought, and then merely gave her "an old bed." As to the last part of the accusation, it may be answered, that the "second best bed" was probably that in which the husband and wife had slept, when he was in Stratford earlier in life, and every night since his retirement from the metropolis: the best bed was doubtless reserved for visitors: if, therefore, he were to leave his wife any express legacy of the kind, it was most natural and considerate that he should give her that piece of furniture, which for many years they had jointly occupied. With regard to the second part of the charge, our great dramatist has of late years been relieved from the stigma, thus attempted to be thrown upon him, by the mere remark, that Shakespeare's property being principally freehold, the widow by the ordinary operation of the law of England would be entitled to, what is legally known by the term, dower.[2] It is extraordinary that

[1] Another trifling circumstance leading to the conclusion that the will was prepared in January, though not executed until March, is that Shakespeare's sister is called Jone Hart, and not Jone Hart, *widow*. Her husband had died a few days before Shakespeare, and he was buried on 17 April, 1616, as "Will Hart, hatter." She was buried on 4 Nov. 1646. Both entries are contained in the parish registers of Stratford.

[2] This vindication of Shakespeare's memory from the supposed neglect o' his wife we owe to Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspere." See the Postscript to "Twelfth Night." When the expla

this explanation should never have occurred to Malone, who was educated to the legal profession; but that many others should have followed him in his unjust imputation is not remarkable, recollecting how prone most of Shakespeare's biographers have been to repeat errors, rather than take the trouble to inquire for themselves, to sift out truth, and to balance probabilities.

CHAPTER XXI.

Monument to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon erected before 1623; probably under the superintendence of Dr. Hall, and Shakespeare's daughter Susanna. Difference between the bust on the monument and the portrait on the title-page of the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson's testimony in favour of the likeness of the latter. Shakespeare's personal appearance. His social and convivial qualities. "Wit-combats" mentioned by Fuller in his "Worthies." Epitaphs upon Sir Thomas Stanley and Elias James. Conclusion. Hallam's character of Shakespeare.

A MONUMENT to Shakespeare was erected anterior to the publication of the folio edition of his "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" in 1623, because it is thus distinctly mentioned by Leonard Digges, in the earliest copy of commendatory verses prefixed to that volume, which he states shall outlive the poet's tomb:—

> ——— "when that stone is rent,
> And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
> Here we alive shall view thee still."

This is the most ancient notice of it; but how long before 1623 it had been placed in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, we have no means of deciding. It represents the poet sitting under an arch, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting upon a sheet of paper: it has been the opinion of the best judges that it was cut by an English sculptor, (perhaps Thomas Stanton) and we may conclude, without much hesitation, that the artist was employed by Dr. Hall and his wife, and that the resemblance was as faithful as a bust, not modelled from the life, but probably, under living instructions, from some picture or cast, could be expected to be. Shakespeare is there considerably fuller in the face, than in the engraving on the

nation is once given, it seems so easy, that we wonder it was never before mentioned; but like many discoveries of different kinds, it is not less simple than important, and it is just that Mr. Knight should have full credit for it.

title-page of the folio of 1623, which must have been made from a different original. It seems not unlikely that after he separated himself from the business and anxiety of a professional life, and withdrew to the permanent inhaling of his native air, he became more robust, and the half-length upon his monument conveys the notion of a cheerful, good-tempered, and somewhat jovial man. The expression, we apprehend, is less intellectual than it must have been in reality, and the forehead, though lofty and expansive, is not strongly marked with thought: on the whole, it has rather a look of gaiety and good humour than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry.

On a tablet below the bust are placed the following inscriptions, which we give literally:—

" Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay, Passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
Within this monvment: Shakspeare; with whome
Quick natvre dide: whose name doth deck ye Tombe
Far more then cost; sieth all y^t^ he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt

Obiit ano Do^l^. 1616.
Ætatis. 53. die 23 Ap^r^."

On a flat grave stone in front of the monument, and not far from the wall against which it is fixed, we read these lines; and Southwell's correspondent (whose letter was printed in 1838, from the original manuscript dated 1693) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:—

" Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare:
Blest be ye man y^t^ spares thes stones,
And cvrst he he y^t^ moves my bones."

The half-length on the title-page of the folio of 1623, engraved by Martin Droeshout, has certainly an expression of greater gravity than the bust on Shakespeare's monument; and, making some allowances, we can conceive the original of that resemblance more capable of producing the mighty works Shakespeare has left behind him, than the original of the bust: at all events, the first rather looks like the author of "Lear" and "Macbeth," and the last like the author of "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor:" the one may be said to represent Shakespeare during his later years at Stratford, happy in the intercourse of his family and friends, and the cheerful companion of his neighbours and townsmen; and the other,

Shakespeare in London, revolving the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat burdened by the cares of his professional life. The last, therefore, is obviously the likeness which ought to accompany his plays, and which his "friends and fellows," Heminge and Condell, preferred to the head upon the "Stratford Monument," of the erection of which they must have been aware.

There is one point in which both the engraving and the bust in a degree concur,—we mean in the length of the upper lip, although the peculiarity seems exaggerated in the bust. We have no such testimony in favour of the truth of the resemblance of the bust[1] as the engraving, opposite to which are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Ben Jonson, and doubtless from his pen. Let the reader bear in mind that Ben Jonson was not a man who could be hired to commend, and that, taking it for granted he was sincere in his praise, he had the most unquestionable means of forming a judgment upon the subject of the likeness between the living man and the dead representation[2]. We give Ben Jonson's testimonial exactly as it stands in the folio of 1623 for it afterwards went through various literal changes.

"To the Reader.

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.
B. I.'

[1] It was originally, like many other monuments of the time, and some in Stratford church, coloured after the life, and so it continued until Malone, in his mistaken zeal for classical taste and severity, and forgetting the practice of the period at which the work was produced, had it painted one uniform stone-colour. He thus exposed himself to much not unmerited ridicule. It was afterwards found impossible to restore the original colours.

[2] Besides, we may suppose that Jonson would be careful how he applauded the likeness, when there must have been so many persons living, who could have contradicted him, had the praise not been deserved. Jonson does not speak of the painter, but of the "graver," who we are inclined to think did full justice to the picture placed in his hands. Droeshout was a man of considerable eminence in his branch of art, and has left behind him undoubted proofs of his skill —some of them so much superior to the head of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623, as to lead to the conviction, that the picture from which he worked was a very coarse specimen of art.

With this evidence before us, we have not hesitated in having an exact copy of Droeshout's engraving executed for the present edition of the Works of Shakespeare. It is, we believe, the first time it has ever been selected for the purpose since the appearance of the folio of 1623; and, although it may not be recommended by the appearance of so high a style of art as some other imputed resemblances, there is certainly not one which has such undoubted claims to our notice on the grounds of fidelity and authenticity.

The fact that Droeshout was required to employ his skill upon a bad picture may tend to confirm our reliance upon the likeness: had there been so many pictures of Shakespeare as some have contended, but as we are far from believing, Heminge and Condell, when they were seeking for an appropriate ornament for the title-page of their folio, would hardly have chosen one which was an unskilful painting, if it had not been a striking resemblance. If only half the pictures said, within the last century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact from the life, the poet must have possessed a vast stock of patience, if not a larger share of vanity, when he devoted so much time to sitting to the artists of the day; and the player-editors could have found no difficulty in procuring a picture, which had better pretensions to their approval. To us, therefore, the very defects of the engraving, which accompanies the folio of 1623, are a recommendation, since they serve to show that it was both genuine and faithful.

Aubrey is the only authority, beyond the inferences that may be drawn from the portraits, for the personal appearance of Shakespeare; and he sums up our great poet's physical and moral endowments in two lines;—"He was a handsome well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." We have every reason to suppose that this is a correct description of his personal appearance, but we are unable to add to it from any other source, unless indeed we were to rely upon a few equivocal passages in the "Sonnets." Upon this authority it has been supposed by some that he was lame, and certainly the 37th and 89th Sonnets, without allowing for a figurative mode of expression, might be taken to import as much. If we were to consider the words literally, we should imagine that some accident had befallen him, which rendered it impossible that he should continue on the stage, and hence we could easily account for his early retirement from it. We know that such was the case with one of his most famous predecessors, Christopher Marlowe[1], but we

[1] See the extract from a ballad on Marlowe (p. lxxxix.). This cir-

have no sufficient reason for believing it was the fact as regards Shakespeare: he is evidently speaking metaphorically in both places, where "lame" and "lameness" occur.

His social qualities, his good temper, hilarity, vivacity, and what Aubrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit," (in our author's own words, "pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation,") cannot be doubted, since, besides what may be gathered from his works, we have it from various quarters; and although nothing very good of this kind may have descended to us, we have sufficient to show that he must have been a most welcome visitor in all companies. The epithet "gentle" has been frequently applied to him, twice by Ben Jonson, (in his lines before the engraving, and in his laudatory verses prefixed to the plays in the folio of 1623) and if it be not to be understood precisely in its modern acceptation, we may be sure that one distinguishing feature in his character was general kindliness: he may have been "sharp and sententious," but never needlessly bitter or ill-natured: his wit had no malice for an ingredient. Fuller speaks of the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the convivial meetings at the Mermaid club, established by Sir Walter Raleigh[1]; and he adds, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances: Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention[2]." The simile is well chosen, and it came from a writer who seldom said

cumstance, had he known it, would materially have aided the modern sceptick, who argued that Shakespeare and Marlowe were one and the same.

[1] Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. I. p. lxv.) fixes the date of the establishment of this club, at the Mermaid in Friday Street, about 1603, and he adds that "here for many years Ben Jonson repaired with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." Of what passed at these many assemblies Beaumont thus speaks, addressing Ben Jonson:—

> ——— "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

The Mitre, in Fleet Street, seems to have been another tavern where the wits and poets of the day hilariously assembled.

[2] Worthies. Part iii. p. 126, folio edit.

anything ill[1]. Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity and slowness is a witticism between him and Shakespeare, said to have passed at a tavern. One of the Ashmolean manuscripts (No. 38) contains the following:—

"Mr. Ben Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson
Who was once one:

he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writt

That, while he liv'd, was a *slow* thing,
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

It is certainly not of much value, but there is a great difference between the estimate of an extempore joke at the moment of delivery, and the opinion we may form of it long afterwards, when it has been put upon paper, and transmitted to posterity under such names as those of Shakespeare and Jonson. The same excuse, if required, may be made for two other pieces of unpretending pleasantry between the same parties, which we subjoin in a note, because they relate to such men, and have been handed down to us upon something like authority[2].

[1] Fuller has another simile, on the same page, respecting Shakespeare and his acquirements, which is worth quoting. "He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur* one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little, so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smooth even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him." Of course Fuller is here only referring to Shakespeare's classical acquirements: his "learning" of a different kind, perhaps, exceeded that of all the ancients put together.

[2] "Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy?—'No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.'—'I pr'ythee what?' sayes he. 'I 'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen of Latten spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'"

Of course the joke depends upon the pun between Latin, and the mixed metal called *latten*. The above is from a MS. of Sir R. L'Estrange, who quotes the authority of Dr. Donne. It is inserted in Mr. Thoms's amusing volume, printed for the Camden Society, under the title of "Anecdotes and Traditions." p. 2. The next is from a MS. called "Poetical Characteristics," formerly in the Harleian Collection:—

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

"*Jonson.* If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?
"*Shakespeare.* Little, or much of what we see, we do;
We are both actors and spectators too."

Of a different character is a production preserved by Dugdale, at the end of his Visitation of Salop, in the Heralds' College: it is an epitaph inscribed upon the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in Tongue church; and Dugdale, whose testimony is unimpeachable, distinctly states that "the following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian."

"Written upon the east end of the tomb.

"Ask who lies here, but do not weep;
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones;
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

"Written on the west end thereof.

"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall out-live marble and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

With Malone and others, who have quoted them, we feel satisfied of the authenticity of these verses, though we may not perhaps think, as he did, that the last line bears such "strong marks of the hand of Shakespeare[1]." The coincidence between the line

"Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name,"

and the passage in Milton's Epitaph upon Shakespeare, prefixed to the folio of 1632,

"Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid,"

seems, as far as we recollect, to have escaped notice.

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative (with as little interruption of its thread as, under the circumstances, and with such disjointed materials, seemed to us

[1] The following reaches us in a more questionable shape: it is from a MS. of the time of Charles I., preserved in the Bodleian Library, which contains also poems by Herrick and others.

"AN EPITAPH.

"When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth. As he lived he died,
The saying in him strongly verified,
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and died as well.
Wm. Shakespeare."

possible) the particulars respecting the life of the "myriad-minded Shakespeare[1]," with which our predecessors were acquainted, or which, from various sources, we have been able, during a long series of years, to collect. Yet, after all, comparing what we really know of our great dramatist with what we might possibly have known, we cannot but be aware how little has been accomplished. "Of William Shakespeare," says one of our greatest living authors of our greatest dead one, "whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything. We see him, so far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he is manifested: he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakespeare[2]." We cannot flatter ourselves that we have done much to bring the reader better acquainted with "the man Shakespeare," but if we have done anything we shall be content; and, instead of attempting any character of our own, we will subjoin one, in the words of the distinguished writer we have above quoted[3], as brief in its form as it is comprehensive in its matter:—"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature,—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near to him in the creative powers of the mind; no man had ever such strength at once, and such variety of imagination."

If the details of his life be imperfect, the history of his mind is complete; and we leave the reader to turn from the contemplation of "the man Shakespeare" to the study of THE POET SHAKESPEARE.

[1] Coleridge's Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 301.—Mr. Hallam in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. iii. p. 89. edit. 1843, somewhat less literally translates the Greek epithet, *μυριονους*, "thousand-souled."

[2] Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. ii. p. 175

[3] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 89

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

Vicesimo Quinto Die Martij[2] Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Rex Anglie &c. Decimo quarto & Scotie xlix° Annoq; Domini 1616.

T. W^mj Shackspeare

In the name of god Amen I William Shaekspeare of Stratford vpon Avon in the countie of warr gent in perfect health & memorie god be praysed doe make & Ordayne this my last will & testament in manner & forme followeing That ys to saye First I Comend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator hoping & assuredlie beleeving through thonelie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge And my bodye to the Earth whereof yt ys made. Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my Daughter[3] Judyth One hundred & Fyftie poundes of lawfull English money to be paied vnto her in manuer & forme followeing That ys to saye One hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage porcion[4] within one yeare after my deceas with consideracion after the Rate of twoe Shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe vnpaied vnto her after my deceas & the Fyftie poundes Residewe thereof vpon her Surrendring of[5] or gyving of such sufficient Securitie as the overseers of this my Will shall like of to Surrender or graunte All her estate & Right that shall discend or come vnto her after my deceas or that shee[6] nowe hath of in or to one Copiehold tenemente with thappurtenances lyeing & being in Stratford vpon Avon aforesaied in the saied countie of warr being pareell or holden of the mannour of Rowington vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall & her heires for ever Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my saied Daughter Judith One hundred and Fyftie Poundes more if shee or Anie issue of her bodie be Lyvinge att thend of

[1] The following is from an exact transcript of the original Will deposited in the Prerogative office, London. the only difference being that we have not thought it necessary to give the legal contractions of the scrivener: in all other respects, even to the misemployment of capital letters, and the omission of points our copy is most faithful.

[2] The word "Martij" is interlined above "January," which is struck through with the pen. Malone (Shaksp. by Boswell, vol. i. p. 601.) states that the word struck through is *Februarij*, but this is a mistake.

[3] Before "Daughter" *sonne and* was originally written, but struck through with the pen.

[4] The words "in discharge of her marriage porcion" are interlined.

[5] The word "of" is interlined.

[6] The words "that shee" are interlined.

three yeares next ensueing the Daie of the Date of this my Will during which tyme my executours to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the Rate aforesaied And if she dye within the saied terme without issue of her bodye then my will ys & I Doe gyve & bequeath One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Neece Elizabeth Hall & the Fiftie Poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my Sister Johane Harte & the vse and proffitt thereof Cominge shalbe payed to my saied Sister Ione & after her deceas the saied l^li shall Remaine Amongst the children of my saied Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them But if my saied Daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three Yeares or anie yssue of her bodye then my will ys & soe I Devise & bequeath the saied Hundred and Fyftie Pounds to be sett out by my executours & overseers[1] for the best benefitt of her & her issue & the stock[2] not to be[3] paied vnto her soe long as she shalbe marryed & Covert Baron[4] but my will ys that she shall have the consideracion yearlie paied vnto her during her lief & after her deceas the saied stock and consideracion to bee paied to her children if she have Anie & if not to her executours or assignes she lyving the saied terme after my deceas Provided that if such husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed vnto or attaine after doe sufficientlie Assure vnto her & thissue of her bodie landes Answereable to the porcion by this my will gyven vnto her & to be adiudged soe by my executours & overseers then my will ys that the saied Cl^li shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance to his owne vse Item I gyve & bequeath vnto my saied sister Ione xx^li & all my wearing Apparrell to be paied & deliuered within one yeare after my Deceas And I doe will & devise vnto her the house[5] with thappurtenances in Stratford whereiu she dwelleth for her natural lief vuder the yearlie Rent of xii^d Item I gyve & bequeath[6] vnto her three sonns William Harte Hart & Michaell Harte Fyve Poundes A peece to be paied within one Yeare after my deceas[7] her Item I gyve & bequeath unto the saied

[1] The words "by my executours and overseers" are interlined.
[2] The words "the stock" are interlined.
[3] The words "to be" are interlined.
[4] After "Baron" the words "by my executours & overseers" are erased with the pen.
[5] The words "the house" are interlined.
[6] The first sheet ends with the word "bequeath," and the testator's signature is in the margin opposite.
[7] After "deceas" follow these words, struck through with the pen, "to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours with thadvise and direccions of my overseers for her best profitt vntill her mariage and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied vnto:" the erasure ought also to have included the word "he," which follows "vnto."

Elizabeth Hall[1] All my Plate (except my brod silver & gilt bole[2]) that I now have att the Date of this my will Item I gyve & bequeath vnto the Poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes to Mr Thomas Combe my Sword to Thomas Russell Esquier Fyve poundes & to Frauncis Collins of the Borough of warr in the countie of warr gentleman thirteene poundes Sixe shillinges & Eight pence to be paied within one Yeare after my Deceas Item I gyve & bequeath to Hamlett Sadler[3] xxvi^{s} viij^{d} to buy him A Ringe to William Raynoldes gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy him a Ringe[4] to my godson William Walker xx^{s} in gold to Anthonye Nashe gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} & to Mr John Nashe xxvj^{s} viij^{d}[5] & to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burbage & Henry Cundell xxvj^{s} viij^{d} Apeece to buy them Ringes[6] Item I Gyve will bequeath & devise vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towardes the performans thereof[7] All that Capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenances in Stratford aforesaid[8] Called the new place wherein I nowe Dwell & two Messuages or tenementes with thappurtenances scituat lyeing & being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaied And all my barnes stables Orchardes gardens landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoeuer scituat lyeing & being or to be had Receyved perceyved or taken within the townes Hamletes Villages Fieldes & groundes of Stratford vpon Avon Old-stratford Bushopton & Welcombe or in anie of them in the said countie of warr Aud alsoe All that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenanees wherein One John Robinson dwelleth scituat lyeing & being in the blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe & all other my landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoeuer To have & to hold All & singuler the saied premisses with their appurtenanees vnto the saied Susanna Hall for & during the terme of her naturall lief & after her deceas to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing & to the heires Males of the bodie of the saied first Sonne lawfullie yssueing & for defalt of such issue to

[1] The words "the saied Elizabeth Hall" are interlined above *her*, which is struck through with the pen.

[2] This parenthesis is an interlineation.

[3] "Hamlet Sadler" is an interlineation above *Mr. Richard Tyler thelder*, which is erased.

[4] The words "to William Raynoldes gentleman xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy him A Ringe" are interlined.

[5] After "xxvj^{s} viij^{d}" *in gold* was originally written, but erased with the pen.

[6] The words "& to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burbage and Henry Cundell xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy them Ringes" are interlined.

[7] The words "for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towardes the performans thereof" are interlined.

[8] The words "in Stratford aforesaid" are interlined.

the second Sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge & to the heires males of the bodie of the saied Second Sonne lawfullie yssueinge and for defalt of such heires to the third Sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna Lawfullie yssueing & of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing And for defalt of such issue the same soe to be & Remaine to the Fourth[1] Fyfth sixte & Seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing one after Another & to the heires[2] Males of the bodies of the saied Fourth fifth Sixte and Seaveuth sonnes lawfullie yssueing in such manner as yt ys before Lymitted to be & Remaine to the first second & third Sonns of her bodie & to their heires Males And for defalt of such issue the saied premisses to be & Remaine to my sayed Neece Hall & the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing & for defalt of such issue to my Daughter Judith & the heires Males of her. body lawfullie issueinge And for defalt of sueh issue to the Right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever Item I gyve vnto my wief my second best bed with the furniture[3] Item I gyve & bequeath to my saied Daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole All the rest of my goodes Chattel Leases plate Jewels & household stuffe whatsoeuer after my Dettes and Legasies paied & my funerall expences discharged I gyve devise and bequeath to my Sonne in Lawe John Hall gent & my Daughter Susanna his wief whom I ordaine & make executours of this my Last will and testament And I doe intreat & Appoint the saied[4] Thomas Russell Esquier & Frauncis Collins gent to be overseers hereof And doe Revoke All former wills & publishe this to be my last will and testament In Witness whereof I have herevnto put my hand[5] the Daie & Yeare first aboue written.

"By me William Shakspeare.

Witnes to the publishing
hereof Fra: Collyns
Julyus Shawe
John Robinson
Hamnet Sadler
Robert Whattcott

Probatum corā Magr. Willim Byrde Deorē Comiss. &c. xx^do die mensis Junij Anno Dni 1616 Juram^to Johannis Hall vnius ex &c Cui &c De bene &c Jurat Resvat ptate &c. Susanne Hall alt ex &c cū veñit &c petitur (Inv^t ex^t)

[1] After "Fourth" the word *sonne* was first written, but erased with the pen.

[2] The second sheet ends with the word "heires," and the signature of the testator is at the bottom of it

[3] The words "Item I gyve vnto my wief my second best bed with the furniture" are interlined.

[4] The words "the saied" are interlined.

[5] The word "hand" is interlined above *seale*, which is erased with the pen.

THE TEMPEST.

"The Tempest" was first printed in the folio edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," bearing date in 1623, where it stands first, and occupies nineteen pages, viz. from p. 1, to p. 19 inclusive. It fills the same place in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION

A MATERIAL fact, in reference to the date of the first production of "The Tempest," has only been recently ascertained: we allude to the notice of the performance of it, before King James, on Nov. 1st, 1611,[1] which is contained in the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, p. 211: the memorandum is in the following form:

> "Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before the Kinges Majestie a play called the Tempest."

In the margin is inserted the additional circumstance, that the performance was "by the King's Players;" and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was Shakespeare's drama, which had been written for that company. When it had been so written, is still a point of difficulty; but the probability, we think, is that it was selected by the Master of the Revels, for representation at Court in 1611, on account of its novelty and popularity on the public stage. Eleven other dramas, as appears by the same document, were exhibited between Oct. 31, 1611, and the same day in the next year; and it is remarkable that ten of these (as far as we possess any information respecting them) were comparatively new plays, and with regard to the eleventh, it was not more than three years old.[2] We may, perhaps, be warranted in inferring, therefore, that "The Tempest" was also not then an old play.

It seems to us, likewise, that the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that it was a late production, and that it belongs to about the same period of our great dramatist's literary history as his "Winter's Tale," which was also chosen for a Court-play, and represented at Whitehall only four days after "The Tempest" had been exhibited. In point of construction, it must be admitted at once

[1] The earliest date hitherto discovered for the performance of "The Tempest" was the beginning of the year 1613," which Malone established from Vertue's MSS.: it was then acted by "the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine," but where is not stated.

[2] See note 2 to the Introduction to "The Winter's Tale." The particular play to which we refer is entitled in the Revels' Account "Lucrecia," which may have been either T. Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," first printed in 1608, or a different tragedy on the same incidents.

that there is the most obvious dissimilarity, inasmuch as "The Winter's Tale" is a piece in which the unities are utterly disregarded, while in "The Tempest" they are strictly observed. It is only in the involved and parenthetical character of some of the speeches, and in psychological resemblances, that we would institute a comparison between "The Tempest" and the "Winter's Tale," and would infer from thence that they belong to about the same period.

Without here adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story, or to temporary incidents which may have suggested any part of the plot, we may remark that there is one piece of external evidence which strongly tends to confirm the opinion that "The Tempest" was composed not very long before Ben Jonson wrote one of his comedies: we allude to his "Bartholomew Fair," and to a passage in "the Induction," frequently mentioned, and which we concur in thinking was intended as a hit not only at "The Tempest," but at "The Winter's Tale." Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," was acted in 1614, and written perhaps in the preceding year,[3] during the popularity of Shakespeare's two plays; and there we find the following words, which we reprint, for the first time, exactly as they stand in the original edition, where Italic type seems to have been used to make the allusions more distinct and obvious:—"If there bee never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can helpe it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." The words "servant-monster," "antiques," "Tales," "Tempests," and "drolleries," which last Shakespeare himself employs in "The Tempest," (Act iii. sc. 3.) seem so applicable, that they can hardly relate to any thing else.

It may be urged, however, that what was represented at Court in 1611 was only a revival of an older play, acted before 1596, and such may have been the case: we do not, however, think it probable, for several reasons. One of these is an apparently trifling circumstance, pointed out by Farmer; viz. that in "The Merchant of Venice," written before 1598, the name of Stephano is invariably pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, while in "The Tempest," the proper pronunciation is as constantly required by the verse. It seems certain, therefore, that Shakespeare found his error in the interval, and he may have learnt it from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," in which Shakespeare performed, and in the original list of characters to which, in the edition of 1601, the names not only of Stephano, but of Prospero occur.

Another circumstance shows, we think almost decisively, that "The Tempest" was not written until after 1603, when the translation of Montaigne's Essays, by Florio, made its first

[3] See "Alleyn Papers," printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 67, where Daborne, under date of Nov. 13th, 1613, speaks of "Jonson's play" as then about to be performed. Possibly it was deferred for a short time, as the title-page states that it was acted in 1614. It may have been written in 1612, for performance in 1613

appearance in print. In Act II. sc. 1, is a passage so closely copied from Florio's version, as to leave no doubt of identity.[4] If it be said that these lines may have been an insertion subsequent to the original production of the play, we answer, that the passage is not such as could have been introduced, like some others, to answer a temporary or complimentary purpose, and that it is given as a necessary and continuous portion of the dialogue.

The Rev. Mr. Hunter, in his very ingenious and elaborate "Disquisition on the Tempest," has referred to this and to other points, with a view of proving that every body has hitherto been mistaken, and that this play instead of being one of his latest, was one of Shakespeare's earliest works. With regard to the point derived from Montaigne's Essays by Florio, 1603, he has contended, that if the particular essay were not separately printed before, (of which we have not the slightest hint) Shakespeare may have seen the translation in manuscript; but unless he so saw it in print or manuscript as early as 1595, nothing is established in favour of Mr. Hunter's argument; and surely when other circumstances show that "The Tempest" was not written till 1610,[5] we need not hesitate long in deciding that our great dramatist went to no manuscript authority, but took the passage almost verbatim, as he found it in the complete edition. In the same way Mr. Hunter has argued, that "The Tempest" was not omitted by Meres in his list in 1598, but that it is found there under its second title, of "Love's Labours Won;" but this is little better than a gratuitous assumption, even supposing we were to admit that "All's well that ends Well" is not the play intended by Meres.[6] Our notion is, that "All 's well that ends Well" was originally called "Love's Labours Won," and that it was revived, with some other changes, under a new name in 1605 or 1606.

Neither can we agree with Mr. Hunter in thinking that he has established, that nothing was suggested to Shakespeare

[4] Malone (Shaksp. by Boswell, vol. xv. p. 78.) quotes this important passage from Florio's translation of Montaigne with a singular degree of incorrectness: with many minor variations he substitutes *partitions* for "dividences," and omits the words "no manuring of lands" altogether. This is a case in which verbal, and even literal, accuracy is important.

[5] In the Introduction to "The Winter's Tale," we have assigned a reason, founded upon a passage in R. Greene's "Pandosto," for believing that "The Tempest" was anterior in composition to that play.

[6] Mr Hunter contends that in "The Tempest" "love's labours" are "won;" but such is the case with every play in which the issue is successful passion, after difficulties and disappointments: in "The Tempest" they are fewer than in most other plays, since from first to last the love of Ferdinand and Miranda is prosperous. At all events "The Tempest" was played at Court under that title in 1611 and 1613. Mr. Hunter also endeavours to establish that Ben Jonson alluded to "The Tempest" in 1596, in the Prologue to "Every Man in his Humour;" but while we admit the acuteness, we cannot by any means allow the conclusiveness, of Mr. Hunter's reasoning.

by the storm, in July 1609, which dispersed the fleet under Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, of which an account was published by a person of the name of Jourdan in the following year. This point was, to our mind, satisfactorily made out by Malone, and the mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" by Shakespeare seems directly to connect the drama with Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils," printed in 1610. We are told at the end of the play, in the folio of 1623, that the scene is laid "in an uninhabited island," and Mr. Hunter has contended that this island was Lampedusa, which unquestionably lies in the track which the ships in "The Tempest" would take. Our objection to this theory is two-fold: first, we cannot persuade ourselves, that Shakespeare had any particular island in his mind; and secondly, if he had meant to lay his scene in Lampedusa, he could hardly have failed to introduce its name in some part of his performance: in consequence of the deficiency of scenery, &c., it was the constant custom with our early dramatists to mention distinctly, and often more than once, where the action was supposed to take place. As a minor point, we may add, that we know of no extant English authority to which he could have gone for information, and we do not suppose that he consulted the *Turco Græciæ* of Crusius, the only older authority quoted by Mr. Hunter.

No novel, in prose or verse, to which Shakespeare resorted for the incidents of "The Tempest" has yet been discovered; and although Collins, late in his brief career, mentioned to T. Warton that he had seen such a tale, it has never come to light, and we apprehend that he must have been mistaken. We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist, anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of "The Tempest," but without success. The ballad entitled "The Inchanted Island," printed in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," is a more modern production than the play, from which it varies in the names, as well as in some points of the story, as if for the purpose of concealing its connection with a production which was popular on the stage. Our opinion decidedly is, that it was founded upon "The Tempest," and not upon any ancient narrative to which Shakespeare also might have been indebted. It may be remarked, that here also no locality is given to the island: on the contrary, we are told, if it ever had any existence but in the imagination of the poet, that it had disappeared:—

> "From that daie forth the Isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene
> Some say 't is buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor ere is knowne to sleepe."

Mr. Thoms has pointed out some resemblances in the incidents of an early German play, entitled *Die Schone Sidea*, and "The Tempest:" his theory is, that a drama upon a similar

story was at an early date performed in Germany, and that if it were not taken from Shakespeare's play, it was perhaps derived from the same unknown source. Mr. Thoms is preparing a translation of it for the Shakespeare Society, and we shall then be better able to form an opinion, as to the real or supposed connection between the two.

When Coleridge tells us (Lit. Rem. ii. p. 94.) that "'The Tempest' is a specimen of the purely romantic Drama," he of course refers to the nature of the plot and personages: in one sense of the words, it is not a "romantic drama," inasmuch as there are few plays, ancient or modern, in which the unities are more exactly observed: the whole of the events occupy only a few hours. At the same time it is perfectly true, as the same enlightened and fanciful commentator adds, "It is a species of drama, which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing: it addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty." This opinion was delivered in 1818; and three years earlier Coleridge had spoken of "The Tempest," as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only: Schlegel was of the same opinion, without, however, assigning any distinct reason, and instituted a comparison between "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," adding, "The preponderance of thought in 'The Tempest,' exhibited in its profound and original characterisation, strikes us at once; but we must also admire the deep sense of the art (*tiefsinnige Kunst*) which is apparent in the structure of the whole, in the wise economy of its means, and in the skill with which the scaffolding is raised to sustain the marvellous aerial structure." *Ueber Dram. Kunst und Litt.* Vol. iii. p. 128. edit. 1817.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, a Ship at Sea;[1] afterwards an uninhabited Island.

[1] Former editions: the sea with a ship.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.[1]

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, as on ship-board, shaking off wet.[2]

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,[3] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and Others, from the Cabin.*[4]

Alon. Good boatswain, have a[5] care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the

[1] heard: not in f. e. [2] as on ship-board, etc.: not in f. e. [3] *Nimbly.* [4] from the cabin: not in f. e. [5] a: not in f. e.

hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold. Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Ex.*

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold? [them.

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[1] cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—
We split, we split—Farewell, my wife and children!—

[1] *Absolutely.*

Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—
Ant. Let 's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Island: before the cell of PROSPERO

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's heat,[1]
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures[2] in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.
Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

[1] cheek: in f. e. [2] creature: in f. e. [3] mantle: in f. e.

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision[1] in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."
Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell? [*Sits down.*[2]
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, thou[3] his only heir
And princess, no worse issued.
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

[1] provision: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] and: in f. e.

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[1] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom t' advance, and whom
To trash[2] for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
Mira. O good sir! I do.
Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retired
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus loaded,[3]
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,

[1] *Trouble.* [2] A hunting term, signifying to beat back See Othello, II., 1. [3] lorded: in f. e.

Who having to untruth,[1] by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition
Growing—Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom. and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to the practise,[2] did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business

[1] unto truth: in f. e. [2] purpose: in f. e.

Which now 's upon 's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat,[1] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:— [*Puts on his robe again.*[2]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

[1] butt: in f. e. [2] have: in f. e. [3] This direction is not in f. e

Than other princes[1] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul

[1] princess: in f. e.

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship: in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And all[1] upon the Mediterranean float,[2]
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

[1] are: in f. e. [2] flote: in f. e.

Pro. How now! moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for a[1] son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself a like nymph[2] o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball, else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't; go; hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put [*Waking.*[3]
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,

[1] the: in f e. [2] like a: in f. e. [3] Not in f e

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs,[1] each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st here first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you;
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee

[1] honey-comb: in f. e

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey; his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*[1]

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;[2]

[1] f. e. have "him." [2] The old copies read: "*Foot it featly here and there, and sweet sprites bear the burden.*" The MS. annotator of the folio of 1632, anticipated later critics in altering the passage as it stands in the text

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden. Bow, wow. [Dispersedly.
The watch dogs bark:
Burden. Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo. [earth?—

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th'
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden:* ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes[1]—I hear it now above me.
[*Music above.*[2]

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench: it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

[1] *Owns.* [2] Not in f. e

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess [*Seeing her.*[1]
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island, [*Kneels.*
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—*Rises.*[2]
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep; myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wre:k'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—[*Aside.*] At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To him.*] A word, good sir
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir: one word more.—

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To him.*] One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mira. O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Mira. Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then, exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO *and Others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The master[1] of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

[1] masters: in f. e.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, or[1] he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet—
Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

[1] of them: in f. e Knight's edition reads, "of them."

Gon. How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye[2] of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you! you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the mar-

[1] *Juicy.* [2] *Slight shade of color.*

riage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, as[1]
Which end o' the beam should[2] bow. We have lost your son,
If ear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault 's
Your own.

Alon So is the dearest of the loss.

[1] at: in f. e. [2] She'd: in f. e.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow 't with neddle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit;[1] no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation, all men idle, all;
And women, too, but innocent and pure.
No sovereignty:—
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of this commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foisson,[2] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,

[1] It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparel but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.—*Montaigne, Florio's translation*, 1603. [2] *Plenty.*

To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *above*,[1] *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—[ALON. *sleeps*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Exit* ARIEL: in f. e

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O! what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head
Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir,
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son 's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon 's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, for[1] whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue, what 's[2] to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,

[1] from : in f. e. [2] what : in f. e.

You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead,
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I, the king, shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O! but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. ARIEL *descends invisible.*[1]

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then, let us both be sudden.

[1] *Music. Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible*: in f. e.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?
Wherefore thus[1] ghastly looking?
Gon. What 's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O! 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,
That's verity:[2] 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let 's make farther
search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*
Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN. *with a burden of wood.*
A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse; but they 'll not[3] pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,

[1] this: in f. e. [2] Collier's ed., 1844, reads, "verily"—most of the other editions, "verity," as in the text. [3] nor: in f. e

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard[1] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? [*Seeing Caliban.*[2]] a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the drench[3] of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

[1] The name of a large vessel to contain drink, as well as of a piece of artillery. [2] Not in f. e. [3] dregs: in f. e.

But none of us car'd for Kate,
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend; open your chaps again. [CALIBAN *drinks.*[1]

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches,

[1] Not in f. e.

and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege[1] of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. —But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. [*Kneels.*[2]

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf! how does thine ague?

[1] *seat.* [2] Not in f. e.

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Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot: I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down and swear.

[CALIBAN *lies down.*[1]

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

[1] Not in f. e

Cal. *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.*
[Sings drunkenly.
Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.
Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[1] *nor wash dish;*
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy, blest[2] when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*[3]

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.

[1] trenchering: in f. e. [2] least: in f. e. [3] *at a distance:* in f. e.

Fer. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I 'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it. [*Aside.*[1]
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so. [*To herself.*
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught[1] else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them! [*Aside.*[2]
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever. [*Kneels.*[3]
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing [*Rises.*[4]
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now
farewell,

[1] what else: in f. e. [2] [3] [4] Not in f. e.

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! [*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. [CALIBAN *kneels.*[1]

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing. [ceed.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Pro-

Cal. I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied[2] ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

[1] Not in f e. [2] *Dressed in motley,*—this expression and "patch" were epithets often applied to fools. Trinculo, as "a jester," would be th as attired.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Syeorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trineulo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays a tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes[1] voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

[1] sometime: in f o

SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

Gon. By'r la'kin,[1] I can go no farther, sir;
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*]
Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me
And I 'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

[1] By our lady-kin.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse, [ing
Such shapes, such gestures,[1] and such sounds,[2] express-
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[3] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.
Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*
Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea

[1] gesture: in f. e. [2] sound: in f. e. [3] A custom of old travellers to *put out* a sum of money at interest, at the outset of a journey for which they received at the rate of five to one, if they returned

Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
[ALON., SEB., *&c., draw their Swords.*[2]
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[3] that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that 's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Above.*[4]] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

[1] f. e. insert here this direction: *Seeing* ALON., SEB., *&c., draw their Swords.* [2] Omitted in f. e. [3] *A feather or particle of down.* [4] *Aside*: in f. e.

Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit* PROSPERO.
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt.
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[1] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift! O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition

[1] third: in f. e.

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. the strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[1]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.[2]—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[3] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned[4] and tilled[5] brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown[6] groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
[*Juno descends slowly.*[7]
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-graz'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,

[1] *Surplusage.* [2] pertly—*quickly, skilfully.* [3] *Coarse grass*, used sometimes for covering farm-buildings. [4] pion—*to dig* [5] twilled: in f. e. [6] broom: in f. e. [7] This direction is omitted in most modern editions; "slowly" is added in the MS., 1632.

If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars' hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.[1]
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Rain[2] *come to you, at the farthest,*
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies

Fer. Let me live here ever:

[1] In f. e. the remainder of the song is given to Ceres. [2] Spring in f. e.

So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,[1]
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedge[2] crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROS. *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done.—Avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

[1] wise: in f. e. [2] sedg'd: in f. e.

Leave not a rack[1] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins:[2] at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird,
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[3] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture never can stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

[1] *A vapor*, from *reek*. [2] shins: in f e. [3] *A decoy*.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*
Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.
ARIEL *hangs them on the line, and with* PROSPERO *remains unseen.*[1]
Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*
Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack[2] with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—
Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
[*Seeing the apparel.*[3]
Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.
Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.[4]—O king Stephano!
Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

[1] f. e. have only the direction, PROSPERO and ARIEL *remain unseen*
[2] Jack o' lantern. [3] Not in f. e. [4] *An old clo' shop.*

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come; put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*]

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [*Cries and roaring.*

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt*

[1] Not in f. e.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line[1]-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther. Go; release them, Ariel.
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

[1] The old word for *lime*.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sward[1] ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Noble[2] Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the flow[3] of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!

[1] green-sour: in f. e. [2] Holy: in f. e. [3] show: in f. e

My true preserver, and a loyal servant[1]
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, e'er[2] would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.
ARIEL *re-enters singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. [*Attired as Duke.*[3]] Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

[1] sit : in f. e. [2] or : in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted devil[1] to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which.
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me thy wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all.—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults[2]; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

[1] trifle: in f. e. [2] fault: in f. e.

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

PROSPERO *draws a curtain,*[1] *and discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!

[1] *The entrance of the cell opens, and:* in f. e.

Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALON
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world.
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she 's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers.
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.
Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,

When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [*To* FER. *and* MIR.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so: Amen.

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service [*Aside.*
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksy spirit! [*Aside.*

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free. }

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit:
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Ex.* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords
Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command with all[1] her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you

[1] without: in f. e.

last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Ex.* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge: then, to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near.[1]

[1] f. e. *Exunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies nineteen pages, viz. from p. 20 to p. 38, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. It also stands second in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

The only ascertained fact with which we are acquainted, in reference to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is, that it is included in the list of Shakespeare's Plays which Francis Meres furnished in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. It comes first in that enumeration, and although this is a very slight circumstance, it may afford some confirmation to the opinion, founded upon internal evidence of plot, style, and characters, that it was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of Shakespeare's original dramatic compositions. It is the second play in the folio of 1623, where it first appeared, but that is no criterion of the period at which it was originally written.

It would, we think, be idle to attempt to fix upon any particular year: it is unquestionably the work of a young and unpractised dramatist, and the conclusion is especially inartificial and abrupt. It may have been written by our great dramatist very soon after he joined a theatrical company; and at all events we do not think it likely that it was composed subsequently to 1591. We should be inclined to place it, as indeed it stands in the work of Meres, immediately before "Love's Labour 's Lost." Meres calls it the "Gentlemen of Verona." Malone, judging from two passages in the comedy, first argued that it was produced in 1595, but he afterwards adopted 1591 as the more probable date. The quotations to which he refers, in truth, prove nothing, either as regards 1595 or 1591.

If "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not the offspring merely of the author's invention, we have yet to discover the source of its plot. Points of resemblance have been dwelt upon in connection with Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, and the "Diana" of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Yonge until 1598; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, are only such as might be found in other romances, or would present themselves spontaneously to the mind of a young poet: the one is the command of banditti by Valentine; and the other the assumption of male attire by Julia, for a purpose nearly similar to that of Viola in "Twelfth Night." Extracts from the "Arcadia" and the "Diana" are to be found in "Shakespeare's Library," vol. ii. The notion of some critics, that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is a strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } The two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent of[1] Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, Waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan and on the frontiers of Mantua.

[1] for: in f. e.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Wer 't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man,[1] Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; but[2] you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

[1] *One who prays for another:* the word is derived from the dropping of a bead in a rosary, at each prayer recited. for: in f. e.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[1]
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove
Pro. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.
Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

[1] Supposed by Knight to refer to the instrument of torture, the boot, by which the sufferer's leg was crushed by wedges driven between it and the boot in which it was placed. Collier says it is a proverbial expression, signifying "don't make a laughing-stock of me."

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Protcus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I 'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton[1]; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 't were best pound you.

[1] Most commentators make this mean, *a dressed-up courtesan.* Knight suggests that, (lace being used in its primitive meaning of any thing that catches or secures) it means *caught sheep.*

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, the pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. I. [SPEED *nods.*

Pro. Nod, I? why that 's noddy.[1]

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you ask me, if she did nod? and I say I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she? [*Giving him money.*[2]

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her better[3];
No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter;
And being so hard to me that brought to her[4] your mind,
I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling you her[5] mind.
Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.[6]

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd[7] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master. [*Exit.*[8]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

[1] The old name for the *knave* or *fool* of a pack of cards. [2] [3] Not in f. e. [4] to her: not in f. e. [5] telling your mind: in f. e. [6] This speech is printed as prose in f. e. [7] A testern is a *sixpence* [8] Not in f. e.

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*[1]

SCENE II.—The Same. Julia's Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?[2]
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus a loving[3] gentleman.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.
Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

[1] *Exeunt:* in f. e. [2] Mercatio: in f. e. [3] on lovely: in f. e.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom. [*Gives a letter.*[1]
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd, [*Gives it back.*[2]
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here:
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
[*Drops the letter, and takes it up again.*[3]
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] This direction is not in f. e.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song.—[*Snatching the letter.*[1]]
How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[2]
There wanteth but a mean[3] to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed I bid the base[4] for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter,*[5] *and throws it down.*
Go; get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be pleas'd [better[6]
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

[1] Not in f. e. [2] What we now call in music, *a variation.* [3] *A tenor.* [4] An allusion to the game of base, or prison base, in which one runs and challenges his opponent to pursue. [5] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [6] best pleased: in f. e.

I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ— kind Julia;"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus."—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search[1] it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:"—that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining name.[2]
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind[3] unto[4] them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may see what sights you think;[5]
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[6] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

[1] *Probe.* [2] names: in f. e. [3] This proverbial expression is derived from the remembrance or commemoration of the dead by masses, for a stated period,—they were hence called *month's memories.* [4] to: in f. e. [5] may say what sights you see: in f. e [6] grave: in f. e

Pant. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there,
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS,[1] *not seeing his Father.*

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
[*Kissing a letter*
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
And seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine, [*Putting it up.*[2]
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino[3] in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[4] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee.
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] Valentinus: in f. e. [4] *maintenance*, still in use in this sense in English Universities.

Hath he excepted most against my love.
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Ant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine.—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that hath[1] the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that hath lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that hath buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

[1] had: in f. e.

crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are so[1] metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would be[2]: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

[1] [2] Not in f. e

Speed. Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Protcus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion![1] O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O! 'give ye good even: here 's a million of manners. [*Aside.*[2]

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,[3] to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Giving a paper.*[4]

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'T is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

[1] A puppet show. [2] Not in f. e. [3] An old term for *lover*. [4] Not in f. e.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*[1]
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them. [*Giving it back.*[2]
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And, when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam; what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 't is you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.[1]

Pro. Why then, we 'll make exchange: here, take you this. [*Exchange rings.*[2]

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

[1] *giving a ring* is added in f. e. [2] Not in f e

That tide will stay me longer than I should. [*Exit* JULIA
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading his*[1] *Dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wild[2] woman:—well, I kiss her; why there 't is; here 's my mother's breath, up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

[1] *a Dog:* in f. e. [2] in f. e: wood (i. e. *mad*).

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come; come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant.—

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote[1] you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, 't will[2] double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of wealth[3] and worthy estimation,

[1] *Note* or *observe.* [2] I 'll: in f. e. [3] worth: in f. e.

And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while.
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it.
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek you out?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman. [*Exit* THURIO

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty yet did never want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

[1]*Re-enter* THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: come, sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, and penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;

[1] *Enter:* in f. e

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! love 's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth;
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-smelling[1] flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.

Pro. Then, let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

[1] swelling: in f. e.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend on[1] you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VALENTINE

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own,[2] or Valentino's[3] praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair, and so is Julia that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O but I love his lady too too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so[4] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] eye: in f. e. Knight reads, "her mien" [3] Valentius': in f. e. [4] Not in f. e.

If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love, if thou wilt go with me to the ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting love! if I have[1] sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou has preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious to[2] itself;

[1] thou hast: in f. e. [2] in: in f. e.

And Silvia, (witness heaven that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[1] flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit*

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

[1] *Intended.*

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage,
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wide[1] ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

[1] wild: in f. e.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my loving[1] journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. An Ante-chamber in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;

[1] longing: in f. e.

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit*

Enter VALENTINE,[1] *in his cloak.*

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her fancy to him?

Duke. No, trust me · she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano[2] here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

[1] *in his cloak:* not in f. e. [2] a lady, sir, in Milan here: in f. e.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here?—"To Silvia."
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
[*Ladder and letter fall out.*[1]
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads*
"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servant's fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."
What 's here?
"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"
'T is so: and here 's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder; over-weening slave:
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

[1] This direction is not in f. e.

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire,
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in my ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather

Launce. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, "She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, "She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, "She can sew."

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, "She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, "She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she slip not in her talk.

Speed. Item, "She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain! that set this down among her vices? To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, "She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, "She is curst."

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, "She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, "She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. —"And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —"And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit, running.*[1]

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

[1] *running:* not in f. e.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
Enter PROTEUS.
How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown sure[1] sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then, you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:

[1] some: in f. e

Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this wean[1] her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you,
When you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover strict integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

[1] weed: in f. e.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well-skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I had been often miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
[*They talk apart.*[1]
Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives:
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want—
3 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [consort?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our

[1] Not in f. e.

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us: we 'll bring thee to our cave,[1]
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

[1] crews: in f. e.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and JULIA (*in boy's clothes*), *behind.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry. I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentlemen that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays*

Host. Hark! Hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free;[1]
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

[1] *is she:* in f. e.

Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so. [*Music plays again.*[1]

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would not have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, Host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless, To be seduced by thy flattery, That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends. For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, I am so far from granting thy request, That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

[1] This direction is not in f. e

And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood, 't shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it.
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS *and* SILVIA.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,[1] I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

[1] From the Saxon haligdome, *holy place* or *kingdom.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[1]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[2] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,

[1] *Injunction* [2] *Compassionate.*

And the most true affections that you bear;[1]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter LAUNCE *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for 't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third; "hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "do you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I, "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no

[1] This line is not in f. e.

more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How, now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this cur[1] from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by a hangman boy[2] in the market-place; and then I offer'd her my own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go; get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end[3] turns me to shame.

[*Exit* LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

[1] Not in f. e. [2] the hangman's boys: in f. e. [3] *Continually*.

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'T is pity, love should be so contrary,
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give to her that ring; and therewithal
This letter:—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will,
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O! he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*A Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, so[1] please you to[2] peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd [*Giving a letter.*
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Giving another letter.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold. [*Giving it back.*
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me:
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her
Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

[1] [2] Not in f. e

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheek
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,[1]
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are green as grass,[2] and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,

[1] *In good earnest.* [2] grey as glass: in f. e.

But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I sho :ld have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, amen. Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What! that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I 'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder

Jul. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

[*Aside*

Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes
Jul. 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies eyes,
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
Thu. Considers she my large possessions?
Pro. O! ay, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, *angrily.*[1]

Duke. How now, sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw sir[2] Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of her:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit in haste.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter SILVIA, *and Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain. [*Drawing her in.*

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[3] my woes.
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion too long tenantless,

[1] *in haste*: not in f. e. [2] This shadowy desert: in f. e [3] *sing*

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day? [*Shouts.*
These my rude mates,[2] that make their wills their law
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?
[*Withdraws.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service having[4] done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,[5]
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look.[6]
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give
Val. How like a dream is this, I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*
Sil. O, miserable! unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,[7]
When women cannot love where they 're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] are my mates: in f. e. [3] *Steps aside:* in f. e [4] I have: in f. e [5] f. e. have a period. [6] f. e. have a semi-colon [7] *proved*

For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine! [love;
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now dared I to say,
I have one friend alive, thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep'st. O time accurst!
'Mongst all my[1] foes[2] a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and desperate guilt at once[3] confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then, I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] that: in f. e. [3] My shame and guilt confound: in f. e.

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy!

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter! look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see.
This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia! [*Discovering herself.*

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds: 't is true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear forbear, I say: it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano[1] shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch.
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee,
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will conclude[2] all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

[1] Verona: in f. e. [2] include: in f. e.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this stripling[1] page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying, Valentine?[2]
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your love's discoverer:
Our day of marriage shall be yours no less;[3]
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] That done, our day of marriage shall be yours: in f. e.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602." 4to. 27 leaves.

"A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the Merry Wiues of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619." 4to. 28 leaves.

The 4to. of 1630, was "printed by T. H. for R. Meighen." &c. In the folio, 1623, "The Merry Wiues of Windsor" occupies twenty-two pages, viz. from p. 39 to p. 60 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It also stands third in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

This comedy was printed for the first time in a perfect state in the folio of 1623: it had come out in an imperfect state in 1602, and again in 1619, in both instances for a bookseller of the name of Arthur Johnson: Arthur Johnson acquired the right to publish it from John Busby, and the original entry, and the assignment of the play, run thus in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.

"18 Jan. 1601. John Busby] An excellent and pleasant conceited commedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry wyves of Windesor

"Arth. Johnson] By assignment from Jno. Busbye a. B. An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe, and the mery wyves of Windsor."

January 1601, according to our present mode of reckoning the year, was January 1602, and the "most pleasaunt and excellent conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor," (the title-page following the description in the entry) appeared in quarto with the date of 1602. It has been the custom to look upon this edition as the first sketch of the drama, which Shakespeare afterwards enlarged and improved to the form in which it appears in the folio of 1623. After the most minute examination, we are not of that opinion: it has been universally admitted that the 4to. of 1602 was piratical; and our conviction is that, like the first edition of "Henry V." in 1600, it was made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, without even the assistance of any of the parts as delivered out by the copyist of the theatre to the actors. It is to be observed, that John Busby, who assigned "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to Arthur Johnson in 1602, was the same bookseller who, two years before, had joined in the publication of the undoubtedly surreptitious "Henry V."

An exact reprint of the 4to. of 1602 has recently been made by the Shakespeare Society, under the care of Mr. J. O. Halliwell; and any person possessing it may easily institute a comparison between that very hasty and mangled outline, and the complete and authorized comedy in the folio of 1623, printed from the play-house manuscript in the hands of Heminge and Condell: on this comparison we rely for evidence to establish the position, that the 4to. of 1602 was not only published without the consent of the author, or of the com-

pany for which it was written, but that it was fraudulently made up by some person or persons who attended at the theatre for the purpose. It will be found that there is no variation in the progress of the plot, and that although one or two transpositions may be pointed out, of most of the speeches, necessary to the conduct and development of the story, there is some germ or fragment: all are made to look like prose or verse, apparently at the mere caprice of the writer, and the edition is wretchedly printed in a large type, as if the object had been to bring it out with speed, in order to take advantage of a temporary interest.

That temporary interest perhaps arose more immediately out the representation of the comedy before Queen Elizabeth, during the Christmas holidays preceding the date of the entry in the Stationers' Registers: the title-page states, that it had been acted "by the Lord Chamberlain's servants" before the Queen "and elsewhere:" "elsewhere," was perhaps at the Globe on the Bankside, and we may suppose, that it had been brought out in the commencement of the summer season of 1600, before the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. If the "dozen white luces" in the first scene were meant to ridicule him, Shakespeare would certainly not have introduced the allusion after the death of the object of it. That it continued a favourite play we can readily believe, and we learn that it was acted before James I., not long after he came to the throne: the following memorandum is contained in the accounts of the "Revels at Court" in the latter end of 1604.

"By his Majestie's plaiers. The Sunday followinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor[1]."

This representation occurred on "the Sunday following" Nov. 1st., 1604.

What has led some to imagine that the surreptitious impression of 1602 was the comedy as it first came from the hands of Shakespeare, is a tradition respecting the rapidity with which it was composed. This tradition, when traced to its source, can be carried back no farther than 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his "Comical Gallant," founded upon the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the dedication he states, that "the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in four teen days." Dennis gives no authority for any part of this assertion, but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter might have communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable

[1] See Mr. Peter Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," (printed for the Shaksp. Society) p. 203. We had no previous extrinsic knowledge of any early performance of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor."

of improvement. The assertion by Dennis was repeated by Gildon, Pope, Theobald, &c., and hence it has obtained a degree of currency and credit to which it seems by no means entitled.

It has been a disputed question in what part of the series of dramas in which Falstaff is introduced, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read: Johnson thought it came in between "Henry IV." part ii. and "Henry V.;" Malone, on the other hand, argued that it should be placed between the two parts of "Henry IV.;" but the truth is, that almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to either hypothesis, and we doubt much whether the one or the other is well founded. Shakespeare, having for some reason been induced to represent Falstaff in love, considered by what persons he might be immediately surrounded, and Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Mrs. Quickly, naturally presented themselves to his mind: he was aware that the audience, with whom they had been favourite characters, would expect them still to be Falstaff's companions; and though Shakespeare had in fact hanged two of them in "Henry V.," and Mrs. Quickly had died, he might trust to the forgetfulness of those before whom the comedy was to be represented, and care little for the consideration, since so eagerly debated, in what part of the series "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read: Shakespeare might sit down to write the comedy without reflecting upon the manner in which he had previously disposed of some of the characters he was about to introduce. Any other mode of solving the modern difficulty seems unsatisfactory, and we do not believe that it ever presented itself to the mind of our great dramatist.

The earliest notice of any of the persons in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is contained in Dekker's play called "Satiromastix," 1602, where one of the characters observes, "We must have false fires to amaze these spangle-babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow." This allusion must have been made soon after Shakespeare's comedy had appeared, unless, indeed, it were to the Justice Shallow of "Henry IV." part ii.

With regard to the supposed sources of the plot, they have all been collected by Mr. Halliwell in the appendix to his reprint of the imperfect edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in 1602: the tale of "The Two Lovers of Pisa," the only known English version of the time, is also contained in "Shakespeare's Library," Vol. ii.; but our opinion is, that the true original of the story (if Shakespeare did not himself invent the incidents) has not come down to us.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
Sir HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
Dr. CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
JOHN RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. FORD.
Mrs. PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir[1] Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces[2] in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have

[1] A title by which the clergy were ordinarily addressed. [2] The old name for a pike—an allusion to the coat of arms of the Lucys' three luces.

committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. Who 's there? [*Above, at the window.*[1]

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and

[1] *Enter Page:* in f. e.

justice Shallow; and here young master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.[1]

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsold.[2]

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'t is your fault, 't is your fault.—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir. he 's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Cotsall: in f. e. Cotswold-downs, in Gloucestershire a famous place for rural sports

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel: you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts?[1] good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese.[2]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that 's my humour.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand. there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,[3] that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

[1] The old name for cabbage. [2] This cheese was extremely thin. [3] Shilling pieces, used in playing shuffle-board, and probably better fitted for the game by being heavier than the common coin, and so commanding a premium.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[1]
Word of denial in thy *labras*[2] here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's[3] humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?[4]

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carieres.[6]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE *with wine; and Mistress* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. Oh heaven! this is mistress Anne Page. [*Following and looking after her.*[7]

Page. How now, mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come,

[1] *latten*, a composition of copper and calamine, made into thin plates; *bilbo*, is a Bilboa blade or sword. [2] *lips*. [3] Instrument used by a thief to *hook* things from a window; he means, "if you say I 'm a thief." [4] Two of Robin Hood's merry men. [5] *Fuddled*. [6] A term in horsemanship, for galloping a horse backwards and forwards [7] This direction is not in f. e.

we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it, the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us demand[1] to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

[1] command: in f. e

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely.—His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* EVANS.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger

with a master of fence, (three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town? [*Dogs bark.*[1]

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson[2] loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd[3]: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay; pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether 's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require

[1] Not in f. e. [2] A famous bear, often baited at Paris Garden [3] expression.

her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there 's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook[1]? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth, and lime[2]: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Pist. O base Gongarian[3] wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there 's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's[4] rest.

Pist. Convey the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

[1] A *sharper*. [2] Froth beer by putting in soap, adding lime to sack to make it foam. [3] Some read: Hungarian, *i. e.*, Bohemian or gipsy. [4] minute's: in f. e

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[1] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her well[2]; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.[3]

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œiliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and beauty.[4] I will be cheater[5] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the

[1] carves: in f. e. [2] will: in f. e. [3] An old coin. [4] bounty: in f. e. [5] *Escheator*, an office of the Exchequer.

humour-letter. I will keep the 'haviour of repu tation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* ROBIN,] bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace[1] to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour[2] of the age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low[3] beguile the rich and poor.
Tester[4] I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk. [venge

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of re-

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her stars.[5]

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.[6]

Pist. And I to Ford[6] shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. CAIUS's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* JOHN RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at

[1] *A small vessel;* the word is often used for a go-between. [2] The folios and some of the f. e: honour. [3] Cant terms for dice. [4] *Sixpence.* [5] star: in f. e. [6] Knight, following the folio of 1623, transposes these names

night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate[1]: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish[2] that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.[3]

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall[4] a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY, *running.*

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent.[5] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my[6] master; [*Exit* RUGBY.[7]] I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—"and down, down, adown-a," &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and veteh me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll feteh it you. [*Aside.*] I am

[1] *Debate.* [2] *Silly.* [3] The quartos have *cane*-colored—Cain was painted in old tapestries with a yellow beard. [4] *Fine.* [5] *Scolded* [6] Knight's ed.: *thy.* [7] Not in f. e.

glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Oui; mette le au mon* pocket; *dépêche*, quickly. —Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir. [*Enter* RUGBY.[1]

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind. [*Going to it.*[2]

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Dragging*[3] SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Pulling:* in f. e.

your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.—

Sim. 'T is a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late:—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de *Jarretière* to measure our weapon.—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her. I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who 's within there, ho?

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I! i' faith, that I[1] will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a Letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his physician,[2] he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there 's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha!

[1] we: in f. e. [2] precision: in f. e.

ha! then, there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him! for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—

These knights will hack[1]; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read; [*giving a letter*]—perceive how I might be knighted. [*Mrs. Page reads*]—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves[2]." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him:

[1] Become *hackneyed* or *common*—an allusion to the commonness with which James I. conferred the distinction. [2] A very popular ai to which many ballads were written.

let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he 's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs;
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another. Ford,
He loves the gally-mawfry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels.
O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.

Nym. Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.[1] [*Exit* PIST.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* PAGE.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 't is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM

[1] f. e. give this speech to PISTOL.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[1] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to

[1] Cataia, Cathay, or China.

him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How, now, mine host!

Enter Host.[1]

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaliero-justice, I say.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go on here?[2]

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes,

[1] f. e. have *Enter Host and* SHALLOW. [2] An-heires: in f. e.

and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight.

[*Exeunt Host*, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look farther into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your couch[1]-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[2] go.—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to

[1] coach. [2] A London locality of bad fame

lurch; and yet you, you rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice[1] phrases, and your bold-beating[2] oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true;—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears:—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship 's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in

[1] *Ale-house.* [2] Mr. Dyce suggests *bear-baiting.*

such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her—I had myself twenty angels given me of a morning[1]; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners[2]; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, what you wot of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold[3] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so

[1] given me this morning: in f. e. [2] Elizabeth's band of pensioners wore a splendid uniform, and so perhaps excited Dame Quickly's admiration. They were also men of fortune. [3] *Vexatious*

little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[1] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword,[2] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There 's my purse: I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights.[3]
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.[4]

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah!

[1] *By all means.* [2] *Watchword.* [3] Coverts of some kind put up to protect the men in an engagement. [4] It was a common custom to bestow presents of wine in Shakespeare's day.

ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take half, or all,[1] for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

[1] take all, or half: in f. e.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously

Ford. O! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my suit[1] dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her, then, from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. —Come to me soon at night.—Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

[1] soul in f. e.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold![1] the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence. [*Runs back afraid.*

[1] Knowing himself one. [2] This direction is not in f. e.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight; to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[1] ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalian-king-Urinal:[2] Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us: we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'T is true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page.—Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

[1] The elder has a soft pith. [2] Knight reads, Castilian, King-Urinal. The Spaniards were, of course, in great disfavour with the English when this play was written

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me: for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shall woo her. Curds and cream,[1] said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] cried game: in f. e.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *with a book, and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pit-way, the park-way,[1] old Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls,[2]
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*[3]

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,[4]
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. [*Sings.*[5]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good

[1] the petty-ward, the park-ward, every way: in f. e. [2] A quotation from Marlow's "Passionate Pilgrim." [3] Not in f. e. [4] A line from the old version of Ps. 137. [5] Not in f. e.

sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his merey sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de *Jarretière*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politie? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hands, celestial and terrestrial;[1] so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. —Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat! have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. —I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall[2], scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you

[1] The folios have: hands celestial, so. Malone altered it to "Give me thy hand terrestrial, so; give me thy hand celestial, so"

[2] *Scald-head.*

were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you 'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of your company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name—There is such a league between my good man and him! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Hath Page any brains! hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim[1]. [*Clock strikes ten.*[2]] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there[3] I shall find

[1] *Applaud*—a term in archery. [2] Not in f. e. [3] where: in f. e.

Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page, Shal. &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having[1]: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

[1] *Property.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a large Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[1] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket[2]? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent[3], have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of

[1] *Washerwomen.* [2] An *eyas*, is a young hawk, a *musket* from the Italian muschetto, a little hawk. [3] A *jack*, or *puppet* thrown at as a mark, in Lent.

thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* PAGE

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?[1] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not,[2] nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple[3]-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

[1] A line from Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. [2] if fortune were not thy foe. [3] *Herb.*

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here 's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You 're shamed, you are overthrown, you 're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one; I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed;

call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I 'll never—

[*He gets into the basket, and falls over:*[1] *they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit.* ROBIN. *Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where 's the cowl-staff?[2] look, how you drumble[3]: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the

[1] Not in f. e. [2] A stick for two to carry a basket with two handles by. [3] *Drone, loiter.*

buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt. Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant, we 'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* PAGE, EVANS, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We 'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen. [Ford.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we 'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,

And that my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beside these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*They talk apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [*Stands back.*[1]

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole. They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton —
Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

[1] Not in f. e.

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on, master Fenton.—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There 's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as

they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here 's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave, their master, in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his

hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head. and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married: this 't is to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 't is impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is, by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is get[1] the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head: answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

[1] let: in f. e.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches[1]. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag[2] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

[1] *Breeched, whipped.* [2] *Spry, quick.*

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa! gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, Peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame, than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in fright.*[1]

Fal. No, I'll come no more in the basket May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

[1] *in fright:* not in f. e.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'T is old but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains.—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging[1], a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say? Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

[1] *Gang.*

Eva. Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband.—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Eva. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the Clothes out,*[1] *and throws them all over the stage.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death. [*All Clothes thrown out.*[2]

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman[3]." Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa! mistress Page! come you,

[1] The rest of the direction not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e [3] *Lover; also used for mistress.*

and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen? Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon[1]! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed! I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and nay, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little farther. Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience pursue him with any farther revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness, is, sure, scared

[1] Fr. *rogue*, for *scurf*.

out of him: if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant, they 'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest. Should he not be publicly shamed?

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off[1]; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,

[1] *come down.*

Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Eva. You see,[1] he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about the oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees, and takes[2] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our devise;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come,
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,

[1] say: in f. e. [2] *possesses.*

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes[1], and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused[2] song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then, let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[3] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him soundly,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—[*Aside.*] and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook;
He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

[1] *Elves.* [2] *Irregular.* [3] *Be-pinch*

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* FORD

I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And him my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit*

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 't is painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend: my chambers are honourable; fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her, too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Fal. You[1] may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, and[2] thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir, tike, who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with by[3] the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

[1] I: in f. e. [2] or: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de *Jarretière?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.[1] Well, if my wind were but long enough,[2] I would pray and repent.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

[1] *A game of cards.* [2] to say my prayers from the quartos: in f. e

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I' ll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the Letter.*
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in

odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain, and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mince.[1] [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I 'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come: we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries, "budget," and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too; but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will

[1] *Walk* (mincingly)

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans?[1]

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised, with a Buck's Head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist

[1] Hugh: in f. e.

me!—remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on 't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck,[1] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a Satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

[1] *Buck sent for a bribe*

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.
Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thoust leapt,[1]
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.
Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die: [*To himself.*[2]
I 'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where 's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Rouse[3] up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that[4] sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Queen. About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies, use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! but, till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;

[1] shalt thou leap. [2] Not in f. e. [3] raise: in f. e. [4] as: in f. e.

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! [*To himself.*[1]

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd[2] even in thy birth.

Queen. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Queen. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.[3]

SONG, *by one.*

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

CHORUS.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF: *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold of him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have match'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Bewitched.* [3] Malone adds, from the quarto:—
Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now!—Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies! I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[1] 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-walking, through the realm.

[1] A *fool's cap of frieze.*

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hog-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.[1]

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER, *crying.*

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had

[1] The quartos here have—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum and so we 'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here 's my hand: all 's forgiven at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well: I have been well pinched and wash'd.

been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton! [*They kneel.*

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, of unduteous guile,[1]

[1] title: in f. e.

Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.
Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy.
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*